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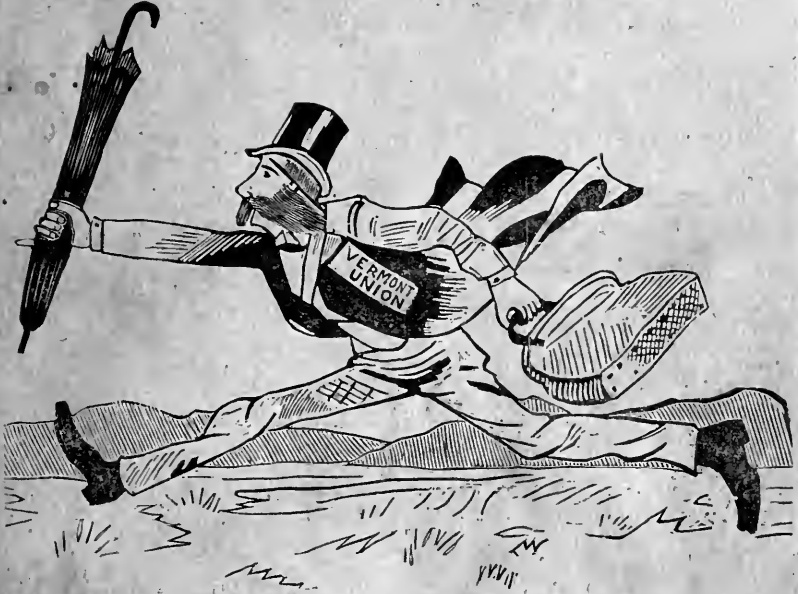


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The Editor's Run

— IN —



NEW MEXICO

— AND —

COLORADO.

BY C. M. CHASE,

Editor of the Vermont Union, Lyndon, Vermont.

1882.

Chase

W

The Vermont Union,

LYNDON, VERMONT,

(ESTABLISHED IN 1865 BY C. M. CHASE.)

The Union is largely devoted to HOME NEWS, and in this department is always full, fresh, racy and wide-awake, independent, and just a grain "sassy." It is acknowledged to be THE HOME PAPER of North Eastern Vermont. It has already reached a circulation of

Over 3000 Subscribers,

and is consequently read by over 10,000 persons every week. Its coming is most anxiously looked for, and this fact renders it

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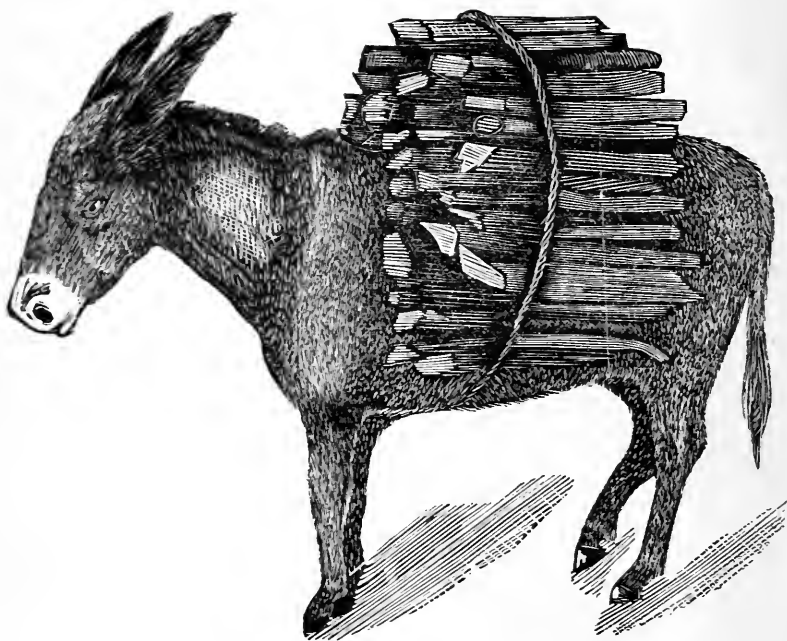
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This is a book of 240 pages, printed in large, clear type, on best book paper, and contains 28 letters, from all the growing towns between Denver, Colorado, and El Paso, Texas, on the subjects of Stock Raising, Agriculture, Territorial History, Game, Society, Growing Towns, Prices of land, lots, labor and living, profits of investments, prospects of the Territory, with frequent allusions to the “Governor,” the Hearty Invalid, the Pueblo Maiden, and other subjects of interest, including “Lo, the Poor Indian,” Rustlers, Roughs, Cow Boys &c. It is written in an off hand, entertaining style and contains several good illustrations. Any one thinking of emigrating to any of the towns among the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains, can read this book and know all about this country and its inducements before he starts. Price 75 cents For sale at the book stores, or sent to any address, post paid, by remitting 75 cents to C. M. Chase, Lyndon, Vt.



THIS IS NOT THE EDITOR,
IT IS A MEXICAN BURRO, OR FREIGHT TEAM.

THE EDITOR'S RUN

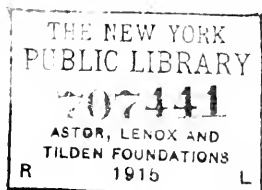
— IX —

New Mexico and Colorado

EMBRACING

TWENTY-EIGHT LETTERS ON STOCK RAISING, AGRICULTURE,
TERRITORIAL HISTORY, GAME, SOCIETY, GROWING
TOWNS, PRICES, PROSPECTS, &c., WITH OC-
CASIONAL ALLUSION TO "THE GOV-
ERNOR." THE HEARTY INVA-
LID, THE PUEBLO MAIDEN,
AND OTHER SUBJECTS
OF TERRITORIAL
INTEREST.

BY C. M. CHASE,
EDITOR OF THE "VERMONT UNION,"
LYNDON, VERMONT.



PRINTED AT THE

"ARGUS AND PATRIOT" STEAM
BOOK AND JOB PRINTING HOUSE,

MONTPELIER, VERMONT.

1882.

JUST ONE WORD.

These Runs are not published because the Editor considers them a contribution to the literature of the nineteenth century, nor because the Governor, the Invalid, and the Pueblo maiden are anxious to see them in book form. Their anxiety does not tend in that direction. Nor are they published as carefully prepared letters on the places visited, nor as exhaustive articles on the subjects discussed. They were written on the run, or in the cars, while passing from place to place, and are consequently without method. They appeared in the *Union* with many imperfections, in the form now presented, they are revised and corrected, but not materially changed, except in a few instances, where they are somewhat enlarged. The publication has been prompted by the general demand for information respecting New Mexico, and if, to some extent these letters supply that demand without ruining the literary reputation of the author, the object will be accomplished.

C. M. CHASE.

LYNDON, VT., May 1, 1882.

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THE EDITOR'S RUN.

PASSING THROUGH CANADA—CLOSE QUARTERS—CANADIAN STAND-
STILL—A MOTHER'S PATIENCE—DUNNING THE WRONG MAN.

ON THE TRAIN, October 8, 1881.

DEAR READER :

We, the Governor and I, left Montreal last night at 10 o'clock. Of course, during the time of cheap rates to Chicago every car is crowded, but we managed to get accommodations in a sleeper by consenting to occupy an upper berth together. When the berth was made, the company failed to get my measure, and made it six inches too short. However, at midnight we climbed in. I took a position in the form of a new moon on the back side, and the Governor appropriated the remaining space, resting his weight mainly upon the sharp edge board, with the unpopular end of his person projecting over the alley space. He expressed the opinion that he was not going to have a comfortable night. The edge board was too sharp ; and he was frequently disturbed by people passing through the alley, and bumping against that part of his body which had not gone to bed. Several times during the night I was awakened out of a sound sleep with the impression that we had met the other train, and were stove to pieces. But it was only the Governor's fists and feet fighting for more room. He seemed to have the idea that I could "lay along," or shrink up into half the dimensions of that berth. I was sorry not

to accommodate him, but really, I couldn't knock out the side of the car without discomfort to myself, nor kick out the end partitions without discommoding others who had paid for their accommodations.

We are passing through that part of Canada which is never interesting to me. There are long stretches of excellent flat land, and many finely cultivated fields, but the indications of home life, except in the vicinity of the villages, are not attractive. Neglected, dingy looking farm houses, with distant, lonesome and dilapidated barns, appear on farms which, according to the Vermont standard, should have a snug, well built and well painted set of buildings, with a hundred foot barn, more desirable as a dwelling than the average Canada farm house. The change from Vermont to Canada is readily noted by the appearance of the homes. If the external appearances of refinement are a correct indication of the life within, Vermont civilization is far enough ahead of the Canada standard to call for the appointment of a committee, by the Canadian authorities, to investigate the cause of the great difference. It is possible to *live* generation after generation without making advancement, but it is not the custom in the States. "Progress" is our watchword, but "Stand still" seems to be the prevalent notion in Canada. They want a Governor General who will infuse new life and new ideas into Parliament, and secure legislation favoring better schools, better farming and better buildings; a legislation which gives a stronger invitation to capital to invest in industry. But the surest step in the direction of progress and improvement, increase of population, enterprise, thrift, wealth and refinement, is for Canada to rap for admission to the United States, enter and take advantage of laws already made, and of customs already established. This would soon cure her of the neglect of past generations.

The people in our car have to-day had a good illustration of motherly patience. At Montreal a French lady, about twenty-five years old, took the train with three children, aged

about one, three and five years. They are pretty children, but not all the time lovely. The young woman took one section of the sleeper, set the little ones on the seats, with a pat under the chin for each one, then opened her valise and took out four or five dozen cloths, in anticipations of the trials to come on the journey to Chicago. After an hour of restless motion, and a dozen or so changes of the cloths, the little ones were snugly tucked up in their little bed, but the mother, as we were told by the porter the next morning, was on her feet much of the time, and did not lay herself down once during the night. To-day the little ones have been in perpetual motion, going through with all the teasing, whining, laughing, scolding, fretting, tumbling off seats, etc., etc., and the mother has also been a piece of perpetual motion, attending to their wants, keeping them in tidy condition, feeding them, changing their positions and clothing, and ministering promptly to every want. Any man on the train—and there are several tolerable good fathers aboard, including the subscriber—would have had their young ones boxed up and shipped to the Cannibal Islands before noon to-day. But not so with that mother. It is now nearly dark, and not the first indication of tiring out or of impatience has that mother exhibited. Patience, petting, smiles, and prompt waiting upon, has been the constant treatment they have received. One man remarked, "Wonderful," another, "I couldn't hold out like that," another, "I don't see how she does it," etc., etc. But she was a *mother*, and that means a mountain of love, patience, endurance, suffering, and self sacrificing for the offspring. Fathers love much, but their patience has an end, and is frequently crowded to the extent of swear words. One of the passengers in the car was so much impressed with the motherly devotion and patience that he thought of Cyrus W. Field, and was inclined to circulate a paper and start a Garfield fund in order to show a proper

appreciation of that kind of a mother. But learning that she was the wife of a forehanded man, the demonstration was given up.

I was not a little mortified to-day by the peddler boy on the train, who came into the car and said he would take that ten cents I owed him. The passengers were all staring at me as I tried to explain that I did not owe him anything, and that he must be mistaken in the man. "No, I ain't," said he, "you agreed to pay for that cigar as soon as you could get a bill changed. You've had three or four hours, and that is time enough." I wanted to drop into a hole in the ground, but the windows were closed, and while I was determining whether to pay or to argue him out of his mistake, the Governor passed along the aisle, when the peddler begged my pardon and dunned the Governor, who honored the bill. It is unfortunate to travel in company with a man who resembles you, unless that man happens to be a prompt paymaster.

We are now at Port Huron, Mich., and here endeth the first lesson.

RUN No. 2.

CHICAGO IN 1854—THE GREAT FIRE OF 1871—SUBSEQUENT ENERGY OF THE PEOPLE AND THE RESULT—LINCOLN PARK AND OTHER ATTRACTIONS—LEADING MEN OF 1856—EASTMAN, BEVERIDGE & CHASE—THE WATER WORKS—CHICAGO MORALS OMITTED IN THIS LETTER—CITY AND COUNTRY VIRTUE.

CHICAGO, October 9, 1881.

My first visit to Chicago was in 1854, when, if I remember right, she numbered about 80,000 population. The city had grown up in haste, without the direction of city ordinances looking towards its future greatness. It stood on the low prairie ground, with streets paved with plank, and it was not necessary to have moist weather in order to witness the spectacle of seeing water squirt up between the planks, under the pressure of passing vehicles. An ordinance had about that time been passed, requiring future blocks to be erected on a grade two or three feet higher than the original prairie. Many buildings had been erected on this grade, and parts of several streets had been graded up to the ordinance standard. The walks were mainly of wood, and the difference in grade kept the pedestrian traveling continually up and down sidewalk stairs, tearing off boot soles on slivered planks, and jumping mud holes at the crossings. Most of the buildings were of wood, from one to four stories high, and but few and small sections of the streets had the appearance of solidity. This was twenty-seven years ago. Chicago continued to grow with unexpected haste, every year surpassing the most san-

guine expectations of its friends, and as it increased the authorities, convinced that it was on too low a grade, passed another ordinance, adding two or three feet more, and requiring new blocks to be erected on the new grade. This added a new flight of stairs to the sidewalks, and was an additional confusion to blind pedestrians. Only sober men could travel the walks with safety, and as sober men were the exceptions at that date, there was much rubbing of shins and much profanity among the population. The new grade of the streets brought the road bed up to nearly a level with the window sills in the original buildings, and converted the first stories into semi-basements. The poorer class of buildings began to disappear, and give place to substantial blocks, erected on the grade, while blocks worth saving were screwed up into position. At this date it was common to see the largest blocks, and in some streets long lines of five and six story buildings, moving skywards on numberless little jackscrews. But the workmen did their work so successfully that the blocks were uninjured, and business in them continued without the least interruption. So much of this work everywhere gave the city a singularly ragged appearance. But the work was indispensable for the protection of life and health. Previous to the great fire Chicago had spent money enough in "changing over" to build a good sized city.

The great fire of Chicago, the greatest in the history of this country, took place October 9, 1871—just ten years ago to-day—and, as destructive as that fire was, it was the beginning of a new and more prosperous era for the city. The circumstances are still fresh in the minds of the people. They all know that at 9 o'clock in the evening of October 8, 1871, Mrs. O'Leary's cow, in the west division, kicked over her lantern, and that by noon of the next day Mrs. O'Leary's barn was in ashes, the greater part of Chicago had gone up in smoke, and 100,000 persons of all colors and condition in life were without shelter, huddled together in Lincoln Park, on the lake shore, and around the outskirts of the ashes. We

give below some of the results of this frisky old cow's antics :

Total area burned, acres, - - -	2,124	Value of buildings, - - -	\$53,000,000
Buildings destroyed, - - -	17,450	Value of personal property, - - -	58,710,000
Persons rendered homeless, - - -	98,860	Total insurance, - - -	88,634,122
Persons burned to death, - - -	300	Insurance recovered, - - -	45,000,000
Miles of street frontage burned over, - - -	73	Contributions for relief from other cities and abroad, - - -	4,996,000
Total loss, - - -	\$196,000,000		

These are wholesale figures, and they immortalize the butter source of Mother O'Leary. There were various predictions for Chicago at that date, but most of them were that Chicago would be speedily rebuilt. The world has never seen anything in the history of building enterprises to equal the rapid and solid growth of Chicago since that date. The city had the position of key to western trade. That trade was already immense, and great as it was its development had scarcely commenced. Great arteries of communication were stretching from the burned district far out into all sections of the north-western country. It all centered in this tract of ashes. The unsheltered masses in Lincoln Park and on the lake shore saw it, and eastern capitalists saw it. Western enterprise and eastern capital looked through the same spectacles, saw the same possibilities, combined their forces, and commenced the march of progress. The result is the Chicago of to-day, one of the most remarkable cities of the American continent, the most elaborate in architectural beauty, and the fourth in population. All this in ten years of time. Mark the progress. The smoke had not cleared up ere the work of removing the debris commenced. The city organization had not burned up. Men were left. The experience of the past had taught them the needs of the locality. An ordinance was passed adding another grade to the streets, making it eight feet above the original prairie. On this grade the new city started out on its building enterprise and career of prosperity, and the following is the record of money invested in buildings for the past ten years :

Year.	Cost.
1872, - - - - -	\$49,133,600
1873, - - - - -	25,500,000
1874, - - - - -	5,785,441
1875, - - - - -	9,778,080

tors for the entertainment of visitors. In the bear caves are a dozen of the handsomest bears I ever saw. One grizzly weighs about 1,000 pounds, and two of the black bears about 600 each. There is also an extensive conservatory, with choice plants, flowers and trees from all climes.

From 1856 to 1863, living but sixty miles distant, I was in the city often. In those days the leading lawyers who practiced at the bar were O. H. Browning, since United States Senator, Abe Lincoln, J. H. Farnsworth, a dozen years in Congress, I. N. Arnold, since in Congress, Corydon Beckwith, formerly of Sutton, Vt., Sam. Fuller, who studied with Thomas Bartlett, at Lyndon, Vt., Dick Merrick, now of Washington, Stephen A. Douglas, who also had an occasional case in the Courts, and others. Most of them are gone, and the reputation of the profession is in other hands. But the old liners were lions in their day and generation. Just after being admitted to the bar, I sat as a jurymen on several cases in which Browning and Lincoln were engaged. Browning was a plain, earnest, solid man, dealing out logic which nothing short of Uncle Abe's good humor, apt stories and mother wit could upset. But Lincoln often won a doubtful case with those self-same forces, and surprised men of argument, who never see any sense or force in a joke.

There was one law firm in the city at that time which deserves mention in this letter. It was the firm of "Eastman, Beveridge & Chase," which took the library and succeeded to the business of Hon. John L. Farnsworth, then member elect to Congress. The firm was organized in 1859, did a most successful business for a year or more, when the head of the firm died and was buried up in the ground. The tail, though often assured, by older members of the bar, that his prospect for eminence in the profession was second to that of no young attorney in the city, got the blues, returned to Vermont, and carries on the old home farm in Lyndon. Beveridge responded to the call of his country, served through the war as Colonel of the 8th Illinois cavalry, was afterwards

elected Sheriff of Cook county, probably the most lucrative office in the State, and after that served the State as its Governor. After retiring from the gubernatorial chair he returned to Chicago, but not to the law. He had money enough to start a bank, and is now doing a prosperous banking business under the firm name of Beveridge & Dewey, on Randolph street. After a separation of twenty years, the Governor—we mean the agricultural tail of the old law firm—called on the ex-Governor of Illinois, and took me along to identify him. Fortunately we found Beveridge at his private room in the bank, the same old sixpence of twenty years ago, though time and care had given him snow white hair and whiskers, and made the usual year marks in his countenance. But the same gait, the same motions, the same voice, the same cordial welcome, manner, etc., were there as of old. After a pleasant hour, recalling the scenes and persons of twenty years ago, we left him, promising to call again and stay longer on our return homewards.

I should not do justice to St. Johnsbury subscribers by omitting to mention our visit to the Chicago water works. By placing this institution ahead of the Flanders pump, which cost St. Johnsbury \$75,000, I intend no injury to St. Johnsbury vanity. Let the people of that pleasant hamlet keep right along feeling big, just as if nothing had been said.

The water system of Chicago cost \$40,000,000. The water comes from two miles out in Lake Michigan, through two brick tunnels, built in 1863 and 1869. The size of these tunnels are five and seven feet, respectively. On the lake shore is an immense granite building, with many towers, a very imposing-looking structure indeed. In this building are four monster engines, half of them being in constant service. They are 1,200, 700, 500 and 350 horse power respectively. The largest has a cylinder 70 inches in diameter, gives a ten foot stroke, makes ten revolutions a minute, and pumps 2,750 gallons of water at every stroke. That's business. The drive wheel is twenty-seven feet in diameter. The machinery

is driven by five boilers, 12x22 feet, which consume 38 tons of hard coal a day. Twenty-four men are constantly employed in the building. The water is pumped into a main pipe 36 inches in diameter, and keeps a strong pressure on 520 miles of main and branch pipes. We have not had time to count the number of faucets in the city, but there are several of them.

I have no time to speak of Chicago's morals, and the less time for that the better for Chicago. Of course there are morals here, but they are not visible to the naked eye. Twenty years ago it would not have been safe for the managers to run theatres on Sunday. To-day it is not considered profitable by some managers *not* to run them. The largest parties, picnics and excursions come on Sunday. Folks can't stop to go on week days. Many of the religious societies select Sundays to give their Sabbath schools satisfactory recreation. Trains run as usual, the street cars are full of people, the lager beer saloons hire in extra help, the Germans cry cheap clothing in full voice, and gaiety prevails. It isn't right according to our Vermont standard, but they will do it, and I see no way to stop it. I have spoken to several about it, but it won't do any good. The custom has got on too much momentum to be checked during the brief time I am to remain here.

You will doubtless observe, dear reader, when you reach heaven, that rural localities and country villages have a fuller representation there than have the cities. In country places, it seems to be sort of popular to be good, and people, gifted in the ways of iniquity are forced, by public sentiment to be shy, and to use more or less of the livery of heaven to work in. The church element makes a public sentiment which prevails, and which compels every one to respect the Sabbath, and to be generally well behaved. But it is different in large cities, and especially in Chicago. The momentum of immorality takes on head in populated centers. Iniquity becomes bold, defiant, don't-care-a-darn, and erects a public sentiment of its

own, which, with business wires, political wires, saloon wires, etc., it can sustain. It is a bold, open-handed power, insisting upon social and political position, demanding at least half of the offices, and frequently getting all of them. In the cities, vice seems to be smarter, more vigilant, more industrious than virtue. It drives more fast horses, runs more saloons, more theatres, holds more offices, makes more noise, and, to all appearances, does more business than virtue. If you would be happy and virtuous, reader, remain in the country and run the farm, stock up the village store, open a village hotel, start a village law-office, peddle pills, or keep school.

RUN NO. 3.

C. R. I. & P. R.—THE GREAT WHALE—DAVENPORT AND THE RICHARDSON BROTHERS—WESTERN IOWA—FARMING—CHANGE FROM IOWA TO MISSOURI—WHAT YANKEES WOULD DO WITH MISSOURI.

KANSAS CITY, MO., October 10, 1881.

We left Chicago at 9 :30 Sunday evening, and when I rolled out of the berth at 6 :30 next morning I unrolled myself in Davenport, Iowa, 183 miles from the great city. We came by the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific road, one of the great trunk lines to Kansas City and Omaha, thence on to the western coast, and a particularly disagreeable line to the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, which would be pleased to add to its present immense business everything now done by the C., R. I. & P. R. They are rivals, and on most points of difference are swearing mad. This makes it interesting to the traveling public, who get more than their money's worth when they patronize either line.

George H. Newton, of Monson, Mass., was on the train from Chicago to Davenport, and inasmuch as you do not know George, dear reader, I will give you a brief sketch, as he gave it to me. George is an insurance agent, but, not accumulating scrip as fast as he wanted to, he conceived the idea a year ago last winter of catching a whale, and outdoing Barnum in the show business. But how to do it was a conundrum. He consulted sea captains at various ports, but got the uniform answer, "Impossible." They could not see how a great whale could be caught several hundred miles out in the sea, towed

to shore, raised out of the water, and placed upon cars for transportation. But George had got crazy on the subject, and wouldn't let up. After spending several hundred dollars in running about and getting refused, he at last, by giving bonds to indemnify against loss, found a captain willing to undertake the job for a good consideration. The result was that last November the monster was towed into Provincetown, thence to Boston, where Newton hired four derricks and a gang of men, and, after days of uproar and confusion, got the leviathan out of the sea upon two large flat cars, where he was frozen up, when George started with his pickerel for the Chicago Exposition. But his calculations were hardly sufficient for the immense weight. The car wheels burned off



NEWTON'S WHALE.

and broke down, and other calculations were short of meeting the emergency. It was a whaling big fish—bigger than George had any idea of. But his courage was equal to the task. He got more wheels made, had a car constructed for the purpose, and at last that old sucker, as large and as natural as life, was on show at the Chicago Exhibition. At that time the perch had cost Newton \$12,000, and he hadn't much more money to spend. As a financial venture it was sink or swim. But the leviathan drew a crowd. Everybody wanted to see a whale for a quarter of a dollar. From that day to this, except when the old pumpkin seed was hauled up for repairs, such as punching arsenic into him to keep his blubber from spoiling, Newton has been making change as fast as he could do it in all the large cities visited, never stopping at a town of less than 20,000 people. He has taken as high as

\$1,500 in a single day. Well, his net profit from that enterprise since last November has been over \$40,000. Now, reader, if you are impatient, and can't wait for wealth as a result of industry and moderate accumulations, go down to the sea, catch a whale and start with him. "There's millions in it," and no mistake. Newton's shiner is 60 feet long, and weighs 80,000 pounds—forty tons—or Newton lies.

Davenport is a city on the Mississippi river, contains 25,000 inhabitants and is noted principally as being the location where the *Democrat* is published by the Richardson brothers, formerly of Topsham, Vt. They came here many years ago, and, with a combination of industry, business tact and talent, have made one of the liveliest, most reliable and influential papers west of Chicago. This is the work of live Democrats, in one of the strongest Republican States in the Union. The same energy, tact and talent in a Democratic locality would have completely distanced all rivalry. Davenport is the second city in size in the State, and a center of railroads reaching into all the distant parts of the West. The depot stands on historic ground, it being the identical spot where in 1836 Gen. Scott met the Indians, and signed the noted treaty for the Black Hawk possessions.

We took the Kansas line of the C. and R. I. and P. R., running through Muscatine, twenty-nine miles from Davenport, where the road leads southwest, through various small stations to Fairfield, county seat of Jefferson county, and ninety-six miles from Davenport. The distance to this point is through one of the finest sections of the State, principally of undulating prairie, though occasionally it passes over eight or ten miles of perfectly flat land, with no drainage except down through the land, and in wet seasons this is no drainage at all. Eastern people would think that a community could not exist with no chance at all for drainage, and on a soil so heavy that water makes slow progress through it. But nature has provided for the emergency. When the atmosphere gets too thick and heavy with the rising miasma, the wind comes, clears

it all away, and, sometimes, takes the houses, vegetation and a good per cent. of the population along with it. But it clears up the atmosphere, makes it healthy, and frequently does the work so well that it makes room for a new crop of emigrants to pitch and start anew.

Southwest from Libertyville the country is best adapted to grazing, though, of course, farmers run the general farming business. Dwellings have a sort of temporary appearance. Barns are rare and poor. Hay is stacked in the field, grain threshed there, and corn stalks left standing to encounter the next season's plow. Corn is the principal crop. Hogs run loose and get themselves ready for market. All of the original fences are made of rails, but most of the new fences are post and wire, barbed or smooth. Have seen farms fenced with four wires, some with five, and those who have an eye on hogs put in the sixth, or a bottom board and five wires. Land fenced and plowed, three or four miles from the railroad, can be bought for about \$15 per acre, which is equivalent to about \$10 for the raw prairie. Fencing costs at the rate of \$2.50 an acre.

At Lineville, one hundred and ninety-seven miles from Davenport, we crossed over into Missouri, and, without any change in the appearance of the country, I noted a difference in the style of the population and the price of land, which is, for same quality, at least 33 1-3 per cent cheaper than in Iowa. Within two or three miles of the railroad \$10 will buy plowed land, well fenced. If an industrious, energetic farmer cannot invest money at that rate, work land naturally very productive, and make money out of it, the verdict would be "he ain't smart."

On crossing the State line I soon noticed in the population a tincture of the "Puke" element. A genuine Missouri Puke will rival the backwoods Yankee in point of verdancy, but he never could outwit him in a clock or a jackknife trade. For self reliance, mother wit and handiness in getting out of a tight place, "Yankee" still maintains the front rank. I would

like to see the effect of changing places between the population of the two States. Give Missouri to the Yankees and Vermont to the Pukes, and what would be the condition of the two peoples and two States in ten years? Vermont would drop out of the map and the Pukes would be known only in history. Missouri would be the Eden of the country, and every Yankee would be a rich man and an aspirant for the presidency. Douglas said, "Vermont is a good country to emigrate from." That was a high compliment to Vermonters. It meant that a State whose natural resources compel industry, calculation and economy, makes strong characters—able men and women, who easily take the lead when they emigrate to States where nature has been more lavish.

We reached Kansas City at 10 o'clock this evening, having made the distance of five hundred and thirty miles from Chicago in twelve hours and a half. The road bed is first-class, the cars comfortable and the train men courteous and obliging. The Rock Island road is first-class in all its appointments. It ought to be. It is now operating one thousand three hundred and fifty two miles of road, thoroughly equipped with everything necessary for doing an immense passenger and freight business. It has twenty-six appointed officers, with Hugh Riddle, of Chicago, president, A. Kimball, of Davenport, Superintendent, E. St. John, Chicago, general ticket and passenger agent, etc. This is the line over which A. C. Harvey, of St. Johnsbury, sends his excursions to Kansas and Nebraska. He could not have selected a safer line or one more comfortable for his passengers.

RUN No. 4.

THE QUANTRELL MASSACRE—DR. KELLOGG'S EXPERIENCE—HOW
GRIFFITH "CLOSED OUT AT LESS THAN COST"—SUBSEQUENT
GROWTH OF LAWRENCE—STATE UNIVERSITY—PROF. J. W. GLEED
—PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND OTHER INSTITUTIONS—HON. ED. RUS-
SELL—PROSPECTS OF LAWRENCE:

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, October 11, 1881.

I never visit Lawrence without thinking of Quantrell. The first time I stepped into the place was August, 21, 1863, about 9 o'clock in the morning. Quantrell and his three hundred hell hounds had just left the place, after a tarry of three hours. Jim Lane had just emerged from his hiding place in the cornfield to telegraph to the world that Lawrence had been sacked, her people murdered, and that Jim Lane was in hot pursuit. Jim was a courageous man when the danger had passed, and he came out of his concealment to claim credit before the world far heading the pursuing column. The fact was, the pursuing column had a good start when Lane appeared, and while he was telegraphing for notoriety the column was hard after the murderers.

In company with Adjutant General Ed Russell, of Leavenworth, I had made a trip from Kansas City to Fort Scott, thence west to Humbolt, thence north to Lawrence, he mustering out and paying off home guards at different points along the route, and I seeing what I could see, and gathering for publication the history of the struggles and trials of Kansas people and localities from 1856 to that date. It was a

bloody history, and the very morning of our arrival at Lawrence the bloodiest scene in the drama was enacted. Massachusetts street was in ashes, a large number of the best dwellings had gone up in smoke and *one hundred and eighty* of the people of Lawrence, including many of the most prominent civilians in the State, lay dead in the streets. It was a fearful sight. It was murder, not war. Quantrell, who had lived and was well known in Lawrence, had organized a band of murderers, bushwackers, as they were called, and, though pretending to operate on the side of the confederacy, was really in pursuit of venture and booty. When here in 1874, I wrote up a description of this horror, and, as many readers of the UNION remember it, I will not repeat it. For further particulars I refer the reader to the history of Kansas. Of course the numerous instances and experiences among the people of that morning have never appeared in print, but one can easily fill a volume by conversation with men now here who passed through those scenes alive. One or two I will mention. I met Dr. Kellogg, a dentist, the morning of my arrival in 1861, and, as we passed by the different dead bodies in the streets, he remarked, "I never breathed freer or felt more thankful than I do to-day." It was a strange remark, made in the presence of the murdered bodies of so many friends and acquaintances. On asking what he meant he replied, "Well, I heard the firing and the general confusion this morning, got up and rushed out to see what it meant. Two men seized me, and, with cocked revolvers, marched me around as a guide to point out places where values were kept. I led them to several safes, burned several houses at their order, etc. While they had me, I saw several others led about in a similar way, and shot down as soon as they were released. I *expected* the same treatment, but intended to earn their good will by a prompt obedience of every order. When they had done with me, instead of the bullet I got the boot, with an invitation to 'Go to H—I!' After I got around the corner, I made for the ravine in considerable haste, and remained

hid until they had left. What makes me happy is the one thought that I am alive." Under the circumstances that was cause enough.

To-day I met G. A. E. Griffith, a prominent banker, who gave me his experience. He had just located in Lawrence, had a hardware store, a house well furnished, horse and buggy, and \$8,000 in money and goods. The bushwhackers picked him up on the street, and ordered him to lead them to his store. He obeyed, opened his safe, handed out the contents, and then, at their bidding, commenced to pass out jack knives and other goods wanted. He did not set any price on them. It was a sort of closing out sale at "less than cost." His store was already burning. He conversed with them pleasantly upon the situation of affairs, but, though he heard the firing and saw the general murdering all around him, it hardly seemed to him that he was in imminent danger of his life, though he was. When the bushwhackers left town he was without shelter or property. Everything he had was in ashes, except his horse, which they rode away. Griffith was left financially in the condition he was born into the world, but with experience which enabled him to start again in good shape. He has recovered, and is now among the financially successful men of the State. Lawrence has also recovered, and is larger than she was before the raid. Her population is 8,500, and contains a larger sprinkling of New England people than any other town of equal population in the State.

The most prominent institution is the State University, built in 1869 and 1870, Lawrence contributing \$100,000 and the State \$25,000 and a promise to run the institution at State expense. It is a magnificent building, located a mile from the post-office, on the highest point of land in town, and commands one of the most charming views to be found in the State. The curriculum of the institution contains a seven years course, including a preparatory and a full college course. The tuition is free to every one. The faculty numbers seven professors, among them Prof. Snow, whose services com-

menced with the beginning of the institution. Prof. Snow conducted me over the building in 1874, and performed that service again for us to-day. We met here also, in his recitation room, Prof. J. W. Gleed, formerly of Morrisville, Vt., who has recently returned from the Green Mountain State, where he has delivered some interesting lectures on New Mexico. Wells River readers will remember an interesting lecture he delivered there a month or two ago. The University numbers about 400 students, nearly one-half of them residing in Lawrence and vicinity.

The little city is most fortunate in her educational facilities. In addition to the University, she has three or four graded schools in different localities. Such buildings include a primary, intermediate and grammar school. She also has a central building containing a high school for all. No pains or expense are spared to give the rising generation the advantages of a general and thorough education. Upon that she stakes her future growth and prosperity. And this can be said of almost every enterprising Kansas town. The first thought in starting a town is the school house and an abundant support. I do not know of a growing town in Kansas where an argument in favor of the best schools is necessary. Old drones in the breechen of progress have never emigrated to Kansas.

The city also has an institution for imbecile children, a fire department with one steam fire engine, a good water privilege, which drives three flouring mills, a foundry, a wire fence factory, and a box shop; and a paper mill is in prospect. Horse cars were in existence two or three years, but disappeared in 1875 as a non-paying investment.

We were driven over the city to-day by Hon. Ed. Russell, who for twenty-five years has been prominently identified with Kansas interests, and is as well acquainted with her men, her resources, and her prospects, as any man in the State. He was here before the war, has represented Leavenworth or Lawrence in both branches of the Legislature, has

been Adjutant General of the State, State Commissioner of Insurance, etc. Mr. Russell was for a long time partner of Gov. Tom. Osburn, now Minister to Brazil, and is at the present time a member of the firm of Griffith & Russell, a loan and trust company doing an extensive business in placing eastern capital on western mortgages. None of the Kansas pull-backs ever discouraged Mr. Russell. He predicts a great future for her, and, if all her citizens had his pluck, penetration, push and integrity, I would stake a small farm, well stocked, that she would in time surpass all rivals. Pluck and push are characteristics of the Kansan, but in penetration and integrity the average inhabitant is not up to Mr. Russell's standard.

Lawrence has made a history, probably more than she will make in the future. She was the center of the free State spirit in 1856, passed through many successful struggles till 1863, when she suffered martyrdom, but has recovered her former greatness and is now at a standstill, with no special encouragement for her future. To a casual observer her public improvements are neglected, her sidewalks dilapidated, streets are dirty, and the mark of neglect is in many places where the marks of carpenter's tools and the paint brush should appear. Even the Eldridge House, costing \$30,000 or \$40,000, which from external appearances one would expect to find up with the times, is first class in nothing but price. That tolerates dirty floors, cracked walls, hard beds, indifferent fare, and butter which in New England would be used for wheel grease. Possibly Lawrence may take a start by and by, but with Kansas City 40 miles east, Topeka 30 miles west, and Leavenworth 25 miles north-west, all growing cities, the chances for the expansion of Lawrence are not favorable.

RUN No. 5.

"THE OLD DROVER"—OTHER VERMONTERS—TOPEKA IN 1864, 1873 AND 1881—INSTITUTIONS—INTEREST MONEY—NEGRO EXODUS—PRICES OF LIVING—ATCHISON, TOPEKA AND SANTA FE RAILROAD—CONTACT WITH WESTERN SOCIETY.

TOPEKA, October 12, 1881.

We should not have stopped at the capital of Kansas had it not been for W. F. Ruggles, but knowing that the "Old drover" of the Passumpsic valley would never forgive us should we pass by, we concluded to give him a call.

Leaving Lawrence Monday night at 11:50 we dropped off at Topeka two hours later, went a mile and a quarter through town to North Topeka, and put up at the Adams house, kept by Washburn & Ruggles. In 1851 Mr. Washburn was a clerk in the Fairbanks store at St. Johnsbury, and ten years ago Ruggles was the "Old drover" in northern Vermont. Bill—that is what they call him here—is always glad to see a Vermonter, and when on Tuesday morning he discovered the Governor and the Editor among his guests, the upper part of his body, hat and coat included, was resolved into a broad grin, which culminated in a cordial, "I swow, boys, where did you come from!" After the surprise was over and Bill had collected his wits, he put his interrogatories concerning the old acquaintances. Campbell, Bela Hastings, Wm. Ricker, Trefren, Capt. Steve, Bigelow, Harris, and forty or more others, formed the first series of interrogatories, and after talking them down through he commenced at the bottom

and talked them up the column. After going through the list two or three times, he thought of more, added them to the list, and kept the interrogatories going, increasing the column every time he went over it. Bill remembers the old Vermont acquaintances. He was formerly in the milk business here, but for a few years past has got back to his old business, and is an extensive stock broker, with credit at the banks for any accommodation needed. He has also for two years past been interested in the hotel, which has a good patronage from stock men and farmers generally. This, with his stock enterprise and an interest recently taken in a pump manufactory, gives him the promise of becoming a millionaire, if he lives long enough. The better "two-thirds" of Bill is one of the proprietors of a popular eating saloon near the hotel.

I have met here many Vermonters. Numerous enterprises of the young city can properly be credited to the Green Mountain State. I found O. D. Skinner, of Barton, conducting the leading ice enterprise of the city. Cook, of Greensboro, has been promoted to policeman. G. H. Gilman, of Laconia, well known to Vermont drovers, is on a ranche near the town. R. A. Henderson, of Sherbrooke, I found in the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe office, clerk for the master of transportation. He likes the push of the West, but not the climate, and is making arrangements to move to Texas. W. B. Strong, president of the A. T. & S. F. railroad, is a Glover man, and many of the officers under him are filled by boys from the old Green Mountain State.

In 1864 I made a trip in a buggy from Leavenworth to Topeka. It then contained but a few hundred population, and was about as uninteresting a place as one often sees. It had no future that one could see, though something was claimed for it on the ground of being the capital. But it was the capital of a State with the population nearly all at the east of it, It was a point far out on the prairie, with the buffaloes ranging undisturbed on the west. Emigration societies, railroad

corporations, etc., have scattered a population all over the State, and the future importance of Topeka is now assured. My second visit was in 1873, when she numbered 6,000 or 7,000 people. To-day she claims 20,000, and will probably count up 18,000, every state in the union contributing more or less to the number. The city is laid out handsomely, with streets at right angles, those running north and south being named after the presidents, and numbers designating those running east and west. The streets are six rods wide, wide enough, at least, for rectangular parks between the sidewalks and the carriage road, a feature which adds much to the comfort and beauty of the city.

The educational advantages are complete. Topeka has nearly a dozen fine school houses, liberally supported by public money. She has the Washburn college, a mile out, Sisters of Bethany, a prosperous female seminary, and a college for the education of Episcopal ministers. She has three iron foundries, two opera houses, the county court house and post office, now building, the State House, six daily papers, four miles of horse railroads, with cars drawn by one horsepower, the general offices of the A. T. & S. F. railroad company, one distillery, four breweries, a large number of mules, 5,000 to 8,000 colored gem'en, etc., etc. She has also some excellent hotels, the Gordon House and Fifth Avenue being the best. She has eight or ten private banks, but none bearing the prefix "National." One of the bankers told me to-day that National banks were not adapted to Kansas business. He did not explain why, but their non-existence is a sufficient reason that private banks pay better. Money loans easily for 10 to 12 per cent. on best security.

At the time of the negro exodus from the South, Topeka was taxed to the utmost, and was frequently compelled to raise contributions to keep the breath of life in them while they could be assigned and distributed to different localities in the State—for voting purposes. Of that exodus it is estimated that 5,000 to 8,000 settled permanently in the city.

From the appearances on the street I should judge that at least one-half of the population wore a black skin. Some streets in North Topeka produce nothing but niggers. But they are generally willing to work, and are becoming an indispensable part of the place. Without them to-day, the city would find it impossible to continue the many projects she has on hand.

There is no better farming country than that which surrounds this city, and if farmers fail to do well, it is either because they won't work, or because the Lord may send a season of drouth, which He has pleased to do on more than one occasion.

It will interest the Vermont reader, perhaps, to learn something of the range of prices in the locality. Farm hands get \$15 to \$20 per month, day laborers \$1.50, carpenters \$2 to \$2.50, brick masons \$2 to \$4 and plenty to do. Groceries, dry goods, clothing, etc., do not vary much from Vermont prices. Board costs from \$3.50 to \$5 per week, oats bring 40 cents, corn 50, Irish potatoes \$1.50 a bushel, eggs 20 cents, butter 15 and 30, apples 80 cents to \$1. A double team at the livery stables costs \$3 to \$4 a day. Single teams are not much used, except to run about town. Fence lumber costs \$22 per thousand, wood \$4 a cord, soft coal, the only kind obtainable, \$3 to \$3.50 a ton. From this statement men who labor can easily calculate the comparative opportunities for earning a living in this country and in Vermont. One thing certainly favors this country—there is plenty to do and only lazy men bottom chairs.

The most prominent industrial enterprise in Topeka is the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, the most wonderful railroad corporation in this country. It was first agitated by Kansas people in 1858 as a means for developing the unimproved territory and swelling the census of the State, but it was ten years before the enterprise got a start. In 1869 the road was built from Topeka west to Carbondale, 18 miles distant. The Union Pacific, the great line running through

the center of the State to Colorado, called it the "Baby railroad." But it was a growing child. In July, 1870, it was completed to Emporia, 61 miles from Topeka. In '71 it reached Newton, 134 miles west from Topeka, and in '72 the line from Topeka to Atchison, 50 miles, and the spur from Newton to Wichita, was built, and the west end extended to Hutchinson, 218 miles from Atchison. In 1873 the line was completed to Grenada, Colorado, 480 miles from Atchison. The panic then came on and the work was checked till Boston capitalists, Alden Speare, Henry Keyes, C. W. Pierce, Thomas, and others, secured control, when the enterprise was pushed with renewed vigor. In 1876 it was completed west to Pueblo, 572 miles from Atchison, and the line from Topeka to Kansas City, on the south side of the Kansas River, was built. The work has been steadily progressing from that date. To-day the company is running about 1,800 miles of railroad, as follows :

Main line, Atchison to Pueblo, completed in 1878,	-	-	-	619 miles.
Arkansas branch, from Malvano to Arkansas City, completed in 1877,	-	-	-	36 "
Caldwell branch, from Newton to Caldwell, completed in 1877,	-	-	-	80 "
Branch from Florence to Douglas,	-	-	-	65 "
Branch from Emporia to Howard,	-	-	-	75 "
Branch from Topeka to Kansas City,	-	-	-	66 "
A second line from Florence to Ellenwood,	-	-	-	95 "
Branch to Pleasant Hill, Mo.,	-	-	-	45 "
New Mexico extension in Colorado, from La Junta to Trinidad,	-	-	-	82 "
New Mexico line, from Trinidad to Deming,	-	-	-	498 "
From Lamy to Sante Fe,	-	-	-	18 "
From Rincon, N. M., to El Pass, Texas, say,	-	-	-	100 "

Total number of miles,

1,779

As may well be supposed, it requires men, rolling stock and brain to run such a road. We have seen freight cars marked up as high as 11,000. The number of engines is between 300 and 400. On the pay roll in August were 9,854 men, not including some 2,000 discharged from construction trains during the month. The total pay roll for August was \$493,000. The paymaster, James Moore, who is a young man in the employ of the road from its beginning, informs me that

he rides 2,500 miles every month, using up 12 days in passing out the company's checks to the boys.

The shops and general offices of the company are at Topeka. From George Hackney, the master mechanic, I gathered the following: Employed about the shops are 650 men, there being 125 machinists, 179 wood workers, 84 blacksmiths, 85 boiler makers, 46 painters, 20 copper and tin-smiths, 5 brass moulders, and 93 laborers. The shop pay roll in September was \$56,371.85. The total pay roll in the mechanical department for September was \$104,053.05. There are nearly 2,500 employees of the line living in Topeka, estimated as follows: Shops 650, office men 600, train and yard men 1,000. The money paid by the corporation greases the business wheels of Topeka to the extent of about \$75,000 a month, and if Topeka is not a friend to the A. T. & S. F. railroad it is because she does not know on which side of her manna the oleomargarine—butter is scarce and strong—is spread. In making a run to-day through the offices, which are countless in number, I called on G. O. Manchester, the assistant manager, Col. Johnson, land commissioner, Gleed, formerly of Morrisville, Vt., the advertiser, Cook, the paymaster, and others of the different departments, all perfect gentlemen, full of earnest business spirit, and willing to impart information desired.

Tired, grumpy, vain employes on some of the eastern roads can emigrate West, and soon be converted into energetic, good natured, every day sort of men. Contact with western society rubs off the airs, and puts energy and practical sense into business manners and methods. I know many pieces of eastern railroad pomposity who could be drawn through western mud, put through a little western business experience, and thus be converted into common people, and made agreeable and quite useful in the industrial walks of life.

RUN No 6.

THE RUN THROUGH KANSAS—GROWTH OF TOWNS—THE ARKANSAS RIVER—BANK INTEREST—THE “WICKEDEST TOWN IN KANSAS”—DUG-OUTS—THE HERD LAW—MAJOR FALLS’ OPINION OF STOCK-RAISING.

TRINIDAD, Col., October 15, 1881.

After visiting the principal places and traversing the streets and avenues of the State capital, under the escort of the “Old Drover,” we took a crowded train Thursday noon for the West. Passing Pauline, Wakarusa, Carbondale, and Scranton, we reach Burlingame, 26 miles from Topeka, where a branch road starts for Manhattan, some 50 miles northwest on the U. P. road. Thirty-five miles more carries us past Peter-ton, Osage City, Barclay, Reading and Horton Creek, to Emporia, 61 miles from Topeka. Here the branch road runs to Howard, 60 or 70 miles south. Connection is also made with the Missouri, Kansas and Texas line, running north and south. All the towns from Topeka to Emporia are engaged in coal mining. The country passed over is mostly flat prairie, but generally under cultivation.

In 1864 Emporia was the western settlement in this direction—the jumping off place. I was then on the *Times* at Leavenworth, and knew that “Sam Wood” published a wide awake, *cussedly* independent paper at Emporia, and that was all I knew about the place. Since then it has grown to a city of 8000 people, has the State Normal school, good water works, fire department, is an important railroad center, and

has a future of great expectations. This is the end of the coal mining enterprises.

Leaving Emporia we pass Plymouth, Safford, Ellinor, Cottonwood, Elmdale, Cedar Grove and reach Florence, 105 miles from Topeka, at six o'clock. The train went along, but we stopped and made back into town, fifty rods, to the Florence house, where we rested for the night, and found the first hotel where they are out of butter and soap. But, unless Florence has a better breed of cows than Kansas towns on the east, the butter was no loss, and, as I vote the democratic ticket, the absence of soap did not interfere with toilet plans.

Florence is ten years old, has about 1000 inhabitants, is on a perfect flat, has ten feet of productive soil, a good stone quarry, very valuable in this country, and has some hopes for future prominence. A branch road runs fifty or sixty miles south to Douglas, and the main line branches here, connecting again at Ellinwood, 100 miles west.

Friday morning at seven o'clock we take another crowded train for the west, pass Horners, Peabody and Walton, and come to Newton, 134 miles from Topeka and 201 miles from Kansas City, a place of several thousand people and much public spirit. The road branches here again, and terminates on the south line of the state at Caldwell, Hunnewell, Arkansas City and Harper. This branch, with its several sub branches, brings into Newton an immense cattle business. Wichita, on this branch, was five or six years ago the point where the Texas cattle herders congregated with immense herds to meet buyers from the north. The business now culminates at the ends of the line further south. From Newton we pass Hulstead, Burton, Hutchinson and come to Nickerson, the next town of any importance.

Here we first catch a glimpse of the Arkansas river, a dull, sluggish stream, without tree or shrub to mark its winding course through the flat prairie. It looks singular to New England eyes to see a large stream making its way to the sea in such a blind, lonesome style. The river has been there a long

time, never overflowing its banks or changing its channel, a quiet stream, and giving nobody any trouble. If it only would overflow and irrigate the rich prairie at regular intervals, it would do away with the frequent cry of "drouth in Southern Kansas," increase confidence in the country and more rapidly fill it up.

Leaving Nickerson, we pass Sterling and come to Raymond, a little place of some twenty houses, named, we presume, after Emmons of the Passumpsic line, but with nothing to increase our respect for Raymond, of the Passumpsic railroad. Ellenwood, 276 miles from Kansas City, comes next. Here the branch which leaves Florence, 100 miles east, again joins the main line, The company are putting in a good round house, a fine depot, and the life, bustle and building indicate future prosperity and importance.

Great Bend is next in order, 218 miles from Kansas City. The village is ten years old and is the first one yet reached, and probably the only one on the line, which is located away from the track. The town was started in anticipation of the railroad, and, not coming to terms in some respects with the demands of the company, it was left a half mile to the right. The town has 1600 population, the court house of Marion county, a bank, a newspaper, a good surrounding but sparsely settled country, and expects, of course, like every Kansas town, to be a railroad and political center.

In conversation with A. J. Housington, the newspaper man of Great Bend, I learned that the old Western rate of interest is in vogue in this part of Kansas. There is one private bank here which loans at two and frequently as high as three per cent. a month. To regular customers of the bank 12 per cent. is the common rate. The demand for money is greater than the supply, which enables the bank to get the highest rate in all cases where the parties must have the money. Even as far east as Florence, I learned that 10 per cent. was the low rate and two per cent. a month not uncommon. On three to five year loans, with mortgage security, parties ex-

pect to get loans at 8 per cent., by giving the loan companies 5 per cent. of the whole sum borrowed, as a commission. On a three years' loan this would be equivalent to nearly 10 per cent.

At the next station, Larned, 240 miles from Kansas City, the train stops for a twenty minutes' lunch. A dozen bells are ringing over the way, from a dozen different doors. We follow the crowd up the street and dodge into a half saloon, half bakery, half store, &c., and sit down to a cup of coffee, roast hog, biscuit and oleomargarine, to say nothing of stray hairs and bits of prairie soil rooted in. It all goes down together, for this everlasting stretch of the eyes over distant prairie space, in search for objects to rest upon, has sharpened the appetite.

Garfield is the next village, and I suspect he would have been remembered had that half dozen houses been named Lincoln, Grant, "or any other man."

Nettleton surprised me. I counted five houses, and in the door of one of them stood a pair of bare legs which run down through a calico dress. The wind was blowing furiously and the longitude of the view varied with the frisky motion of the atmosphere. But that prairie female was counting the cars, perfectly indifferent to the entertainment she was furnishing the passengers.

Kinsley and Offerlo come next in order and then we reach Spearville, named, we are sure, in honor of Alden Speare, of Newton Mass., and a director of the Passumpsic railroad. So far as the compliment goes Mr. Speare will have to accept the will for the deed, until Spearville grows into importance enough to reflect the intended honor.

Dodge City, "the wickedest town in Kansas," 363 miles from Kansas City, and 250 miles from Pueblo, is reached at four o'clock. A little to the west of Dodge the prairie begins to tumble up, and is not so tediously monotonous as east of that point. All day long we have passed over a flat expanse of territory, following along the old Santa Fe trail. We are on

the Plain of which so much was heard years ago, when the California emigration commenced. It is not waste, but a rich and productive country, except in dry seasons. Villages are started at intervals along the line of the road, and men in pursuit of farms have located here and there at distant and near points. Frequently a long way off a single house is seen, with not another object within ten miles of it. How lonesome it looks!

Near Dodge City is Fort Dodge, where a company of soldiers are now stationed. The Fort was established many years ago, for protection of the frontier against Indians. This is the Buffalo range, the home of antelopes, prairie wolves, and other game. But the railroad iron, the scattering houses and the occasional village have driven them away. Antelopes and wolves are still seen, but the buffalo is very rare. Prairie dogs begin to appear in great numbers west of Dodge.

I noticed here the first dug out, or roof of a house set upon the top of the ground, covering a cellar used for a kitchen, dining-room, bed-room, &c. The turf house also appears here occasionally, it being a house, so called, built entirely of turfs dug up on the prairie. Shelter for the home cow or horse is made of the same material. Wild geese appear by myriads whenever we come in sight of the sluggish Arkansas.

We tried to persuade the Governor to drop off at Dodge, and wait for the next train, but, not liking the looks of the cow boys' revolver, the squint of their eyes and the reputation of the community, he was in a hurry to get into New Mexico. Dodge City is the principal cattle depot in western Kansas, and, without doubt, it once ranked high in the list of wicked towns, but it is as safe to-day in Dodge as in any western town.

East of Dodge the herd law prevails, each owner being required to herd his own cattle, and keep them from trespassing upon the rights of others. But on the west they are allowed to range, and all the owner has to do is to brand and turn them loose. Soon after passing the station, great bunches of cattle and sheep begin to appear, sometimes near the track and

sometimes far off on the plain. The conversation is all about ranching, grazing, rounding up, cutting out, etc., etc.

The entire southwestern part of Kansas, formerly known as the waste plains, is a wonderfully fertile country, but not well watered. The lazy Arkansas and Cimarron rivers, with their branches, supply all the water there is for stock. A width of country, forty miles or more in extent, is frequent without any water. Stock men are taking advantage of this, buying strips of land for miles along the streams and thus controlling all the unwatered land back. The purchase of a few sections on the streams gives them, to all practical purposes, the possession of ten times the amount of their purchase for the use of their stock. Purchasers will not invest in land unless they can have access to the streams. A company has just been formed in Lawrence which has purchased the land for thirty miles along the banks of the Cimarron river, and they own for practical grazing purposes a tract of land fifteen by thirty miles in extent, and are now stocking it. The profits of stock ranches well conducted are simply immense. In a future letter I will endeavor to furnish the reader figures to give an idea of the profits of money invested in this enterprise.

After leaving Dodge I fell into conversation with Major Falls, who is in company with Mr. Strong, President of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road, and Fred Harvey, who has the victualling business on the line. They own a ranch at Deerfield, 432 miles west of Kansas City, have it stocked with 7000 cattle, and the Major says there is no end to the profits. He is managing man—the stock man—of the concern, and gets a salary of \$1500 for his supervision. I asked him which he preferred, the salary or his third of the net profits. "Salary!" said he, "that amounts to nothing. You eastern men don't seem to have a right smart comprehension of the profits of cattle raising out West." The Major has been in it for twenty-six years, and he knows. From numerous men I have conversed with, the same story of sure and great profit comes. It is the only thing on which all parties are agreed.

In extensive stock ranching a man makes no account of dis-

tance. He, with his cow boys, is alone on the prairie. The ranch is perhaps fifty miles in extent. The next neighbor may be running a similar piece of territory. It is nothing to straddle a horse and ride 50, 80 or 100 miles on an errand, dropping down on the grass where night overtakes one. A ranch man straddles his pony and starts out alone across the dreary prairie for some other county, or some distant part of the state, with less ado than half the men in a New England country village leave home for an adjoining town.

West of Dover the villages are few and far between. All of them have started since the railroad came, and they all straddle the track. From Dodge we pass Howell, Cimarron, Belfast, Pierceville (C. W. Pierce of Boston) and come to Garden City, where a few farmers have settled and are making attempts at general farming. This town is 419 miles west of the river. We then pass Sherlock, Deerfield, Lakein, Hartland, Aubry, Syracuse and Medway, and come to Coolidge, 485 miles from Kansas City. Here we take supper at eight o'clock and the next three miles takes us to Colorado line, 488 miles west of Kansas City. Everybody in the cars is going to sleep, and I put up the pencil and fall into line with the rest. But a general shaking up occurs at La Junta (Hunta) at one o'clock, where the train divides, and baggage is tumbled about promiscuously. One branch goes straight to Pueblo, 63 miles west, and the other turns south towards New Mexico, and before the end of the New Mexico line is reached, the weary traveler has 578 miles more to travel to Deming. La Junta is 555 miles from Kansas City, and Deming 578 miles from La Junta, making the full distance 1,133.

At six o'clock this morning the conductor calls out "Trinidad!" which reminds me that I must mail this letter. But I will first remark that Trinidad is at the end of the vast prairie, "the Plains," as the California emigrants called it, and is a city of 6,000 people, snugly built at the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains. Next comes the grandeur of Rocky Mountain scenery and the pass over the mountain gorge with the sixty-five ton engine, assisted by the common engine at the rear of the train.

RUN No. 7.

ELEVATION AT THE FOOT HILLS—IN NEW MEXICO—RATON—MUD HOUSES—ADOBE HOUSES—HOTEL BED ROOMS—DECEPTIVE DISTANCES—SPRINGER—CIMARRON—F. R. SHERWIN AND HIS MAXWELL GRANT—FORMATION AND APPEARANCE OF THE FOOT HILLS.

CIMARRON, N. M., October 17, 1881.

As the railroad approaches the Rocky Mountains there is an average rise of ten feet to the mile. At Kansas City the elevation above the sea is 763 feet. At Trinidad, 651 miles west of Kansas City, the elevation is 4,713 feet

Cimarron is eighty miles southwest of La Junta, where the New Mexico line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road begins. From Trinidad, Colorado, to Cimarron, New Mexico, is about sixty miles. In making the distance the railroad had the Raton mountain to contend with. In crossing there is an average grade of 121 feet to the mile for fifteen miles from Trinidad, the greatest grade in one place being 185 feet to the mile. The road crosses the New Mexico line at its highest point, then tunnels the mountain for a distance of a half mile, and begins the descent into New Mexico.

Fourteen miles brings the train to Raton village, where the railroad company are erecting shops. Stores and dwellings have sprung up, and in a little over a year the village has grown from a beginning to about 1200 people. Extensive coal and coke mining is going on, which is being rapidly increased. The railroad and coal companies are paying out for help monthly in the village over \$30,000. The coal mines here are said

to be among the best in this part of the world. There is a stratum six or seven feet deep, which crops out of the side of the mountains and saves the expense of sinking a shaft. Many predict that Raton has a great future before her, and that the pay roll to that village will be \$100,000 a month within two or three years.

We breakfast at Raton, exchange the sixty-five ton sixteen wheel engine, used to take the train over the pass, for the common locomotive, blow the whistle and resume the journey. Forty miles brings us to Springer, where we stop and wait for the Cimarron stage, from nine to twelve o'clock. Here we get the first sight of the genuine Mexican, and have an opportunity to examine the *Adobe House*.

You would not like to live in a mud house, reader, would you? But let me tell you about it. To begin with, it is much cheaper than wood, and, to say nothing about looks, is a great deal better. Very comfortable houses are made here by digging prairie sods, piling them up, one top of the other, enclosing a square the size wanted, across which is laid poles, which are again covered with sods. A place is left in one side for a door, and one or two places in other sides for windows. This is the common Mexican's house, and until one gets close to it it can't be distinguished from a lump of any other dirt. Unless a traveler keeps up a tolerable look-out he is liable to pass the mansion of some unpretending native without knowing it. If a Mexican wants to give his donkey shelter, he can dig a few turfs, pile them five or six feet high around a small space, and turn the animal in. If he is particularly tender of his beast, he will roof that over also with straw or mud. But the side shelter is generally considered sufficient for the purpose. A little regard for looks will sometimes induce a Mexican to dig up some dirt, mix it with sand, and spread it on the outside of his sods with a wooden trowel. This gives the outside of the house a smooth surface, which adheres well.

The adobe brick is prairie soil, water and sand, mixed together, moulded, and laid in the sun to dry. They are eight inches long, nine inches wide and four inches thick, and when

done are not as hard as burned brick, but sufficiently hard for building walls and are durable. Men can be hired to furnish their own material and make them for \$8.00 a thousand. An Eastern builder can compare these with the size of burned brick, and easily calculate the comparative cost of brick houses in the east and New Mexico. Men charge \$10 a thousand for laying them in the wall. Few houses are built over one story high, though occasionally an ambitious man will build two, and once in a great while three stories high. The walls are usually eighteen inches thick, but if the house is two stories, the first story wall is twenty-seven inches, and the second eighteen inches. Partition walls are eighteen inches in the first story and nine in the second. Partition joist are sometimes set up, in which case the brick are set on edge between the joists, making a four inch wall. The bricks are tacked to the joists with nails and the partition is thus made perfectly firm. A kind of mortar is made of one-third mud and two-thirds sand, which is spread on the partitions with trowels, and is as firm as lime mortar. The house is very warm in winter and very cool in summer. Eavesdropping through the partitions is out of the question, and in some Eastern communities they might not be popular on that account. Many builders plaster the outside of the house with mud and check it off into squares, to resemble brick or square stones. The best adobe houses are papered and nicely finished inside with native pine, which costs \$30.00 a thousand. The regular house of the native has the flat roof, but Americans usually put on the pitch roof, and shingle it. One peculiarity of the houses here is that most of the rooms have an outside door, and in corner rooms it is not uncommon to find two of them. It seems odd to step out of one's sleeping room directly into the open air. But that is the style. If you stop at one of the old mud hotels and are assigned room No 11, say, you take the key from the bar at night and promenade up and down the street till you reach that number, where you unlock and take possession. The first time I was escorted to a room I supposed the hotel was full and that the landlord had farmed me out to a neighbor. But when I inquired who

was to furnish the breakfast, he comprehended my perplexity, and explained the situation.

Springer is a station started a year and a half ago, when the railroad went through this locality. It has a depot, two stores, an adobe hotel, a billiard or pool room, and a dozen little houses. It expects to be larger, but what shall build it up a passing stranger cannot see. But it has trade from ranch men a hundred and fifty miles east. The store of Porter & Clothier did a business of \$60,000 last month. A ranch man may not come often, but when he comes, he loads up \$300 to \$1200 worth of goods, and departs for headquarters. The store alluded to is about 150 feet long, and is full of everything used by man or beast, from a cambric needle to a four horse wagon.

At twelve o'clock the Cimarron stage arrived and we took passage for the town, twenty-one miles west of the railroad line. The prairie seems to come to an end at a range of foot hills, to all appearance five or six miles west of the railroad. The driver pointed out the site of Cimarron, which he said was three miles east of the hills. I told him that the town was said to be twenty miles distant. "Yes," said he, "it is about twenty-five miles to the foot of the hills." I found he was correct, for the first two hours of smart travel failed to bring the hills any nearer. Not a house or fence was passed during the first fifteen miles. The road was over the rolling prairie, with no object to attract the eye, except the distant range of hills, which seemed to keep their distance in spite of us, and the roll of the prairie. In New England the traveler expects to find a few scattering houses before reaching a village, but not so in New Mexico. It is all lonesome prairie until the village is reached.

Cimarron is an adobe village, containing some 200 people. The whiteness of the New England village is entirely wanting, the houses being nearly the color of the ground. There are no yards, no meeting house steeples, only two or three second stories, and the absence of the New England style of homes is conspicuously noticeable everywhere. About half of the population are Mexicans, the others being Americans who have come

in from various Western states. This portion of the population is intelligent and several of them possess great wealth. H. M. Porter is the leading merchant, and is reported to be very wealthy, having made his fortune in mercantile business, mining and cattle raising. He owns a store at Silver City, at Springer, here, and other places, all doing a heavy business. He also has one or two banks, a mine at Silver City, and a copper mine near this place, all paying him large profits.

But the heaviest man in this part of New Mexico is F. R. Sherwin. If he is not worth five or ten millions to-day, he must be in the near future. Let me explain. In 1841 between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 acres of land in this part of New Mexico was granted to Beaubien & Miranda, to induce them to colonize it. L. B. Maxwell married a daughter of one of the parties, and afterward secured the entire grant from the heirs of both grantees. The title was confirmed by Congress in 1860. He conveyed his right to a company which organized the Maxwell Land Grant and railway company, and incorporated with a capital of \$5,000,000, divided into 50,000 shares, with a par value of \$100 each. The company borrowed 700,000 pounds sterling of a Dutch company and mortgaged the grant for security. Payments of interest were defaulted, and in a long string of litigation which followed the stock run down to a nominal sum, and Sherwin, a sharp, shrewd, penetrating manager, secured a controlling interest in the stock. In 1879 there was a re-organization and a patent issued to the company. The company has a capital of \$5,000,000, of which Mr. Sherwin owns sixty-six per cent. of the whole. In the grant undisposed of there is still 1,700,000 acres of land. Of this amount 600,000 is coal land, and 200,000 of iron, silver, gold and lead, all very rich. One of the gold mines has yielded \$60,000 per month with a ten stamp mill. This mine is located twenty-five miles northwest of Cimarron. A coal mine has been recently organized by the Maxwell Land company and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad company, and has leased of the Maxwell company for fifty years 10,000 acres of land and opened a mine at Dillon, near Raton. As there is no coal below

here, and as the mine is very rich, having a stratum of coal six feet thick, the coal company has the prospect of immense profits as they work the mine. The Maxwell Land company has also organized a cattle company, with a capital stock of \$1,000,000, and this cattle company has the grazing on the entire land—1,700,000 acres. There is no better grazing land in the territory, none better watered or sheltered than that embraced in the Maxwell grant. Mr. Sherwin has the lion's share in all these companies, and, unless Providence takes a special dislike to this part of creation and punishes it in some unexpected manner, Mr. Sherwin will soon require an extra force of secretaries to count and record his income.

Mr. Sherwin is a man about 45 years old, was born in western Massachusetts, emigrated to the West, was wholesale merchant in Milwaukee, afterwards member of the Louisiana returning board at the time of the great unpleasantness, (I can't brag him up on that account), then operator on Wall street, New York, next a broker in London, England, where he got a flea in his ear in relation to the New Mexico land grant, came over here, and the result is, after a variety of legal struggles and shrewd management, the pivot of the Maxwell land is in his trousers pocket, and he is rich. Is his title sound? you ask. Every attempt in Washington to break it has failed, and every trial in the territorial courts, of which there have been many, has resulted in sustaining the original grant and the titles derived from it.

Geologists can, perhaps, explain how this country was formed, but I cannot. I find a broad, gentle, undulating, rich prairie country laid down against the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains, with strips of prairie reaching in and among the hills. The hills are not like those in New England. The different strata, or deposits of stone, which form the earth's surface, have never been disturbed, but still lie in a horizontal position, showing that the hills were some time formed by the action of water. Standing upon the brow of one of these hills, you can easily imagine the broad prairie to be a former sea, with numerous points of it making far back into the main land. As

the water went away, the bottom of the sea, after many thousand years, became fertile land, a range for buffalos, antelopes, and a parade ground for wild Indians. The water, setting back into the land, left the valleys, or canons, as the Mexicans call them, and these canons stretch in through the hills for a distance of 50 or 60 miles before the great mountains are reached, forming some of the finest grazing lands in the world. The hills vary in height, but seem to be in two or three series, all of which terminate in flat tops. Before reaching the real foot hills of the mountains, lumps of flat top land rise up suddenly out of the prairie to the height of three or four hundred feet. Their sides are very steep, but covered with grass, and their flat tops are sections left of a prairie which has been washed away. The foot hills proper are from 1,000 to 1,500 feet high, with sides steep, broken and rocky, but with tops containing long stretches of flat land, which, like the smaller hills in the lower prairie, seem to be what there is left of a still older prairie washed away. I do not wish to surprise geologists with any new theory, but they will allow me to tell how the hills look to my own eyes. I have another theory which, to the naked eye and clouded intellect, looks quite reasonable. Somebody, at some time or other, not pleased with so much flat land, went below and pressed these foot hills up out of the prairie, disturbing nothing but the edges, which were left too steep to grass over. However the formation came about, the appearance of the country looks queer enough to New England eyes.

RUN No. 8.

S. M. FOLSOM—M. M. CHASE—HIS RANCHES, PARTNERS AND STOCK BUSINESS—MANAGER OF THE MAXWELL CATTLE COMPANY—CIMARRON AND HER MINISTERS—MAGNIFICENT DISTANCES—FIRST VISIT TO A "ROUND UP"—A FLOCK OF SHEEP—DINNER WITH THE MEXICAN BOY—JOHN DAWSON'S HOSPITALITY—FOLSOM AND THE GOVERNOR THREATEN A FAMINE—MUSIC—HOW DAWSON'S HUNTING STORIES AFFECT THE GOVERNOR—DAWSON'S FARMING AND STOCK RAISING—SCENERY—GRADE AND CONDITION OF THE CATTLE.

CIMARRON, N. M., October 18, 1881.

On arriving here last Saturday evening we found S. M. Folsom, who left Lyndonville three weeks ago, stopping at the residence of M. M. Chase, taking his first lesson in cattle raising. Before embarking extensively in the cattle business, Folsom concluded to devote a season to learning the business, and has shown discretion in securing one of the most successful stock men in the country for an instructor.

Mr. Chase is a man 45 years old, and a border life experience of 30 years has given him the best qualifications for stock raising in a new country. Mr. Chase was born in Wisconsin, and his father, W. C. Chase, a native of Bradford, Vt., being an extensive stock broker, put him into the business of handling stock early in life. Before Colorado had made much pretension as a territory even, M. M. emigrated to the far West, and took a hand in corraling Indians, hunting game, mining, etc. His business took him over a large part of the country from the

Black Hills to Santa Fe, New Mexico. For a number of years he was engaged in the freighting business across the Plains, from the Missouri River to Denver. Some 15 years ago, being well acquainted with the greater portion of the range along the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains, he selected Cimarron, N. M., as the finest climate he knew, and as a locality affording the richest range and the best shelter for cattle. He moved here, commenced to farm and start his herd. From a small beginning he has worked his way up to be the leading stock man in these parts. He has a residence three miles from Cimarron village, in a rich canon, from a half mile to a mile wide. His home place contains 1,000 acres of land. Here he keeps some 40 horses, and about 300 head of cattle. The horses are designed mainly for his individual and family driving, and the cattle are the property of his children, who have them branded with their own marks. Fifteen miles to the north he and two partners, named Dawson and Maulding, have a ranch of 50,000 acres, all inclosed, about 20 miles of it having the wire fence and 15 miles the walls of mountains. This range takes the natural drainage of the Vermijo river, is sufficient for 3,000 cattle, and is already stocked with a herd of 2,500. This range is about half open prairie, the other half extending back into the foot hills which contain numerous canons and mesas, largely covered with pinon trees, forming the finest imaginable shelter for cattle. The ranch is considered a sort of "home pasture," and is about eight by ten miles in extent. The canons extend way back into the foot hills, forming beautiful parks, little and big, from 100 to 2,000 acres in extent, dotted here and there with the pinons, and are as beautiful and romantic as it is possible to form on the bosom of Mother Earth. They are simply charming, and one almost envies the life of an animal in the possession of such homes. The hills rise up suddenly out of the flat land and terminate in flat tops, miles in extent and rich in grazing capacity. Though very steep and covered with pinons, most of their sides also form good grazing.

Mr. Chase and his partner Dawson own a sheep ranche 180 miles south-east of Cimarron, some 12x15 miles in extent, which contains a greater number of acres than the "home pasture." This ranch is now stocked with 15,000 sheep of improved breed.

With the two partners above mentioned, and three others, Mr. Chase purchased last year a tract of country 150 miles south-east of Cimarron, and just north of the sheep ranch, embracing about 60x13 miles in extent, containing in round numbers 500,000 acres. This ranch is now stocked with 12,000 cattle, and will range 50,000, allowing 10 acres to each animal. In ordinary seasons this is sufficient. The company, however, intend to allow the herd to grow, by purchase and increase, to 25,000 head, and then make their calculations for the future.

In addition to the above, Mr. Chase and his partner Dawson, Mr. Folsom, and four others, have purchased a tract of about 150,000 acres, 35 miles south-east of Cimarron, which has not been stocked as yet, but will be this winter by purchase of stock from Texas. It will range easily 10,000 to 15,000 head. Mr. Chase has the management of these different ranges; that is, he does the buying and selling, and has general supervision, with a boss on each ranch, to attend to all details, such as hiring the necessary help to "ride the fences"—go around the range daily to keep the fence in repair—to "round up" the cattle at stated seasons, to "cut out" beef to be sold, calves to be branded, etc., etc. For his supervision he gets a salary from each company, in addition to his share in the profits.

In a former letter I spoke of the Maxwell Cattle Company, just formed for the purpose of stocking all the land in the Maxwell grant not yet disposed of, the number of acres being about 1,700,000. Mr. Sherwin, who holds 66 per cent. of the stock in this company, and about the same of stock in the Maxwell Land Company, controls them both, and will allow no more land to be sold or leased out of the grant, and he designs to have the cattle company stock all the land now

controlled by the Maxwell Land Company. This intention virtually puts an end to the increase of settlements in the grazing section of the Maxwell grant, and holds it as a cattle grazing locality purely. Any future increase must come from the developments of the gold, silver, iron, copper and coal mines, which are abundant in the hills. Mr. Chase has been engaged to manage the affairs of the Maxwell Cattle Company for five years, receiving therefor a liberal compensation annually, with a promise of a better situation at the end of that time. The salaries he receives for the management of different companies will, if he is prudent, keep his family from starvation. In a subsequent communication I will give particulars of the profits of sheep and cattle raising, from which it will appear that he is in condition to lay by something for a rainy day.

Sunday was the first day spent in Cimarron, but it was so far gone when I discovered it, that it was impossible to "observe the Sabbath" in the New England way. As a general rule, all days are alike here. There have been some attempts to support a minister in Cimarron, and a little house has been built for one to expound his opinions in. But the first minister was shot, the second one was put in jail, while the third one got frightened and ran away. No man has since ventured publicly to expound the scriptures to the Cimarron people. The church has been converted into a school house, where it is proposed to educate the children, and let them search the scriptures for themselves and parents.

This is a country of magnificent distances, and I have been bewildered ever since my arrival in attempting to comprehend the circuit of the neighborhood. When M. M. invited us to ride to his pasture, I asked him where it was, and he said "over here a little piece," pointing with his finger. I rode over with him, and found it fifteen miles distant. That is what they call "a little piece." The next neighbor is usually 5 to 10 miles distant. Localities 60 and 100 miles off are spoken of with the same neighborly familiarity that a Lyndon

Corner man speaks of Lyndonville. This will account for the number of horses all prominent ranch men keep. M. M. lives three and one-half miles from the post-office, and has the first establishment out of the village. Twenty of his horses are used for his own and family roadsters, a part for odd jobs of teaming, and others are grazing on the home place, and getting on age and condition for service. One span is used to-day, another to-morrow, and so on.

On Monday last we made our first trip out. Chase, Folsom, the Governor and myself rode over to H. M. Porter's pasture, 10 miles away, to witness a "round up." The cattle in this pasture, about 2,000 in number, are under the charge of "cow boy" George M. Chase, who lived in Lyndon some 30 years ago. Realizing the profits of stock raising in New Mexico, he came here from Kansas City a year ago, and engaged as cow boy for H. M. Porter's herd. He determined to learn the business from the bottom up. The business of the cow boy is to live on the ranch with the cattle, ride along the fence every day to repair all breaks, see that the cattle are kept within their range, etc. George's enclosure fence is 30 miles in circumference, and he rides around it on horseback every day. In addition to his salary for service, he was allowed to put in a few animals of his own. These animals he has just sold, nearly doubling his money inside of a year. On arriving at the pasture at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, we had several miles to ride before reaching the locality of the "round up." We found the "bunch," having been collected—"rounded up"—during the day, by eight men on horseback. A part of the men were riding round the herd, keeping them "bunched" up, while the others were riding in and driving out of the herd particular animals wanted, and driving them away to some place distant from the main herd, to sell, to brand, or for some other purpose. This process is called "cutting out."

On Tuesday the same quartette of individuals took another span of horses, and drove north to Chase's Vermijo pasture.

On the way we called at a place in the prairie where M. M. and his partner Dawson have a "band of sheep," 2,500 in number, which had been cut out of their main flock, to send to market. It would surprise a Vermont sheep raiser to see that flock. Instead of a lot of scraggly, bare bellied, coarse made sheep, we found a flock fat as butter, well bred, and wooled down nearly to the ground. Some of them were full blooded Merinos, and as fine looking sheep as can be found in the celebrated Vermont flocks. The Governor is a sheep man, with Merino proclivities, and when he said "By thunder, I'm beat!" he was evidently surprised. He has never seen 2,500 sheep together which carried so much wool and so much mutton. Persons who think sheep breeding and sheep raising in New Mexico is hap hazard business, are mistaken. The wool men have taken great pains with their flocks, and have for years past brought in car load after car load of the best bucks Vermont and Ohio produce. They have paid high, even fancy, prices for bucks, and the wisdom of this course now appears in the profits of their flocks. They prefer the Merino, graded up from the native Mexican ewe, as it gives endurance and fine quality of wool. I have not seen a Cotswold or Southdown in the territory.

At the little tent on the prairie, miles from any inhabitant, we found a Mexican boy, a dozen years old, with a skillet over the fire, frying his dinner. Chase pointed to the tent and said, "*De ca pondo la sado qua lito bon decarto,*" as near as we can recollect, and the little fellow pulled the skillet off the coals, skipped into the tent and brought out a bag, from which he pulled out a quarter of mutton, chopped off a liberal allowance, refilled the skillet, and set it on the fire. The horses were unharnessed and allowed to graze, while we all sat down on the broad prairie and took our first shepherd meal of fried mutton, biscuit and coffee. But it was good. We could not speak Mexican, but we succeeded in making the boy understand that we knew how to pack fried mutton. As he saw the chops going down into the provision cavities

of Folsom and the Governor, he looked alarmed, and cast his eyes towards that band of 2,500 sheep as the only security against a famine.

On leaving the sheep camp, a mile ride over the prairie brought us to the wire fence of the "home pasture"—a fence 16 miles long. An opening was made and we passed in, rode two miles, and came to the old Santa Fe station, now used as the home for Marion Littrol, the boss of the ranch. From here we passed on through the pasture, over lonely country, entered a canon and passed up two miles, to where the mountains draw together and form a canon a half mile wide. Here we found the residence of Mr. Dawson, a one story adobe house with adobe barn and adobe corral. Half of the house, had been torn away and an addition was about to be built, but two or three small rooms were left. Dawson and wife, seven children, the school marm, and a visiting gentleman and lady from Trinidad, were the occupants. An addition of four full grown men to the accommodations at hand might look to the proprietor of an eastern mansion like crowding the mourners. But Dawson said he had lived in the country 14 years, and had never yet turned the first person from his doors on account of no accommodation. "You see the situation, gentlemen, and such as it is you are welcome to it." After a short call we got up to go, but were prevented by Dawson, who commenced to unharness the team. It was supper time, and all except the children packed around an extension table in a low, black kitchen 10 feet square, containing a cooking range, a dish cupboard, and a variety of cooking and hunting utensils which hung on the wall and overhead. The first appearance was not inviting, but I soon learned not to rely upon appearances. No King ever sat down to better specimens of the culinary art. Steak as tender as spring chicken, biscuits as light as a feather, bread, graham and white, entitled to a first premium at the fair, sauce, preserves, pickles, etc., flavored to suit the most fastidious palate. Folsom claims to be a dyspeptic, but fur-

nished abundant evidence on this occasion that it is all make believe. The Governor—well, he just mortified me to death. I haven't looked at him since without seeing bristles. Folsom barely had time to remark between takes, "Strikes me a man has an almighty appetite out here; owing to the altitude, I s'pose." The Governor was too full for utterance.



THE "GOVERNOR"
AFTER SUPPER.

After supper we all packed into a room, about 12x14, with a fire place at one end, crib in one corner, bed in another, secretary in the third, while a wash stand and half a dozen chairs completed the outfit. It was soon discovered that there was music in the company, and a space was cleared away in the center of the room, a Wood's organ brought from the entry, and the school marm, the Trinidad lady and the subscriber formed a trio for the execution of gospel hymns, which drew forth rounds of applause from a "crowded house."

An experience meeting followed, in which Mr. Dawson related numerous hair breadth escapes from wild beasts during his 14 years border life in New Mexico, and prior to his coming here. Having spent the first thirty years of his life with the cattle, wild game and Indians of north-western Texas, he was well prepared for the business and sports of this territory. He is a famous hunter, and his home is never out of sight of big game. This season he has killed in this very neighborhood three cinnamon bears, two mountain lions, several deer, antelopes, etc., and has been on a hunt but twice. We intended to invite him to accompany us a day or two in the woods, but his building enterprise prevented. Moreover, after he exhibited the skin of a mountain lion, nine feet from tip to tip, with claws three inches long, I noticed the Governor's hair rising, as he remarked that it wouldn't be convenient for him to go hunting just now. He had to go back to Cimarron and write a letter. Folsom was as quiet as he could

be, with a chin going through the motion of a jig saw, but he hoped the Governor would insist upon writing that letter.



FOLSOM AND THE "GOVERNOR" AFTER SEEING THE LION SKIN.

Mr. Dawson's home place contains about 1,500 acres of excellent land, and, contrary to the general rule, he does a little at farming, has a variety of fruit trees, a garden, and plants some corn. Farming was common here prior to the coming of the railroad, two years ago, as every one then had either to raise his supplies or pay for hauling 700 miles from Kansas City. But it is different now. The wheat and corn fields have gone to weeds. The untold profits on stock raising, and the ease with which the work is done, make the profits of the most successful farming appear like small compensation for the labor performed. Hence large land holders prefer to buy their supplies, rather than be troubled with tilling the soil. Dairying and variety farming would pay better here than in Vermont, but they don't pay enough comparatively to attract much attention.

Mr. Dawson keeps on the home place a few hundred cattle, growing up in the name of his children, about 75 horses, a

lot of poultry, and a pack of nine hounds, which guard the premises, and are always ready to pursue the bear, the mountain lion and the deer, whenever the owner inclines to indulge in a few days of sport. Dawson is an excellent specimen of the pioneer, open-hearted, cordial in his welcomes, fond of company and story telling. He has roughed it, pinched his way along up to the present time, but now counts his land by the townships and his cattle and sheep by the thousand.

Notwithstanding our "packed" accommodations, I awoke up Wednesday morning refreshed by a good sleep. On our return we took a northern route and rode 15 miles extra, through the parks and canons of the pasture, following an *ad libitum* route over the plains, through the pinons, etc. It was a most charming ride, and passed scenery which I never saw surpassed away from the Rocky mountain range. We passed bunch after bunch of the cattle grazing in the pasture. They were not scrubs, by any means, but well graded up with the best Durham bulls. In this herd of 2,500 cattle, the three years old steers will average to dress 700 pounds, and the twos 575. Our Vermont stock men from these figures can form their own estimate of the quality of the herd. They have our word for it that the average Vermont stock stall fed, will not surpass the immense New Mexican herds. It costs money to raise an ox in Vermont, but here he will grow up into fatness and money value in spite of the owner's neglect. He will take care of himself, and all the owner has to do is to keep his private mark on him and keep track of his whereabouts.

RUN No. 9.

GRAND SCENERY—DINNER—8,200 FEET ABOVE THE SEA—OLD BALDY
—QUICK GROWTH, GREAT EXPECTATIONS AND A COLLAPSE—
MINING—LONESOME—WEALTH IN THE HILLS.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. M., October 22, 1881.

I have gazed upon scenery to-day which would surprise an inhabitant of the White Mountains, not because of more grandeur, of higher mountains, etc., but because the arrangement, the programme of sights, is wholly different from anything east of this range of mountains.

At 11 o'clock this morning the Governor and Mr. Folsom in one team, and Mr. Chase and the Editor in another, left Cimarron for this place, one of the famous mining towns in New Mexico. Passing up the Cimarron canon for a distance of ten miles brought us to a place where the two ranges of mountains apparently come together; in other words, where the prairie, which had crowded itself in between the mountains for a distance of ten miles was prevented from further trespass by the mountains coming together at the base. Bear in mind, reader, that these rocky mountain canons are not like the great ravines between the New England Mountains. In New England there is a gradual rise in approaching all great mountains, and one can scarcely tell when or where the mountain begins. Here, the steep sides of the foot hills stop short at the bottom, where the flat prairie begins and stretches out one, two, three, or more miles in width, and then up go the steep sides again, which form the opposite range of hills.

At the end of the prairie strip we entered the narrow pass between the hills, and found scenery grand beyond description. The steep hills rose up on both sides and in front of us, and it seemed all the time as if we had been dropped down from above into an immense cavity of Mother Earth, from which there was no escape, except on eagle's wings. The view in front was against the broad sides of the great mountains, and there seemed to be no possibility of further passage, except over the dizzy peaks. But the road twisted, zigzagged, wormed around the base of the different hills, and, although we were gradually rising, scarcely a hill was encountered in the highway. There is no such mountain pass in the East. In one place, for an eighth of a mile the wall of the mountains rose up to a height of 800 to 1,000 feet perpendicular, or a little more. Passing this, the great mountains rose up on either side, with immense projecting rocks, seemingly just ready to drop out of position. Nothing, but confidence in a fastening which has resisted the storms of ages beyond historical knowledge, gives the traveler in that narrow pass a feeling of safety. In many places columns of rocks rose up independently to a great height, resembling a village of huge fantastic steeples, some resting upon bases so narrow that a tumble might reasonably be expected at any moment. But they are all there, and bound to stay.

At three o'clock, having grown hungry with riding and gazing, we stopped at a clear stream in the mountain gorge, unharnessed and baited the horses, built a fire, made coffee, and prepared a good meal from the lunch box. New Mexico men eat half their meals out of doors. All the drives are over long distances, and the lunch box is a most important part of the "outfit." We camped by a beautiful trout stream, and, being prepared with hooks and lines, I improved the opportunity. What luck? Well, I didn't count them. I always begin with "No. 1" to count, and as I didn't catch that particular fish the enumeration was omitted.

After washing dishes and repacking, the journey was re-

sumed. Having passed through ten miles of the finest mountain scenery out of doors, we emerged into a "park," as it is called here, 1,800 feet above the open prairie, and 8,000 feet above the sea level. Seven miles further brought us to Elizabethtown.

Elizabethtown is 8,200 feet above the sea level, and 1,800 feet above Cimarron. If the reader will recall the fact that Mount Washington is only between 5,000 and 6,000 feet above the sea level, he will realize that the Editor is considerably nearer heaven at this present time than when perambulating the Passumpsic valley, striving to raise the standard of morality in Caledonia county through the medium of the UNION. Elizabethtown village is not quite on mountain tops, but is at the end of a basin or park 10 by 30 miles in extent, formed very near the tops, with "Old Baldy," the prominent point in front of it. Baldy is 12,000 feet above the sea, 5,000 feet above its eastern base and about 4,000 feet above Elizabethtown, at its western base. Timber ceases to grow in this country at an elevation of 11,000 feet, consequently 1,000 feet of the old mountain's top is bare headed, and hence the name "Baldy." The old head is a landmark, a geography indicator for people far and near.

In 1867 a party of hunters discovered gold here, gave the alarm, and in less than two years there was a population of 4,000 people packed here in the mountain, 28 miles from Cimarron on the east, and 40 miles from Taos on the west. It sprung up at once into a city of "great expectations." A company was formed which dug a ditch 42 miles long, at an expense of \$200,000, and brought water from the Red river. This was the only stream available for washing the gold out of the hills, and in a short time it was discovered that it was not sufficient for a quarter of the miners. The boom was in 1869-70, and during those years Elizabethtown was built. Five miles below Virginia City was started, where a dozen or fifteen houses went up in haste, and as hastily came down the next year. We passed through Main street, but there was

nothing there to mark the former existence of a village, except one slight depression in the prairie turf, where some aspiring candidate for worldly wealth had improvised a cellar. Not a post, or a stick, or a stone could we see in the once hopeful Virginia City; nothing but prairie grass and stillness. In 1871 houses began to disappear from Elizabethtown, and in a year or two the village of 2,000 people, and surroundings of 2,000 more, dwindled to as many hundred. An Irishman, named Lynch, managed to secure possession of the water ditch for \$12,000, and has continued mining ever since. His worth is variously estimated from \$50,000 to \$1,500,000. We visited his works, saw the operation of gulch mining, and the Irishman who owns the mine, who talks and looks like any other Irishman.

I asked one of the men to show us a specimen of the gold. He went several rods down the ditch, took a shovel full of dirt from the bottom, and in five minutes had washed away the earth, leaving on the shovel part of a spoonful of fine sand and yellow dust. "How much is that worth?" I asked. After a close inspection, he said, "About one dollar, sir." I told him I was a stranger in those parts, and would like to take it away as a specimen. "And faith," said he, "it is not mine to give; the boss is very particular." He laid the shovel down carefully, and while he was answering some foolish questions, put by Folsom and the Governor, the dust was blown away. If the reader will call at my office next month I will show it to him.

There are several others mining in a small way in this locality, all doing well, but no extravagant stories are told. The work pays well, probably \$5 to \$10 a day for a man's work. The "pay streak" is found several feet under the surface, which makes a great amount of washing necessary to obtain a little gold. A large surface of country has been washed off; a few years ago several parties made small fortunes in a short time, and with little water. These were in places where the gold was found for quite a distance near the surface.

Readers who saw the operation of washing away the Bagley hill in St. Johnsbury, saw a perfect illustration of gulch mining. The hill is torn away by the force of a stream from a two inch pipe. A wooden sluiceway conducts the water and dirt down the incline plane as far as needed, while men are stationed along to pick out the stones. Blocks of wood are fitted into the sluiceway, and on these blocks quicksilver is poured, which stops the little particles of gold. After the operation of washing has continued a week or two, the nozzle man takes a rest while the stone pickers shovel the loose dirt from the sluiceway, remove the blocks, shovel up the deposit, wash away the dirt mixture; then the owner boxes his gold, and the operation of washing is renewed. When the Lynch mine was started the pay streak was but a few inches from the surface, the washing was easy, and the mine consequently paid splendidly. Now the mines have got so far back into the hill that the pay dirt is ten feet below the surface, and the profits are much less. Another process of mining consists in tunneling down to the pay streak, which is shoveled up, taken to the smelters, where it is assayed and sold by the ton, priced according to the assay. When the precious metal is found in the rock, it is blasted, broken up, passed through the crushers, and then under the stamp mill, after which the dust is washed from the metal.



Our hotel accommodations at Elizabethtown were first rate. The ground floor of the building contained two rooms, a kitchen in the rear, and a combination dining-room, bar-room and post-office in front. But the beds were good, and the landlord, Story, an American, had a German wife who knew how to cook. Folsom was obliged to allude to the altitude again, as an excuse for that appetite. I can't make it seem as if that boy was ever troubled with dyspepsia or any other ailment, but he intimates that he is out here for his health.

"OUT HERE FOR
HIS HEALTH."

It makes one lonesome to walk the streets of Elizabethtown. Although not an old place, it is deserted and, instead of the crowded street, or crowded houses, rum shops, gambling saloons, and hourly knock downs of a few years ago, a sort of grave yard stillness, deserted buildings, and a general tumble down appearance is everywhere observed. There is one store, part of another, hotel, the tail end of a barber shop, the outside of a Catholic church, or barn, a good deal of broken glass, and other fragments of former prosperity left, but the pith, the vitality of village life has departed, no more to return, unless more water is brought from Red river, or some large companies are formed to begin pounding up the quartz rocks by steam.

There is vast wealth in the surrounding mountains and specimens of rich ore are found in numerous places. The little village lives on, hoping for the start of enterprises which she is sure will pay. Mining is her only hope of existence, and this hope is strengthened by the success of mining in various localities in these hills. All through the hills of Colorado and New Mexico rich leads have been found, and are being worked; men are growing rapidly rich, and villages are springing up everywhere. Evidently the mining business here has scarcely commenced, for there is no end to the wealth the hills contain.

RUN No. 10.

PRAIRIE DOGS—PINE FORESTS—KENEDY'S HABITATION, CRIME AND
EXIT—10,000 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL—THE LUNCH BOX—MOUN-
TAIN PARKS—TAOS VALLEY—NEW MEXICO DISTANCES—THE MEXI-
CAN'S ORIGIN—DESCRIPTION OF TAOS ATTEMPTED—THE MEXI-
CAN HOUSE—THE PLAIN—THE OVEN—DIBBLES AND DIET—
CHURCHES AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS—THE POST OFFICE—
FARMING AND FARM IMPLEMENTS—A COURT SCENE—KIT CAR-
SON'S OLD HOME AND GRAVE.

TAOS, N. M., October 23, 1881.

We left the deserted village at 9 o'clock this morning, and had traveled but a mile or two when three prairie wolves, cayotes, crossed the road 100 rods ahead of us, and scampered up the prairie slope. M. M. had his trusty "sharp" and followed them with a shower of lead, but those are good wolves yet.

Soon after this, we struck a locality of prairie dogs. Having a good shot gun, I peppered them from the buggy ad libitum. They were in sight nearly all the time during a ride of 20 miles across the park. I have no idea how many we killed with the rifle and shot gun. We used one or the other according to distance. I ought to have gathered a few tails to take home, and should, only every dog took his tail into the hole with him. Several of them left bowels, and other undesirable parts of prairie dog anatomy, where they sat as a target. But they all got away with their tails. Prairie dogs always intend to "decease" at home. You may blow one into pieces, and he will take the remains home to the bosom of

his family. These little fellows, less than half the size of woodchucks, are cunning to behold, but are great nuisances to the prairie farmer. They are gregarious, live in villages, and from 25 to 2,500 holes are found in one locality. The ride of twenty miles this morning was one continuous stretch of little mounds of dirt thrown up by the dogs.

The scenery down the west side of the park was delightful. The western slope of the hill is gradual, and covered with great pines, far enough apart to admit of driving anywhere among them. We passed pine trees enough to-day to supply the wants of all New Mexico for years to come, and what we saw is but a drop in the bucket, as innumerable acres of the hills are covered with them. Many men are poor to-day who will soon be made rich from manufacturing these pines into building lumber. The demand is not yet sufficient to warrant the erection of many mills, but the enterprising lumber men, who see a little way in the future, secure lumber tracts, and get ready for the call soon to be made, will be in luck, so far as worldly possessions are concerned.

Twenty miles from Elizabethtown we turned to the right, to enter the box canon (mountain gorge) leading over into Taos valley. At the foot of this gorge stands the stone fire place of the notorious Kenedy House. In 1868 one Kenedy kept a log house here, 20 miles from any other habitation. He had a Mexican mistress and one child. People were frequently missing about those times, but no one knew what became of them. A brother of an ex-Governor of Kansas, being missed, was traced to Elizabethtown, from whence he started for Taos. This was the last trace. Suspicion fell upon Kenedy. He had kept his Mexican at home, never allowing her to go away, and threatening to kill her if she went. He was making arrangements to kill the child, now old enough to tell tales, when the mother made her escape to Elizabethtown, and told of several travelers stopping at his house whom Kenedy had killed for their money, and buried under the house, and in other places near by. Kenedy was

arrested, and the ex-Governor's brother was dug up from beneath the fire-place hearth. Other bodies were found in the vicinity. Kenedy was taken before the court, and the people demanded his trial, but the Judge, probably in sympathy with the disorder of those times, had the case put over to next term, when the crowd took him out before the Court House and strung him up. The Judge appeared just as the culprit dropped and commanded that his body be instantly cut down, but a couple of well known citizens stepped up to the Judge, pointed their revolvers in his face, and asked him if he would be kind enough to "Git !" He complied with the request, taking the direction of the Court House, with his coat tails in a horizontal position. That is the way they executed justice in New Mexico when the evidence was positive and the Court uncertain. The plea of insanity did not have the usual chance.

From the Kenedy place we entered the box canon, and, between the great mountains, passed up the first great hill since leaving Cimarron. It was a mile and a half long, steep and rough. At the top of this "divide" we were about 10,000 feet above sea level. From here begins the descent into Taos Valley. Two miles from the top we came to a clear stream, pitched camp, drew out the lunch box, built a fire, and got dinner. We had graham bread, white biscuit, cold meat, pickles, plum preserves, canned peaches, tea and coffee, to say nothing about forest leaves, ashes, road dust, etc. There was no dyspepsia around that festive board. After an hour's rest for the teams, the journey was resumed down a very gradual descent between the big mountains, and at 14 miles from the top we emerged into the Taos Valley. This is a plain, a prairie in fact, up in the mountains, about 1,000 feet higher than the open prairie at Cimarron.

I begin to see now what they mean by "beautiful parks," wedged in among the Rocky Mountain foot hills. We passed over one range and came to the park, 15x30 miles in extent, in which Elizabethtown is located. Over the next range—16

miles through the gorge—we came to the next park, or Taos Valley, 20 or 30 miles wide, and perhaps 50 or more long, and nearly flat. Away in the distance, as far as the eye can reach in every direction, we see the great foot hills rise up which mark its boundary. In many places in the mountains these parks contain but a few hundred acres, but they are rich in grazing and tillage, and form the most lovely retreats imaginable.

As we emerged from the hills, I called the attention of M. M. to "that smoke a *half mile distant*" on the prairie. "That is Taos," said he, "and your *half mile* is three miles, at least." He was correct, for it took a full half hour of smart trotting to pass over my half mile. I have done guessing at distances and making a fool of myself for the edification of the New Mexicans. Stretch imagination to the utmost, open wide the bulk head of Vermont UNION exaggeration, and it never reaches the reality of New Mexico distances. It takes a smart horse an hour to travel one of my miles, and ten miles is a day's journey. Folsom thinks "altitude" is what ails his appetite. Maybe it has something to do with my judgment of distances, but I attribute it to the fact that the country hereabouts is formed on a scale of immense magnitude, of long stretching prairie, of mountains, and canons or valleys between them, all being two or three times as large as the New England eye, familiar with huddled up scenery, takes them to be.

I do not know or care, for that matter, when Taos Valley was settled. Nobody here knows anything about it. But it was among the first settlements in the country. The Spaniards conquered New Mexico in 1580, at which time the descendants of the Aztecs were in this valley, but how long they had been here no one knows certain.

The common Mexican seems to be a cross between a negro and an Indian, lighter than a negro, darker than an Indian, and dirtier, looser, more shiftless and unreliable than either. Don't stop to hunt up any element of progress in the average Mexican. It is a waste of time. They live as they lived hun-

dreds of years ago, and with evidences of progress right in sight of them they take on none of its spirit.

Taos (pronounce here Tous) is purely a Mexican village. But how shall I describe Taos so the reader can see it? Imagine a village, say of 1,000 population, with every house built on the top of a mud basement, seven feet high. Then imagine a cyclone has passed over that village, and carried away every building, leaving nothing but the basements in sight, and you have the Taos mud-boxes. That is the style of Taos architecture, and these boxes are dropped down at random on the ground, leaving the pedestrian to pick his way around as he pleases. The unoccupied space he may call street, square, alley or section of tramped prairie. One would be as proper as the other. In the center is a little plaza—a half acre—around which are the stores. And such stores—dark, dingy, dirty floors, worn clear through, and goods tumbled up and uninviting. They have a remarkable similarity, and there are but one or two around the whole square that do not have a corner for the bar and liquor. Many of the houses have yards, or corrals, fenced in with mud walls, six to seven feet high, and two feet thick. In Taos it is difficult for a New England man to realize that he is in a village. The prevailing feeling is that of being confined by a mud wall. In the houses he cannot avoid the idea of a dungeon. The doors are set in two feet, flush with the inner wall, and the windows are set out the same distance, flush with the outer wall. But few of the inside doors are six feet high. I was reminded of that several times, but the reminders did not seem to damage the adobe wall in the least. Most of the rooms in town have ground floors, and many of them are covered with tapestry carpet. But the ground is always dry, and as hard as stone. Stoves are not used, but every house is supplied with fire-places, usually in the corner of the rooms. The rooms are unfinished overhead, for the most part, though some have paper, made for the purpose, tacked on the upper ceiling, to cover the beams. The roofs are made by laying down poles, nail-

ing, and then covering with a foot deep of adobe mud, which dries hard, and sheds the rain. A leak calls for more mud, nothing more. The plaza, or square, is common to all Mexican towns. Its origin was owing to a necessity. It was a place for common defence against Indians or other plunderers. Here in times of threatened danger the Mexicans would collect their families and stock, and prepare to defend their lives and property. Outside of the plaza no order or system was observed in building.

Every Mexican mud house has its accompanying oven, built near by, and in the shape of an old-fashioned straw beehive. It varies in size, from three to six feet high, has a wall about a foot thick, with a little hole in it on a level with the floor. They build a fire in the oven, heat it sufficiently hot, sweep out the fire, put in the bread, mud up the hole, and go off and leave it till they want the bread, when they find it ready for them.



MEXICAN HOUSE AND OVEN.

We stopped at Dibble's hotel, had a good room on a mud floor, with a tapestry carpet, bright fire in the wall, etc. But Dibble's table was too Mexican. One never would starve to death there, and never would injure himself by over eating. For people suffering from dyspepsia and other results of over eating, I recommend the Dibble's diet, at \$3 a day. I advised Folsom and the Governor to tarry a week here, and give the stomach a rest. But they seemed determined to kill themselves and would not stay. Dibble is from Connecticut, came to this place 20 years ago, lives with a Mexican woman, and seems to be contented way up here in the mountains, living with the Mexicans, and with only occasional intercourse with white beings.

There are two mud churches (Catholic) in the village, both with mud floors, and without seats of any description. I could not learn when they were shoveled up into meeting house form, but it was done a great many years ago, by the forefathers of the present swarthy worshipers. The worshipers drop down on the ground, a few perhaps with a sheep skin or blanket under them, and there worship God in native simplicity, and exactly as the priest tells them to. But there is not much worship of any kind going on in Taos. At the time of our visit, one of the churches was undergoing repairs. Perhaps it was the annual house-cleaning. Who knows? Let me describe it. As we passed through a gate in the mud wall, enclosing a yard a hundred feet square, we found two men, with trowsers legs rolled up to the thighs, treading mud in a little depression which had been made in the ground. One man was passing in soil, another straw, and a third supplied the water. The three materials, under the active gait of the treaders, made mortar, which two women were carrying into the church in wooden buckets. They were not clean, tidy, attractive-looking females, but I followed them, nevertheless, and saw them deliver their mud to a master mason, who was on all fours, spreading the material into the form of a new floor, which would be ready for use in twenty-four hours. This was a very simple, inexpensive method of church repairs. The white washing was equally inexpensive, it being done by digging white clay found in the hills, dissolving it in water, and spreading it upon the walls with cloths. The inside of the church resembles an excavation in a hill, nothing being visible but earth, except the big beams laid overhead, from side to side, for the support of the mud which forms the roof.

There is a school in the place, so Dibble thinks, though he is not quite sure about it, but not ten per cent. of the natives can read or write. There is no public library, no public hall or entertainments, no fire protection—but they couldn't burn up, any way—no water works, and no public works of any description. There is no newspaper, no public spirit, no attempt at or thought of such a thing; no society, except what a drifting

existence and a common language would naturally make, no talk or thought of refinement, elevation, progress or improvement in any direction. All the general crowd think or care about, is to live along just as they have from time immemorial, and when a chimney tumbles over, or one end of a house caves in, they dig a little more dirt, mud it up again, and lie down. I never "struck," as they say here, just such a place, and am not sufficiently impressed to invest in corner lots. I could not find the corners, if I was.

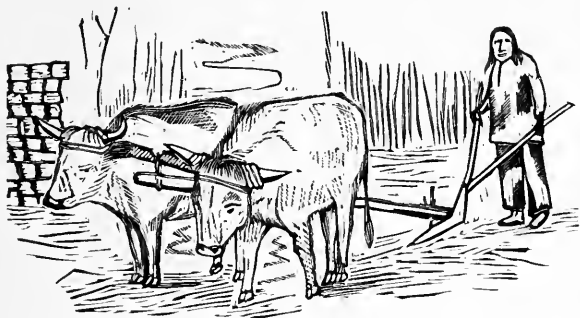
The post office precinct contains some 2,000 or 3,000 people, and not one in ten of them know or care where the post office is. The largest list of papers is a weekly from Vegas, and does not exceed twenty. The office is worth \$22 a month, as appears by cancellation of stamps, and this comes mainly from about fifty Americans who reside in the place.

The Valley contains about 10,000 people and a half dozen villages, of which the one described is a sample, and the most important. The land is rich, and has been farmed a hundred years or more without manure, irrigation being the only reliance for fertility.

Every field is ditched into small patches, and at certain seasons the water is let in to flood it. There is no reliance upon rain, and without irrigation nothing could be raised. The natives raise some stock, but the locality is not the most favorable for grazing. Goats are common, and many of the Mexicans keep from ten to one hundred, relying upon them for milk and meat. It is interesting to see a Mexican woman move around among her goats with cream pitcher in hand, crawl under their tails, and strip a spoonful from each to serve up for breakfast.

Farming implements are the same they were one hundred years ago. A long pole, with a root for a plow point and a couple of sticks nailed on for handles, does all the tearing up of the soil. Grain is reaped or mown, and threshed by goats or horses in the field. This is done by staking out a round space on the ground, into which the grain is pitched, and the animals turned in. There is a little one-story log mill in the place, twelve feet square, and less than six feet high, which

grinds very slowly. But Mexicans do not like to pay toll, and nine-tenths of them grind their grain between two stones, making only enough at a time for a day's use. Think of that for enterprise in this nineteenth century.



MEXICAN PLOW TEAM.

While the Governor was intently observing the habits of Mexican women in the street, Folsom and I attended a court scene which we shall not soon forget. A half dozen Mexicans had been shot two evenings before our arrival, one of whom had died, and the offenders were up before the *alcalde*, (justice of the peace), the principal judiciary of the city. He could speak a little English, and we got the particulars from him before the trial. The court was in one of those mud-rooms—dungeons—with the light from a low door and six panes of glass. The *alcalde* was in a pair of trowsers, a woolen shirt, and a pair of cow hides, and looked as if he had just been pulled out of an adobe bank. The bar was out of the same bank, apparently, and the spectators from a position in the mud a little below them. It was a queer-looking scene, but we had not enough of the language to understand the argument, and how the scene ended we know not. The man, who acted as lawyer for the defence assured me that he had “got ’em” on some technicality of law, and so we suppose the criminals got clear. But it is all the same. It wouldn’t be quite the thing to hang a half dozen Taos Mexicans, and slight the rest of them.

Taos was the home of the famous mountain guide, Kit Car-

son. Here, in a little neglected grave yard, surrounded by a mud wall, lie his remains, beside those of his wife. A little wooden railing surrounds the graves, but no headstones mark the name, birth and death of the famous little man. We visited his house, which, like all other Taos houses, is a low mud structure, with good-sized rooms, mud floors, etc. But Kit had the comfort of a wooden piazza on the front of his house, which gives it a prominent distinction from others in the village. It stands here precisely as he left it. Kit was a popular man with the Taos people, and the Indians believed he was a little on the supernatural order.

RUN No. 11.

THE PUEBLO INDIANS—PUEBLO STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE—THE OLD CHURCH—A MASSACRE—DESTRUCTION OF THE CHURCH—CHARACTER OF THE PUEBLOS—VISIT TO ONE OF THE FAMILIES—HOW THE PUEBLO MAIDEN EXPRESSED HER OPINION OF THE SITUATION—FIRE OF THE MONTEZUMAS—THE HOT SPRINGS AND VICINITY RUINS—THE AZTECS—THE TOLTECS—CLIFF DWELLINGS.

PUEBLO, INDIAN VILLAGE, October 24, 1881.

This little village is three miles from Taos, just at the foot of the big mountains, and how long it has been there nobody knows. The Pueblos were in the Taos Valley as long ago as we have any record, and further back than their tradition reaches. They were very numerous in 1579, at the time of the first white settlement under Ornate; they were here in 1580, at the time of Espejo's expedition. An account is given of the expedition being driven back by 40,000 Indians. They were here at the time of the first Spanish exploration, under Cabeza de Vaca, who passed from Florida through this territory to San Miguel, on the Gulf of California, occupying the eight years from 1528 to 1536. Back of this date tradition is the only source of information concerning the history of the tribe, but it is sufficient to show their existence far back of that time. In 1680 the territory contained a great many Spaniards, who had built churches, and were cultivating the soil in the valleys and working the mines. At this date a controversy arose, and the Indians drove every Spaniard out of the territory, destroyed their churches, burned up their church

vestments and archives of government, retained their Indian wives, filled up their mining shafts, and sought to obliterate every trace of their existence. The Indians held absolute sway for thirteen years, till 1693, when a compromise was effected, and the Spaniards were allowed to return to till the soil and raise stock, but not to work the mines. The reason for this was, because under the former Spanish rule the Indians had been oppressed, and made to back ore out of the mines and do other hard work incident to the mining business.

The Pueblos in this village number about 500, all told, live in two houses, and you never saw or heard of such houses. I will describe one. It is about 60x100 feet on the ground, and five stories high. But this gives you no idea of the establishment. The first story is built of adobe brick, with outside and partition walls some two feet thick. This story is floored over with poles and mud of same thickness. Then another house is built on top of this, occupying the entire top of the first story, except a walk around, about six feet wide. This is also floored with poles and mud, like the first story. The third story is built on the second, leaving the walk around as before. The fourth and fifth stories follow the same rule, the fifth or last story being only one room wide. Now this great mud house is divided into numerous family residences, of two little rooms each, and has not a door or window in the whole concern. In the walk around, just over each family residence, is a scuttle hole, two feet square, covered with a drop door, like that over any other scuttle hole, and this is the only ingress or egress to the several domiciles. The domiciles are separated from each other by solid adobe walls. Each room is supplied with light by a single round hole, about eight inches in diameter, through the two foot wall. Not very brilliantly lighted, but it suffices for all Pueblo purposes. Stairs? Oh, we forgot. Each family has a ladder leading to its little hole in the top, and when the last member is in he pulls up his ladder, pins the scuttle cover on the inside, and the family is secure from all intruders. This building, and a mate to it, on the opposite side of a little brook, which runs through their grounds, have

been right where they are now from a time beyond which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and constitute the principal part of the Pueblo village. This was a style of architecture the Pueblo considered most conducive to safety at a time when bows and arrows were the instruments of warfare. The tribe have never elevated their ideas of architectural beauty, but it has never been followed by any other tribe of Indians or race of people that we can hear of. One thing is commendable in their style. It endures. It has stood hundreds of years, been occupied all the time, and is still just as handsome as it was the day it was made.

At the present time there are several other one story, flat top adobe houses at the ends and sides of the two main structures, and these have little doors in the sides, showing that the Pueblos are yielding gradually to the modern method of going into a house. The ruins of an old mud church stand but a few rods from one of the main buildings. The Mexican Priests had some time or other got the Pueblos to attend the Roman Catholic church, and prevailed upon them to help build the church, where they listened to harangue of priests quite regularly for a long time, though never abandoning their own religion as worshipers of the sun. The church was built further back than their tradition reaches, but it was destroyed in 1847, under the following circumstances. The Mexicans hereabouts conceived the idea that by assassinating the Taos Americans they would settle the dispute between Mexico and the United States, and give Mexico the control. Invitations were sent out for all the Americans to join them in a conference at the Taos hotel. But it happened that several prominent Americans were absent in Santa Fe, and elsewhere, and only a dozen or more attended the meeting. At a given signal the massacre commenced, and nine of them were killed, and the others escaped. L. B. Maxwell, the proprietor of the Maxwell Grant, was in Taos, but received the wink from an Indian woman of what was to happen, slyly slipped out of the meeting, and took to the woods, where he nearly froze to death during the night. Soon after the massacre, expecting a visit from the troops sta-

tioned at a camp sixteen miles east of Taos, under Sterling Price, they persuaded the Pueblos to help them fortify a defence. The Mexicans and the Pueblos got into the adobe church, and when the troops arrived made a strong resistance. But a couple of six pounders soon made a ruin of the church, killed many of the inmates, and scattered the rest. The superstition of the Pueblos prevented repairs of the old church, and the ruins stand here now about as left at that time.

The Pueblos have always been friendly to the whites, and in consequence of this disposition have been made citizens, with the right of suffrage, though they seldom appear at the polls. They are a quiet, orderly people, and till the soil for a living. But they paint, wear feathers, a loose shawl, breech cloth, leggings and moccasins, and look very much like picture-book Indians. They own a mile square of land, which is parceled out to the different families. They sell grain and vegetables in Taos, but never much at a time, just enough to make what purchases they want for the day. This produce is their medium of exchange, and when they want a little tea, tobacco, or a piece of dry goods, they take a little bundle of produce with which to purchase. It never would do to sell all their produce for money, as it would all go the first time they enter a store. The squaws, of course, do the carrying and the general shopping for the family, but when the bucks want something to drink they go themselves, in order to make a sure thing of it. The squaws, though faithful as a general thing, are not altogether trusty in this particular line of shopping.

On our visit to-day we found one of the councilmen, a clever buck of about 60 years, who tendered us the hospitalities of the city. We climbed the ladder to the top of the fifth story, where we took in a view of the curious surroundings, squaws husking corn, bucks walking around here and there in their red shawls, Indian girls backing papooes about the open space, etc. One little girl, scarcely ten years old, followed us about, having upon her back a bag full of papoose, with its head sticking out at the top, and with a countenance expressive of perfect contentment. The bearer of this little burden

was playful and happy, and appeared not to realize that the family baby was tied upon her back. Both of the large build-ings were covered with squaws, packing away corn, and attending to other domestic duties. We made a descent through one of the scuttle holes, where we found ourselves in the midst of a family of husband, wife and half a dozen children. The room we dropped into was about 10 feet square. In one corner was a pile of grain—the family treasury—in another corner a bunk, under which was kept groceries, vegetables, pots, kettles, and what-nots. The room was packed, but there was space enough on the floor for the pater familias, who sat there painting his face red, occasionally rubbing a little on the face of a five years' old boy, who seemed to appreciate the honor. This was done perhaps to please the child, and perhaps to entertain the visitors, as, not being able to speak to us, it was the first and most conveniently improvised entertainment which occurred to him.

The mother was taken back at the unexpected "dropping in" of four foreigners, and made a variety of contortions in attempting to suppress inward laughter which was crowding the countenance for expression. M. M. could speak Mexican, and he talked to the squaw in that language. We thought he was explaining how Folsom was a single man, looking the village over with a view to a change in his domestic relations. At all events, she said "Yaw, Yaw," and pointed to a hole in the wall, when we dropped on our knees and crawled through into another room, which was used as a kitchen. Here we found a blushing Pueblo maiden, tucked away in a corner behind a stone, inclined like a washboard, on which she was grinding corn with a smaller stone held in her hands. She was a bashful maiden, and expressed her opinion of the situation by hooking the fore-finger in the left corner of her mouth, dropping her head upon her right shoulder, and smiling sweetly. Seeing Folsom, she blushed deeply, as much as to say, "That's my style of an Injun!" The boy turned a shade darker, in response to the glance of admiration. It was mutu-



PUEBLO MAIDEN.

al, but as we had no time to encourage acquaintance we crawled back through the hole, climbed the ladder into daylight, and descended the series of ladders to the ground.

The guide next conducted us into an underground room where the fire of Montezuma has been perpetually burning since the death of that good man, who the Pueblos believe will return to earth again. Montezuma was the last Emperor of the Aztec race. Born in 1480, he became Emperor in 1502, and was killed in 1520, seven months after the arrival of Cortez.

Thirty-five miles west of this place are the famous hot springs, similar to those at Las Vegas.

Near these springs is a village covering about 40 acres of ground. It has been buried for centuries, but excavations reveal houses made of adobe, with rooms, fire-places, pottery, etc., in a perfect state of preservation. Similar ruins are found in various places in New Mexico, Colorado, and other states in the Rocky Mountain range, and furnish abundant evidence of the existence of a great people here, at a time back of human record; a people, too, quite as advanced in civilization in many respects as are the people of the present day. If Columbus is entitled to the credit of the last discovery of America, it would be quite satisfactory to lovers of history to learn who discovered it first.

History is indefinite on the question of the origin of the Aztecs. Tradition, paintings and geology are in harmony in locating their existence back of the twelfth century. The race embraced seven tribes, who left Aztlan about 1164, and, after 56 years of wandering, arrived in Mexico in 1216. Where Aztlan was is not certain, some claiming it to be in the north, and others in the south. As some of their paintings represent

palm trees, the inference is pretty strong that it was in the south perhaps in Central America. One of these seven tribes was under a ruler named Mexi, who in time established his dominion over the seven, and hence all took the name of Mexicans, and continued under a sort of elective monarchy till 1519, at the time of the conquest under Cortez.

Prior to the Aztecs, the country was inhabited by the Toltecs, a race numerous, civilized, and possessing the highest skill in the arts. But no history of their race is left, except in the form of buried cities, household implements and other relics found in the earth. Tradition says that they migrated from the north some time in the seventh century, remained in Mexico three or four centuries, and then migrated south again, where they founded cities in Guatemala, among the ruins of which are found specimens of architectural skill which excite the wonder of the critics of the present generation. Without doubt the buried ruins of Colorado, New Mexico, and further south, are what is left to the present generation of the once powerful and civilized Toltecs.

The cliff dwellings in New Mexico also form an interesting study to the student of American antiquities. They furnish evidence of still another existence at a time—nobody knows when. These dwellings consist of rooms excavated in the sides of rocky precipices, and in some places they extend for miles in length along the almost inaccessible cliffs. They are in close proximity to each other, showing a very populous people. Ruts in the rocks worn by the feet of the people going to and from their dwellings still exist, for the marvel of generations yet to come. These people probably existed long prior to the Toltecs, and what was their condition can only be conjectured. Probably they were the original population, rude, uncultivated, and always ready for fight or an invasion from a foreign foe. The selection of habitations would indicate that they prized a secure thing in the way of defense.

RUN NO. 12.

FORGETFULNESS—DINNER ON THE KENEDY HEARTHSTONE—THE GOVERNOR NOT HUNGRY—A SLIP UP—DECEPTIVE DISTANCES—PAUL DUCHAILLU, THE AFRICAN TRAVELER—FOLSOM SURPRISES A BUNCH OF SOAP WEEDS—PHOTOGRAPHING A HERD OF CATTLE—THE LUNCH WITH COFFEE—INDEPENDENT OF ROADS.

CIMARRON, New Mexico, November 3, 1881.

A day or two after the letter from Taos was written I was looking over a calendar, and made a discovery which so mortified me that I resolved to send no further record of my doings and observations in this unscriptural country. But having more fully considered the matter, I have concluded to apologize and resume the record. The day we rode from Elizabethtown to Taos, blazing away at those innocent wolves and prairie dogs, was Sunday, and the very hour you were dutifully getting your Sabbath-school lessons, I was among the wicked Romans, doing as they do. But there was nobody and nothing in Elizabethtown, or country round about, to remind one what day it was. Everybody was as hard at work as ever, and this was the occasion of my forgetfulness. Folsom and the Governor say they knew what day it was all the time, and they consequently do not have even the poor excuse of forgetfulness. As for M. M., having been in this country a long time, he is not supposed to know which end of the week the day of rest comes. The charity of easy morals will excuse him, but will hold me partially responsible, and put a firm grip on the two knowing sinners. The more I travel in this

section of our own country, the more reason do I discover for withholding the African contribution for home use. At least money enough should be sent out here to teach the natives the signification of the Sabbath.

On the return from Taos we found snow on the divide, but soon passed below it on the descent into the Elizabethtown valley. We got an early start in the morning, and at noon reached the foot of the canon, tied the horses out to graze, built a fire on the site of the old Kenedy mansion, and ate our dinner on the hearth stone from beneath which the murdered brother of the Kansas Governor was dug up in 1858. The hair of the Governor in our company stood on end, to some extent, and his appetite was not up to the usual point of gormandization. This was fortunate for the rest of us, as for once we got our portion of the rations. At the conclusion of the feast we hitched up, passed through ten miles of the mountain prairie, where we again paid numerous leaden compliments to the prairie dogs, then entered the lower canon between those two ranges of foot hills—grand old mountains in reality—and arrived home at 8 o'clock in the evening, having made the trip from Taos, 65 miles, in 12 hours. This would be nothing for fresh horses, but it was the fourth day our teams were in the harness. But four days is not an unusual trip for horses in this country of immense distances. They were turned out to take their turn at rest, while fresh ones took their places.

Speaking of deceptive distances in a former letter, reminds me that Folsom had been teasing me for several days to "slip up" with him to the top of one of the foot hills near the house. He wanted to make the trip as a morning walk before breakfast, and thought a half hour going up and fifteen minutes coming down would accomplish it, and give a good appetite for breakfast. I had traveled enough half hours in New Mexico to justify a suspicion of his estimate, but consented to join him on a full stomach. We left the house at half-past nine, and made out to "slip up" to the top of that hill in just three hours. We took rests, of course, because it was simply impossible to travel long without sitting down to pump breath. Exertion in

this country, where the atmosphere is so thin, calls for a vigorous pair of lungs. We were more fortunate in accomplishing the descent. The estimate of fifteen minutes required a good tramp of 60 minutes. The fact of these deceptive distances is owing in part to the reason given in a former letter, but, if that is not sufficient, I will guess again as follows: The altitude here is high and the air is thin, so that distant objects are defined and outlined with such distinctness that one is apt to consider himself twice or three times as near them as he really is.

On the top of the mountain I was interested in observing the great rocks, many of them of immense magnitude, standing just where the ocean left them many years ago, before I was born. There they still stood, a thousand feet above the prairie, or the bed of a later ocean, which existed a thousand years, more or less, since the great rocks were washed into their peculiar forms by the father of the ocean "last above mentioned." As I looked at those rocks, I imagined I could see the ocean waves beating against them, and I tried to think back into the past—back of the existence of those ocean washed rocks, now standing a thousand feet above the prairie, and 8,000 feet above the ocean of this nineteenth century. I tried to go clear back to the beginning of the world, and witness the work of the Creator in giving mundane geography a start. But it was a failure. I did not see anything.

At an entertainment given the other evening by F. R. Sherwin, I met Paul DuChaillu, the famous African traveler, who will soon be better known as the author of "The Land of the Midnight Sun." DuChaillu was born in Louisiana, is of French extraction, about 60 years old, only two-thirds grown, a wiry, nervous, lively little gentleman, as full of fun and talk as an egg is of meat. But he never talks without saying something, and never cracks a joke without having a point to it. DuChaillu spent three years in Africa, a year or two in Norway and Sweden, has wandered in, and written about, other countries, and is now, at the solicitation of Mr. Sher-

win, who practically owns sixty odd miles square of this territory, traveling over it with a photographer, Mr. Burghman, of New York City, taking views and studying the locality, with a view of writing a series of illustrated articles for Harper's Magazine. He has been over the Taos Valley, through the various canons on Sherwin's Maxwell grant, visited the mines, studied the geography and resources of the country thoroughly, and had hundreds of views taken. I have examined many of them which are life like and artistic. Mr. DuChaillu is a fine descriptive writer, and, if his articles are abundantly illustrated with these views, they ought certainly to command a large sale of the periodical which publishes them.

Thursday last was the day appointed for DuChaillu and his artist to ride to M. M. Chase's home pasture, "the Vermijo," fifteen miles distant. The outfit from the house of M. M., consisted of two double teams, and five men on horseback, among whom was Dr. Cunningham, of Las Vegas, who went as cow boy to help "round up" a bunch of cattle for the camera. Mr. DuChaillu and Burghman started from town, four miles from Mr. Chase's house. The Governor and the Editor went in one team with Folsom on horseback behind. Having guns, we cut across the prairie in pursuit of a "bunch" of antelopes which we had attempted to "round up" a few days before. When eight miles out, Folsom spied something far away on a rise of land, and, riding up to the buggy, he pointed to the objects and said: "There they are; you drive a mile to the left, and I will ride a couple of miles to the right, come up behind them, and run them towards your rifle." Giving his directions, with the air of a General ordering a movement in battle, he galloped away, cutting a circle of three miles, and came up from the other side of the high ground to surprise a half dozen bunches of soap weeds, which now and then grow in large clusters on the prairie. He was so far away that I could not note the exact expression of his countenance, but I never saw a Mexican broncho hang his head low-

er, or look more humiliated and demoralized, than the one Folsom was astride of. He was evidently ashamed, and, judging from the long time it took Folsom to catch up and report, I inferred that he partook somewhat of the donkey's mortification. When we speak of hunting antelopes, Folsom hangs his head and modestly suggests, "Don't rely on me."

We arrived at the pasture gate just as M. M. arrived with DuChaillu and the artist, travelled three miles, to the foot of "Saltpeter" canon, where the doctor and the other cow boys had rounded up a bunch of three hundred cattle. The camera was focused with that splendid herd in front, several hundred cattle grazing in the plain beyond them, and the spacious canon with its adjoining mountains for the back ground. It was a most charming view, showing at once a fine specimen of the agricultural resources of New Mexico, in the way of stock grazing, and shelter, and also a charming view of the mountains, which form another source of wealth in the way of mining resources. I shall look anxiously for that view in Harper's Magazine.

After the picture was taken, we all sat down round the camp fire, M. M. doing the honors of cook, and overdoing generosity by steeping a half pound of coffee in a dozen cups of water. But he intended to satisfy that African traveler that New Mexican people drink coffee full strength.

A part of the novelty of New Mexico life is the lunch box. People seldom travel without it. When noon overtakes them, they unhitch, tie the horses out to graze, start a fire and patronize the hotel of abundant supplies and scanty furniture. So far as my experience has gone, it is a most satisfactory hotel, with no opportunity for good sense to utter a complaint. In the States, one sometimes puts up at a hotel where the order is reversed, and furniture comes first. Nice furniture is a luxury, but a full stomach is a comfort. I am own brother to comfort, and only third cousin to luxury.

Another novelty here is the independence travelers exercise over roads. If the shortest cut between two points is

across the prairie that is the route taken by teams. The only thing to fear is an occasional arroyo, or ditch, cut in the prairie by the heavy rains. They are quite numerous in the lowest plains, and one sometimes has to travel a long way out of course for passage. But the prairie ride, to an Eastern man, is always attractive, because of its novelty and the opportunity it gives to strain the eyes for a sight of antelopes, coyotes (prairie wolves) and prairie dogs.

RUN No. 13.

GAME—THE EDITOR'S FIRST SHOT—A MAD GOVERNOR—A FAMILY HUNT—THE GOVERNOR FORGETS TO SHOOT—THE GOVERNOR'S CAUTION—THE PROCESSION UP DEAN CANON—THE MULE'S TREATMENT OF THE EDITOR—CAMPING OUT, WITH FURTHER EVIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR'S CAUTION—ICE—M. M. AND THE BEAR—A NAKED SURPRISE.

CIMARRON, N. M., November 6, 1881.

Perhaps the reader is fond of the chase and would like some mention of the game in this locality, method of hunting, etc.

The days of most abundant game have past. M. M. was among the first of the whites to settle here 15 years ago. Some years before this, the buffalo were plenty. He has seen them cover the prairie as thick as forest, trees and as far as the eye could reach in every direction. But civilization and the accompanying railroad iron have driven them away. The prairies still abound with antelopes, swift, badger, porcupine and coyote. Deer, foxes, wild cats and turkeys are quite plenty in the foot hills. Black and cinnamon bears and, occasionally, mountain lions are found, but at this season they are back in the big mountains. Ducks and geese are always plenty, and the woods abound in a variety of small birds. Grey squirrels are found, but not plenty, and they live in the ground instead of trees, as in the east. Foxes have a curious habit, too, of climbing trees, which would surprise their kind in the east. Beaver are quite plenty

along the streams, but of all game, they are the most difficult to shoot. They have a way of detecting when danger is near, and are not fond of being gazed at by human beings. There is a dam but a few rods from the house, and I have found plenty evidences of their work in the night, but they are always absent when I call in the morning.

But perhaps you would like to know what triumphs the Vermont delegates have made in the chase. I am not a professional hunter, and, besides, successful hunting in this country requires more leg exertion than men of sedentary habits have at command. The first shot I made was one morning on the creek, twenty rods from the house, where I stealthily approached a flock of nine ducks and, at one shot, killed six of them. Perhaps you could have done better, dear reader, but you must understand it was not much of a morning for ducks, and I had scarcely got my hand in on shot gun practice. But for some reason or other ducks have been shy of me since that morning, and the best single shot since has brought down but three. Magpies, mountain blue jays, and other birds, are plenty about the house, especially mornings. My practice has been to get out of bed at seven o'clock in the morning, draw on a pair of pants, open a bedroom door (every room has an out-side door, remember,) and blaze away at something in the yard. The result usually is a dead magpie outside, and inside between the sheets, a mad Governor, who rolls over into a new position and talks in his sleep as follows: "Cussed fool—blazing away here at midnight!" The explosion pops Folsom into a sitting posture on his cot, where, after scratching his head, to make sure he is awake, he inquires for results, and gets up to enjoy the day. Nothing less than a hundred-pound Columbiad, an earthquake, or the yell of a band of Apaches, would produce such an effect on the Governor at seven o'clock in the morning. His "midnight" is the proper hour for enterprise to begin a day's work.

The other day M. M., knowing that the Vermont delega-

tion wanted to shoot a wild deer, loaded up the guns and took the household, women and all, down the canon, a half mile in front of the house, where he sent the hired man on horseback, with the hounds, into the young cottonwoods on the creek. The Governor and the women were stationed on the brow of a low hill, with a Winchester rifle, a sixteen shooter. I was stationed with a shot gun on a knoll back of him, and Folsom, with a toy revolver in his jacket pocket, and M. M., with a Sharpe's rifle, took position on a slope opposite. We were all within hailing distance and commanded the low ground where the deer would be likely to run. In a few minutes the mellifluous voice of the hound announced the discovery of game, and presently a deer came to the edge of the brush and stood in harking posture, within easy range of the Winchester rifle. The Governor saw him and, "By jolly, ain't he a pretty one?" was all the ammunition he had ready for him. While admiring the proportions of the game he forgot the rifle, and the deer, satisfied with the compliment, took to his heels, and was out of sight in a jiff. A big buck was also driven out by the hound, but scenting the hunters, he took the opposite direction, and made good his escape. Thus ended our first deer hunt, which occupied but a couple of hours from the time we left the house. Doubtless it would have ended the same to the deer, whether the Governor had spent his time admiring its form or firing his Winchester, but the Governor would have got more credit from the natives had he thought of his rifle first. He intended to shoot, no doubt, after he got his comments all in, and got round to business, but that is not the way they hunt here. The more common method is to shoot and make the comments afterwards. Game is generally in a hurry and can't wait for long stories.

On Friday last we made a second effort, selecting the upper end of Dean canon as the hunting ground. Strapping a mattress, a pile of clothing, camp kettle and a bag of provisions to John's back (John is a mule), four horses were

saddled and M. M., with his Sharpe's rifle lead the way, Folsom following with his little revolver, the editor third, with a shot gun, and the Governor bringing up the rear, so as to have the lead toward home, in case the yell of the red man, or any other fright, suggested that direction. The Governor enters into wild life with marked circumspection, and, when there is prospect of danger, he wants to know that the bridges are in position in the rear and that the road towards home is clear for the trial of speed. I have seen him in that position once or twice, when he immediately recollected that he had to go right home and write a letter which he had forgotten. Up in the mountains the other day, I hollered "Bears!" at him and it was two hours before he could get his hat back into position, and his natural hair is not very stiff either.

But you should have seen that procession as we moved, single file, through the bushy narrows of that canon. Each man had something in his hands of use in the hunt or the camp. John, with his great pack, was hitched to the tail of the editor's broncho and, being a mule, maintained his characteristics remarkably well. Whenever the broncho attempted to jump an arroyo, (ditch) John would stop and look at him, always bringing the animal to a dead stop in the middle of the arroyo. You can imagine the consequences. Not being accustomed to that kind of locomotion, the editor would involuntarily continue the journey, and pass from the saddle to the neck of the broncho with more promptness than grace. This performance was repeated every mile or oftener, and surpassed a clown performance in the "best show on earth." But John never smiled once, never showed any disposition to correct his habit, and never complained at the comments on mules uttered by the editor, while hitching back into position. Perfect indifference marked every feature of his classic countenance. The only thing which seemed to affect him was when the editor threatened to put him in the skunk list. This seemed to strike him as association ruinous to the character of a mule.

On arriving at the upper end of the canon, twelve miles from home, it was nearly dark and no time was wasted in roping out the horses to graze, building fire and preparing supper. Here we learned something from M. M. about cooking worth remembering in an emergency. On unpacking the lunch bag it was discovered that no salt had been put in. After cutting the meat and spearing it with sticks for roasting, M. M. called for powder. It was produced and a quantity sprinkled over the meat, which answered two purposes, by giving the meat a taste of salt from the saltpeter and putting a little pluck into Folsom and the Governor for the morrow's venture.

After the usual camp fire stories, blankets were spread on the ground and the party, which now included Bob Dean, who had joined us when part way up the canon, laid themselves down to rest. The Governor understanding that the bears commenced on the outside of the row to eat, managed to secure a position in the middle, and enjoyed security. Some people have an instinct of self-preservation so remarkable as to enable them to attend the funeral obsequies of all their friends. It is a good instinct, no doubt, and a safe guide for a pair of fast legs, but it does not count much in a bear hunt, or in a raid after Indians.

I do not know what the thermometer indicated during the night, but ice was an inch thick on the creek in the morning. The eastern cant of the mountain had for several days been covered with snow, which extended down to within a few feet of camp. But the ground was as dry as in the summer. It would not do to camp on the ground in the vicinity of snow in the east. Our fire was built against a great pine tree which was full of pitch, and burned like oil. A peculiarity of the pines in this locality is that every particle of the wood is as full of pitch as are the knots in the Vermont pine. To keep a rousing fire only required an occasional stick of pine, which was plenty in the vicinity of the log. Saturday morning, a little before sunrise, we rolled out, got breakfast, and were ready

for the hunt. It was a beautiful day, like our first of September. M. M., Dean, and the Governor, having the only rifles, mounted their bronchos, and were off in the mountains in pursuit of game, leaving Folsom and the editor to enjoy the luxury of camp lounging. And we enjoyed it in seeing how high we could send the flames from the pitchy pine, in tramping, admiring the weather, snoozing, etc., till 12 o'clock, when the hunters returned with a deer strapped upon a broncho behind M. M. But Dean had the credit of shooting it, bringing it down out of a band of four, three of which escaped, though one carried away the second bullet. After another meal of gun-powdered meat, John was repacked, having the addition of a good sized deer to his former burden, and the party mounted and reached home after a three hours ride.

This is all the experience the Vermonters have had in hunting, except the daily morning exercise among the ducks and magpies. The magpie is a black and white bird, about half the size of the Vermont crow, and, though a bird of beautiful plumage, is a most efficient chicken thief.

The natives hereabouts have had numerous hair breadth escapes from the larger game, found earlier in the season. Three or four years ago, one evening, just after M. M. had retired, the hired girl stepped out for an armful of wood and rushed back excitedly, saying there was some great black thing in the yard. A moment afterwards a hog squealed, and M. M. knew what it meant. Jumping from bed he drew on a pair of boots, seized the shot gun, which was loaded for big game, and rushed for the barn. The squeal of that hog seemed to be moving towards the mountain, an eighth of a mile distant over the creek. As there was no time to return to the house and dress for the pursuit, M. M. rushed along in his boots and——that other garment, following the course the squeal took. But the voice of the hog grew fainter and fainter, and finally stopped altogether. It was very dark, but M. M., knowing every bush and log in the vicinity, pushed forward, crossed the creek, and, just as he stepped upon

a prostrate log, that bear suddenly rose up on his hind legs and gave two snorts so near to M. M.'s face that he felt his breath. The hunter concluded he would not go any further that way, and reversed directions so promptly that his boots failed to keep up, and he struck on his back six feet from the log. Had there been light and a camera handy, the hunter, as he lay there under a pair of elevated cow hides, with a cocked shot gun pointed in the direction of the expected assault, would have made an illustration of *naked* surprise, which comic almanac makers would pay liberally for. The bear failed to follow up his advantage, but picked up the hog and hurried away. M. M., knowing the route he would take to the mountain, made a cross cut to the path, intercepted the old fellow, and fired at the sound of his approach. The dead hog was dropped, and while M. M. was making tracks for the house, the bear was equally industrious in a direction towards the mountain. The next day the bear was found part way up the mountain, dead, and with the contents of that shot gun in his side.

Mr. Dawson, a partner of M. M., has more than once had a lively scramble in climbing trees to get beyond the reach of a wounded bear. Mr. Dawson has killed two bears and a mountain lion, besides numerous deer, this season. Two young men from his house returned last week from an eight days hunt, bringing eleven deer as the result of their hunt. There is game enough in this country for those who know how to capture it.

RUN No. 14.



PROFITS OF STOCK RAISING—MODUS OPERANDI OF SHEEP RAISING
—EXPENSES AND RECEIPTS—CHASE & DAWSON'S FLOCK—CATTLE
—HOW MANAGED—EXPENSES AND RECEIPTS—H. M. PORTER'S
HERD—INDIVIDUAL EXAMPLES OF SUCCESS—ADVANTAGES IN
NEW MEXICO—THE FOLLY OF RICHES.



CIMARRON, November 9, 1881.

The profits of stock raising in this western country are so great that, should I tell the exact truth, it might be taken as an exaggeration. I have met many of the large stock men, visited a number of ranches, learned something about the business, and will give the reader, in brief, the result of my observations.

Until recently all of the herders have taken advantage of "free range;" that is, they buy their flock, hire their men and locate on government land, out upon the prairie in the vicinity of water. At the present time those who are able are buying land along water courses, enclosing their purchase, and as much government land back of it as they desire, with wire fence. This is "close range." A large proportion of New Mexico sheep are herded on free range.

I will suppose, reader, you are a stranger in the business, and will advise you how to proceed. First buy a flock of 5,000 ewes, which will cost you \$2 a head. Next buy 200 Merino bucks, four for each one hundred ewes, at a cost of about \$18 each. The necessary herding force will be one

man for each 1,000 sheep. The flock should be divided into two bunches of 2,500 each, and two men, at \$15 a month each, will be put in charge of each bunch. The fifth man will be the *Major domo*, or superintendent, who will have charge of both bunches, will be paid \$50 a month and found, and will be held accountable for the proper care and condition of the flock. Having now invested in the flock and hired your regular herding force, you can sit in the house, look over the mining sources of the country, or go east and wait for reports. But the *Major domo* will go on with the work substantially as follows: In December he will turn the bucks in with the flock, to remain about 35 days, when several herders club together, put their rams in one bunch, and hire a man to herd them the rest of the year. Some of the largest sheep raisers fence off land enough to keep their bucks without mixing with others.

Lambing season is the next time when special attention is required. This begins from the 1st to the 10th of May, when the flocks are driven to some vega, or low land in the prairie, where moisture has started the early grass. This is done that the ewes may have the best of feed and give plenty of milk. At this season ten extra men and boys must be hired to find lambs disowned, make the mothers own them if possible, and also to keep the sheep in bunches of 200 or 300 each, for ten or twenty days, or until the lambs are strong enough to take care of themselves. During this month the extra help should be twice the number of the regular force, or the five hands should be increased to fifteen. After this season is over the usual sized bunches are made again, and continue with the regular force on the prairie till the middle of June, when they are driven to headquarters for shearing. One man will shear an average of 70 Mexican, or 35 graded sheep in a day, and will get a cent and a half for the Mexican, and three cents and a half for the grades. As you, reader, are raising improved sheep, your bill will be three and a half cents a head for shearing, and you will have your men to board besides. All

hands intend to employ force enough to complete the shearing in ten or fifteen days.

The next step, and this usually comes immediately after shearing, is the marking of lambs, which is done by a cut in the ear, or slitting up a piece of skin on the fore leg, each owner having his peculiar mark. This is followed immediately by dipping in a solution of tobacco and sulphur, an operation which destroys vermin and stimulates the growth of wool. This is an important process and demands considerable preparation. Two large kettles, holding, perhaps, 500 gallons each, are set in an arch for steeping the liquor, a corral is built on each side of the arch, and a trough 6 feet deep is set in the ground from one corral to the other. The trough is filled with liquor, as hot as the sheep can bear it, and a slow stream is left running from the kettle to the trough to keep up the supply. The sheep then swim through this trough, single file, one man standing at the center, with a wooden fork, to souse in their heads as they swim by him. They then crawl up on an inclined plain, where they stand a few minutes, while the dripping liquor is conducted back into the trough. After the whole flock have passed through this process they are ready for the plains again, and are under the eye of the herders, but unmolested, until the return of lambing time in the spring. Such are the different steps in herding sheep.

Now for the financial exhibit of the enterprise. The 5,000 ewes cost \$10,000, and the 200 bucks \$3,600, making the capital stock \$13,600. In addition to the expense mentioned above, we must add the hire of four men for June, July, August and September, during which time the flock should be divided into four bunches of 1,250 each, in order that the lambs may have better care and protection. The four hands will cost \$15 a month each and board, or a total of \$240. In the estimate of results we will allow that the flock average to shear 4 1-2 pounds of wool per head, which is low enough, and that it brings 24 cents a pound, also that the 1,000 ewes

produce 85 per cent. of lambs, which ordinary care will secure. At the end of the year we have the following results :

RECEIPTS.									
Capital in bucks and ewes,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$13,600
23,400 lbs. of wool at 24c,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5,616
4,250 lambs, 85 per cent. of ewes, at \$1,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4,250
									<u>\$23,466</u>
EXPENSES.									
4 herders and major domo, 1 year,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$1,320
4 herders 4 months extra,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	240
Extra help shearing,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	150
Extra help and material in dipping,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	50
Extra help in lambing,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	100
Total expenses,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<u>\$1,860</u>
Net value of flock at end of the year,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$21,606
Deduct capital in ewes and bucks,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	13,600
Net profit for the year,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<u>\$8,006</u>

This shows a net profit of a trifle less than 60 per cent. on the money invested, and is better than the average Vermont farming, isn't it, reader? But you will observe that the land costs nothing. It is free herding, but as there is an abundance of unoccupied land, and as most of the sheep men are grazing on such, the estimate is proper. I have allowed nothing for losses in accidents, sheep dying, etc., and, with ordinary care of the flock, five per cent. will cover that. This leaves a net profit of 55 per cent. on the capital invested. A flock of 10,000 gives better returns than a smaller one, because one Major domo is competent to superintend that number of sheep.

That these figures are not imagination I will give the result of one flock, where I have seen the books. Six years ago Chase & Dawson, of this place, invested in sheep \$7,500. Accurate account of receipts and expenses of the flock has been kept every year. Should they sell the flock at what they have been offered for it, the net profits of that \$7,500 would now be \$40,000. This is a trifle over 88 per cent. a year on the original investment.

Chase & Dawson's flock a year ago numbered 11,700 ewes

and wethers, 3,300 young lambs and 90 bucks. Total 15,090. The lambs were not sheared, of course, the bucks averaged to shear 17 pounds and the old sheep 4 3-4 pounds. The total expense on the flock for the year was \$5,200. The bucks sheared 1,530 pounds, the old sheep 55,675. The total clip was 57,205 pounds, sold at 24 1-2 cents a pound, amounting to \$14,015. Add to this sum \$3,600 for the 3,600 new lambs produced by the ewes, gives \$17,614. Add to this \$3,300 for the year's growth on the 3,300 lambs at the beginning of the year, gives \$20,915 as the total gross profit for the year. Deduct \$5,200 expenses, and it leaves a net profit of \$15,715. Estimating the flock of old sheep at the beginning of the year at \$2.50 each, and the young lambs at \$1 each, the value of the flock was \$32,775. The net profit was 48 per cent. of capital invested. In the \$5,200 expenses is reckoned \$800 paid for bucks, and as this bill comes only once in two years, this \$800 should really be extended over a two years estimate. The company also paid \$1,200 for a ranch, which was also reckoned in the \$5,200 expenses. The actual expense of the flock was about \$3,400. Deducting \$3,400 from the gross profit of \$20,915, gives a net profit of about 54 per cent. on the capital invested. Mr. Chase claims that good management and an average season will give the sheep raiser in New Mexico a sure profit of 50 or 60 per cent. on his investment, and that money in cattle will pay about 10 per cent. less, but is not quite as risky as money in sheep.

If you prefer cattle to sheep, your course should be as follows: buy a straight bunch, that is, a herd of different ages. By so doing you begin to receive income at the end of the first year. If you intend to continue a long time in the business, it will be better to buy your land. This can be done by buying water frontage for such sized herds as you desire, and the range will not cost to exceed 50 cents an acre for the amount which the waterings will control. If you want to start with 2,000 head, you will aim to control 20,000 acres of land, which will cost, say \$10,000. Fence the range with

wire, which will cost about \$2,000 more, making \$12,000 invested in range. In purchasing a straight herd of 2,000 head, buy cows, yearlings and two-years-old steers. The proportion will be about as follows: 1,000 cows and two-years-old heifers, 650 yearling steers and heifers, and 350 two-years-old steers. Such a herd will cost from \$14 to \$16 per head, on an average. Call it \$15, for the purpose of estimate, and your herd stands you \$30,000. To this add the \$12,000 for the ranch, and capital invested is \$42,000. We will say you have made your purchase in July, when some of the cows have calves and others are coming in. But at this season the cow and calf are reckoned as one, whether the calf is born or unborn.

You are about ready to begin. But first, buy eight horses, for use on the ranch, at a cost of about \$400. Now brand your cattle, which will cost \$100, and turn the herd into the range. One man will be the regular force. He will have a ranch, a mud house somewhere in the pasture, and will be required to ride past every rod of the wire fence daily, to repair breaks, and recapture cattle, if any have escaped. This service will require four horses, for he will ride rapidly and change every day. The other four horses will be kept for extra help. Cow men here make little account of horses, as their keeping is inexpensive, being kept on the range, near headquarters. Extra help on a cow ranch is considered equal to one-fourth of one man's time.

Some time in August the cattle are rounded up by four riders, a few hundred at a time, and the mother cows and calves are "cut out"—separated from the herd—corraled—and the large calves are branded; that is, the owner's peculiar mark is burned into the hide. Then they are turned loose again with the herd. This process occupies about four days. In November the same process is repeated, and the small calves omitted in August are branded. Your mark is now on the entire herd. No extra work is required until December, when the beef buyers appear. The herd is then

rounded up by a force of say eight men, who will ride two days and round up the whole pasture—get all the cattle into one bunch—and cut out the beef cattle for sale.

Now for the profits. The number of beeves sold out of a herd of 2,000 head would be about 350, and would consist of all the three and the best of the two-years-old steers. They will bring in ordinary seasons an average of \$25 apiece, or a total of \$8,750. The expense for the year will be \$450 for the regular man, at \$30 a month, and an occasional helper, \$125 for board, \$40 for interest on the \$400 for the eight horses, and \$100 for horse feed and incidentals. This estimate is liberal. Total expenses \$715. Deduct this from the receipts, \$8,750, leaves \$8,035, or a trifle over 19 per cent. interest as net profit on the capital invested. Not so very remarkable, after all, you say. But the story is not yet all told. Compare the size of your herd at the beginning with the size at the end of the year. The estimate is that 1,000 cows will produce 80 per cent. of that number of calves. In order to be on the safe side, make it 75 per cent., which gives you 750 calves to be added, making the herd at the end of the year 2,750 in number. From that number deduct the 350 beeves sold out, leaves 2,400 at the beginning of the second year. At \$15 a head your herd of 2,000 was worth \$30,000, and, at the same estimate your herd of 2,400 is worth \$36,000. Add this \$6,000 increased value of the herd, to the \$8,035 net receipts, gives \$14,035 as the real profit of the first year, or a fraction less than 34 per cent. interest on the money invested.

This estimate is made on the basis that the herder has purchased his land, the purchase money being reckoned in with the cost of the herd, and so far swelling the capital invested. In free herding, which in times past has been most common, no capital was invested in land, and the profit was consequently larger. This, too, is the profit of the first year. The second year will give equal per cent. profit on the increased value of the herd, the third the same. It is like compound

interest, every year the increase goes on drawing interest. On a five years estimate the profit will amount to more than an average of 60 per cent. a year on the original investment.

The general estimate of the country is that cattle raising pays a profit, over and above all expenses, of 50 per cent. per annum, and that no investment can be more sure to meet expectation. I know of one case where a large investment was made in cattle a year ago, and the same cattle, with increase, growth, and rise in the market, could now be sold at a net profit of nearly 100 per cent. But this is owing to fortunate buying, extra grazing and a rise in the market. It is an exception to the general rule.

A year ago last February H. M. Porter, the merchant, bought a herd of 600 cows, with 600 calves, coming yearlings, by their side, paying \$16.50 for each cow with its calf. In the same purchase he got 350 steers, coming two years old, at \$9 a head, making the entire herd cost \$12,900. The following January he sold the 350 nine dollar steers for \$16.50 each, getting a total of \$5,775. During the year the cows brought another crop of calves, 480 in number, which, at six months old, were sold for veal to Denver parties, at a season when veal is high. They brought \$9 a head, or a total of \$4,320. The total sale of steers and calves amounted to \$10,095. On delivery of the animals sold he failed to find 48 of the number, which were "lost, strayed or stolen," for which was deducted \$624, leaving amount of receipts for the sale of steers and calves \$9,471. After this sale he had on hand the cows and calves, coming yearlings at time of purchase, and now coming two years old. Allowing that 5 per cent. of them were lost, he had 570 cows, worth \$13 apiece, and 570 coming two years old, worth \$10.50 apiece. At the time the steers and calves were sold, the remainder of the herd was therefore worth \$12,395. Add to this the money obtained for the 350 steers and the veal calves sold, gives the total value of receipts of the herd at \$21,866, to which amount the \$12,900 had grown in eleven months. Mr. Porter owned his ranch

and employed two men during the time, having considerable extra work to do about the ranch in fencing, repairing, etc. This extra work, interest on \$400 for the eight horses, board and incidentals, all amounted to \$926. Deduct this from gross value of receipts and herd, \$21,866, leaves the net value \$20,940. Deduct capital invested, \$12,900, leaves \$8,040 as the net profit for the eleven months, which is at the rate of 68 per cent. a year.

The above figures show the opportunities for profitable investment in stock raising in New Mexico. I have taken much pains in the inquiry. The estimate given in the figures in the Porter case is below the facts, as I took the lowest figures given in receipts and the highest in expenses.

I have inquired if any one fails in the stock raising business, and am told that the instance is not known here of a man who embarks in the business, follows it legitimately, avoiding risky speculation, and fails to reap a handsome profit. The Hall brothers, after fifteen years of operation, beginning with about \$10,000, have just sold out their herd and ranch for \$400,000, and gone to Kansas City to invest in real estate and enjoy their ease. J. E. Temple commenced in 1869 with seven cows, sold milk, made butter and grew his herd. He now owns an extra ranch and about 1500 cattle, and can sell out for \$50,000. Morrissey & McChristian began eight years ago in a small way, and now have about 2000 head and a good ranch, and are estimated at \$50,000. Old Mr. Dawson and son started 14 years ago with 13 cows and now have 1300 head, and are worth \$25,000 at least. Mr. Sculley, an Irishman, started with nothing eight years ago, and now has a ranch and 700 head of cattle, and is worth about \$16,000. This is not in the line of Jay Gould profits, to be sure, but it must be remembered that we are speaking of a line of industry to be compared with eastern farming, and not with eastern stock gambling, trading, manufacturing, or other middle business. The stock raiser is a producer, and his profits come out of the earth.

The advantage in New Mexico is that both sheep and cattle are raised without feeding, and are not liable to starve to death

or freeze up in the winter. Above the divide, in Colorado and Kansas, feeding is seldom resorted to, but the winters are occasionally so severe that herds suffer and die. This is the advantage claimed by New Mexico operators. Colorado and Kansas operators claim profit from the business, the same as that given in the estimate for New Mexico. With favorable winters their claim is realized, but in a series of years they will fall behind New Mexico, by reason of the occasional severe winter.

But every one is not calculated to raise stock, and if a man is doing well enough on his Vermont farm, laying by something every year, he is independent, and the best advice we can give such a man is to "let well enough alone." He might come here, improve himself financially, and lose his enjoyment of life by running away from old customs and old associates. He might get more money and less happiness. As everybody is in hot pursuit after the next dollar, the supposition is that when that dollar is overtaken it will be a contributor to happiness. Haven't you lived long enough, reader, to discover that it does not always so contribute? Haven't you discovered that accumulations, beyond the rational wants of life, bring with them care, annoyance and vexation of spirit? Haven't you discovered that a fortune which removes one from the necessity of industry removes him about the same distance from the enjoyment of true happiness? Industry and happiness, like the Siamese twins, cannot be separated. To take another view of the case, large incomes, aside from the cares, anxieties and perplexities incident thereto, stimulate wants, breed discontent, cultivate avarice, encourage greed, and lead the possessors to lose sight of the true objects of life—the cultivation of kindness, benevolence, generosity, charity, patience, love, reverence, and all those better qualities which constitute the highest type of manhood. *Real* wealth consists in a contented mind. The cobbler on his bench, with a disposition to whistle as he works, who appreciates good health, enjoys plenty to do, borrows no trouble, loves his wife and children, keeps on pleasant terms with his neighbors, and acts and deals on a plan

to secure the smiles of an approving conscience, can sing the song of contentment and is *rich*. He is greatly to be envied by the Goulds, the Vanderbilts and the Stewarts, who have millions of surplus money deposited in the bank and mountains of solicitude and vexation deposited in the breast. Wealth is worth what it contributes to rational enjoyment, and no more.

I might continue in this strain to the end of a long chapter, but in case I should ever secure a surplus dollar, and then be tempted to go for another, it might be embarrassing to have these remarks thrown in my face. I feel now as if the pursuit of wealth, as a primary object of life, dwarfs the better qualities, belittles manhood, removes the underpinning from the pillar of true enjoyment, and leaves it upon a foundation of sand. Should I ever be fortunate enough to secure a New Mexico range and get a herd of cattle started, it is possible this feeling may undergo a change.

RUN No. 15.

THE EARLY SETTLEMENTS—LAND GRANTS—WILLIAM BENT—L. B. MAXWELL—KIT CARSON—MAXWELL'S FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS—HIS FREIGHTING—SELLS THE GRANT AFTER THE REBELLION—CHARACTER OF THE MEXICAN—A NEW ELEMENT IN THE TERRITORY—OFFICIAL SCOUNDRELS UNDER GRANT'S ADMINISTRATION—CONFUSION, DISORDER, MOB LAW AND REVOLVERS—ONE GOOD RESULT—HOSPITALITY—CHANGE IN THE CUSTOM OF HERDING—SCRAMBLE FOR RANGE—EARLY SETTLERS IN LUCK—RAILROADS.

CIMARRON, N. M., November 17, 1881.

New Mexico was ceded to the United States in 1848, at the close of the Mexican war, at which time it was a waste country, inhabited principally by the Apaches, the Utes, the Navajos, the Pueblos, a few Mexicans, and an occasional pioneer American. There was unlimited mineral wealth in the mountains, but so far away from civilization that but few knew of it. The only attempts at mining had been made by Spaniards, and that in a most primitive way. Santa Fe, Taos, and Moro were villages of some importance, inhabited mainly by Mexicans, with a very small sprinkling of frontier Americans. Albuquerque, Socorro, and Las Vegas were also small settlements of later growth. Way back in the dark ages the Toltecs, a highly civilized people, inhabited the country, and evidences of their existence and advancement in art and science are found in the shape of buried cities, tools, household ornaments, etc. But their history is nowhere recorded, and their character, habits and advancement are matters of speculation. They operated long before Columbus discovered America, and, as their existence and occupation does not particularly affect

the price of grazing prairie and corner lots in the villages just springing into existence, I will not occupy space in telling you about something of which I know nothing.

Some editors would "let on" a good deal about these people, but my Washington hatchet keeps the pencil in the line of information and truth. On the Dutchman's principle that "Honesty is the best policy, but it makes the man tam poor," there is danger that this hatchet may some time hew my path to the poor house. I am aware of this result, but somehow I can't throw away the hatchet.

Prior to the Mexican war, numerous grants of lands had been made in the Territory by the Mexican government, to reward military service, to colonies, and to individuals, all of which were designed to induce a settlement of the country. The grant to Beaubien and Miranda, in this corner of the State, and now known as the "Maxwell grant," was the largest made, being equivalent to about 60 miles square. Beaubien was a Mexican settled in Taos, but his grant, just west of the old Taos Valley, was in the possession of the Indians, and did him little good. None of the other grants, so far as we can learn, were occupied by the grantees, but they were recorded, and either the originals or their heirs are now getting titles confirmed in all cases. Congress confirmed several of these old grants, among them the Maxwell, years ago, but has within a few years passed a law that no grant shall be confirmed to exceed eleven leagues in extent.

As early as 1836 William Bent settled in the south-eastern part of Colorado, on the Arkansas river, and became a famous Indian man, known by all the tribes in the Rocky Mountain region, and was a sort of medium of trade between the red faces and the civilized world for many years. At a later day the government built a fort on his settlement, manned it, and called it Bent's fort.

Not far from 1838 L. B. Maxwell came into the Territory with a company of trappers from Missouri. He was but 14 years old, but, being a brave, energetic lad, he was employed by Beaubien as clerk in his store at Taos. In the course of a few

years Maxwell had married a daughter of Beaubien, and thus secured an interest in the grant. In a few years more he had managed to buy out, for a promise to pay less than \$100,000, all the heirs of both grantees, and thus became the proprietor of about 60 miles square of the territory, which now bears his name. He soon became the most prominent man in the Territory, as a mountain guide, an Indian trader, a land owner, a freighter, etc.

Kit Carson, a little younger than Maxwell, came to Taos from Missouri not long after Maxwell came, and the two were always fast friends, and about equally influential with the Indians. It was through these two men that Fremont, soon after the Mexican war, became so famous as a Rocky Mountain explorer. On his first trip both served as his guides, and on his second Kit went alone, and—you have seen it in the picture books—planted the United States flag on the highest pinnacle of the Rocky Mountains. After he got through with Fremont, Kit was made Indian Agent, and the ruins of his old store are on the home place of M. M. Chase, within 40 rods of where I am now writing. Kit was a little man, with full blue eyes, light complexion, nervous, quick motion, feminine voice, always talked rapidly, in a high key, and reminded one of an Irish washerwoman under a full head of excitement. He could neither read nor write, but he was an earnest man, penetrating, a good manager, especially of the Indians, who feared and loved him at the same time. Kit died about ten years ago, at his new home on the Arkansas river, in Bent county, Colorado, where the government had given him a tract of land as a reward for his services. His wife died five days before him, and both were buried on their Colorado grant, but were soon afterwards taken up, brought to Cimarron and buried in Maxwell's yard, where they laid a few months, when the Masonic fraternity again took them up, carried them to Taos, 60 miles west, and buried them in the home of their first settlement.

Maxwell continued in Taos till about 1856, when he and Carson made a settlement on Cimarron cito, four miles from the present village of that name, where they started a ranche,

intending to raise stock and make a trading post. But during the year they had several fights with the Apaches and were forced to vacate. They then went to the Rayado river, ten miles from the present Cimarron Village, where they fortified. Maxwell had 20,000 head of sheep, owned the grant, and was anxious to secure the advantage of his range. The Indians opposed, because they didn't want the country taken up by the whites. Having fortified himself, Maxwell managed to secure a cannon from St. Louis. The next time the Indians appeared, about 300 in number, they commenced hostilities by killing one or two men who were gathering hay near the fort. They then started to charge on the fort, when Maxwell opened the mouth of that cannon with a noise such as the New Mexico red faces had never heard before. It was loaded with grape, and opened a path right through them, tearing 16 of the number into strings. No "bunch" of Indians were ever more surprised or more prompt in a scramble for concealment. After this they thought Maxwell was in some way allied with the Supreme Being, and, excepting an occasional brush with some stray war scout, he was unmolested. Maxwell's force was less than 25 men, consisting of two or three whites, a few Mexicans in his service, and a few pious, or Mexican young men bought and owned, according to a custom then prevailing in the Territory. In 1858 Maxwell removed from the Rayado, built a store on the Cimarron river, around which the village of that name sprung up. From this time on he did a very heavy frontier business, taking government contracts to supply forts, trading with Indians, freighting, etc.

The only opening to civilization was at Kansas City, 720 miles distant, from which point Maxwell got his goods by ox team, following the old Santa Fe trail, or stage route from Kansas City to Santa Fe, opened in 1850. It was a four months trip, requiring two months each way. He owned one train of 26 big teams, of six oxen each, which made one and sometimes two trips a year, and he would often buy up other teams, frequently stocking his store with \$100,000 worth of goods. In 1876 Maxwell sold his grant for \$650,000 to a company of Eng-

lish gentlemen, who mortgaged it to a Holland company, and, after a considerable litigation, it fell into the hands of another company, of which F. R. Sherwin, of Cimarron, is the principal member. We have in a previous letter given an account of this. Maxwell lived and held the most prominent business position in the Territory till 1877, when he died suddenly, at the age of 53 years. Maxwell was of medium height, thick set, eccentric, sort of half Indian and half white, possessing great powers of endurance and a heart as big as an ox. He was a natural born pioneer. A true record of his history would make a good sized and extremely interesting volume.

It was not till after the war of the rebellion that New Mexico attracted much attention from the stock raising world. In 1866 the Texans, who had previously made their fall drives of cattle through the Indian Territory, delivering them at Wichita, Kan., opened a trail through this Territory, and over the Raton mountain to Colorado. At this time Mexicans had "squatted" in the Territory, lived in mud houses, or dug-outs, and were raising a few cattle or sheep, but they were an ignorant, indolent, dirty class of people, with no desire or ability to advance, a trifle above the Indians in civilization, less reliable in point of manhood, and quite as unfriendly to Americans crossing the Territory. The Texans were compelled to send their drives with sufficient force to prevent thieving from the Mexicans and plundering from the savages, and in several instances this force, proving insufficient, whole herds were captured and the drivers killed.

The reader must not understand that all Mexicans were of the class described. A few were educated men, lived in luxury and refinement, and accumulated large wealth. But they were exceptions in the population. Possessing ambition, with comprehension of opportunities, and ability to organize enterprise and industry, they became wealthy by trade, or by raising large herds of cattle and sheep. They furnished their houses with elegance, sent their children away to school, and were really nobles, surrounded by a population ignorant, idle, indifferent to individual elevation and public progress, and with a

propensity to steal which taxed the constant vigilance of all owners of portable property.

The result of opening the new trail was to make known to cattle men the capacity of New Mexico for stock grazing. A new element, consisting of ambitious stock men, came into the Territory and started their herds. The only expense in raising cattle consisted in looking after them. Loose herding prevailed; that is, everybody, after putting their mark upon their animals, turned them loose upon the prairie, to run where they would. At certain periods everybody turned out on a "round up" expedition, rounding up a country some miles in extent, when each man would cut out his own cattle, sell his beef, brand his young cattle, and let them go again. Then they would round up another section of country, cut out, sell, and brand, and so on. Many animals were lost and stolen under this system, but, notwithstanding all pull-backs, the profits paid largely and the business kept growing.

But during Grant's administration the territory fell into disorder by reason of the territorial officials, under the lead of lawyer Steve Elkins of Santa Fe, U. S. district attorney, Tom Catron, of Santa Fe, et al, attempting to steal the power. They operated through congress, the territorial legislature and the courts, to control the power in their own interests, as against the welfare of the people. Grant appointed Axtell governor, who proved to be a tool of the corrupt official ring, and even went so far as to lay plans to import Mormons and get the territory admitted into the Union as a Mormon state. Great confusion followed and resistance to unjust enactments was everywhere met with. A state of anarchy reigned for several years, and every man's revolver was his only protection. In the course of four years, ending in 1878, eleven men were shot dead in the little bar room of the Cimarron hotel, and not a solitary one of the murderers was punished, unless by violence from friends of some of the murdered parties. There was no law which could be executed. Shooting was an every day occurrence here and in other inhabited parts of the territory. As an offshoot of the political disorder, there grew up a gang of

desperadoes, who prowled about cattle herds, intimidating cow boys, stealing cattle, and indulging in occasional wanton and promiscuous murder. Everybody went armed, to shoot at a moment's warning, and it was worth quite as much as the great profits of stock raising promised, for one to risk his property and try to live in the territory. A class of brave cow boys sprang into existence, who had the courage to stand up for their rights and maintain title to their cattle at the point of the revolver. So far was this maintainance of rights carried that a cow boy of to-day cannot claim a first class rank in his profession, except by proof of having sent some poor cuss to his judgment account.

The people who stood their ground had to fight the corrupt officials, the thieving Indians and Mexicans, and the desperadoes, who in many cases were in the service of the official ring, until President Hayes sent a man into the territory to investigate the inwardness of affairs. He removed Axtill and appointed Gen. Lew Wallace governor, and this was the beginning of the end of chaos, and the beginning of the growth of law for the protection of person and property. But the growth is not yet fully accomplished. The cow boy and average citizen carries his revolver by his side, and not unfrequently has occasion to use it. Tolerable order prevails here, but further south, in the vicinity of Deming, Silver City, Socorro, and other towns, cow thieves and desperadoes still infest the mountains, and render the actual value of person and property fifty per cent. or more under par. Billy the Kid was the last prominent desperado to bite the dust, but thieves and villains of a lesser order are passing in their checks somewhere in the territory every day or two.

One good thing has resulted from the revolver law; people have learned to respect each other's rights, to avoid trespass, and to discharge their just obligations without the intervention of the courts. There is a better standard of honor and better credit among business men here than in the east, where the courts are relied upon to enforce contracts and punish misbehaviour. Stock men are every day making verbal contracts,

from small sums to \$50,000, with no written evidence between them—nothing but their word. If a business man goes back on his word, he is out of caste, and must leave the country or discontinue business, as nobody will deal with him. He is thoroughly despised, and if a stray bullet happens to take him off, there are but few mourners, and nobody to enter complaint. What a terrible state of public opinion to dead beats that would be, should it prevail in Vermont and other Eastern States. We allude to newspaper skunks, *et id omne genus*.

A sort of open-heartedness prevails here, too, especially among stock men, which is in pleasing contrast with what is found in the East. Every man's latch string is out, and the hospitalities of the house are always tendered to the caller. Our quartette has frequently called at the door of a humble looking log cabin or mud house, the home of some stock owner, and asked for accommodation for four horses and four men—hearty men, too—always getting filled in good shape, and never having found anybody about the establishment to make change. Stock men will not make money by selling victuals or squeezing nickels.

Since the advent of the A. T. & S. F. railroad, two and a half years ago, the territory has been steadily gaining in population, by the addition of business men from various States, and the day is not far distant when New Mexico will grow into an important unit in this Union of states and territories. This is among the certainties of the future. The wealth of the mines, the fertility of the valleys, the immense sweep of fine grazing, the constant sunshine, and the health-giving altitude, extend an invitation to population and capital which will not be declined.

An important change in the custom of herding has been made within two or three years. Loose herding is going into disuse, and most stock men are securing title to their ranges and enclosing them with wire fence. This costs money, but is a great protection against thieves, and the loss of stock in other ways; it saves a large bill of annual expense, gives the owner entire control of his herd, and enables him to hold

his stock to sell on a good market. Under the system of loose herding, he was compelled to sell after the general round up, or go to the expense of holding his cattle together till such time as he might choose to sell.

Since enclosing the ranges came into use, companies are being formed by which means more land and more stock is brought under one control. There is a general scramble for ranges, both in company and individual capacity. Senator Dorsey, of the Star route ring, has put that talent which stole the mail routes at work, and has secured the largest individual range in the Territory, equivalent to 40 miles square, just east of the Maxwell grant. Of the thirty or forty grants in the Territory but few of them are confirmed by Congress, and there is consequently a scramble and confusion to get possession of them. As yet private and public affairs of the Territory are in an unsettled state. Everything is new and in process of formation, but the next few years will restore order out of chaos.

Those who came into the Territory a dozen years ago and had the good luck to pull through the rough times alive, and the foresight to comprehend that grazing would some time be very valuable, have secured territory at a normal price, fenced it, and are now in a condition to raise cattle at a small per cent. of what they cost in the east. If an eastern farmer could have his hay and his grass furnished free, he would be in condition to compete with the New Mexico stock raiser. But as it is, he must emigrate, or be content with a small per cent. of the profits incident to the business here.

Two years and a half ago the first railroad, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, entered the Territory, and is now completed through it to El Paso, in Old Mexico. Two Pacific coast lines have since been completed, the Southern Pacific, commencing with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe at Deming, in the southern part, and the Atlantic and Pacific, connecting at Albuquerque, in the central part. The Denver and Rio Grande enters a hundred miles west of the Atchi-

son, Topeka and Santa Fe and will soon make connections at Santa Fe. The Denver and New Orleans is in process of construction, and will run west of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe as far as Vegas, and pass through the Territory east of that line. The Texas and Pacific is also in process of construction and will soon cross the lower part of the Territory. Other roads are projected, and in a few years the stock men and miners of the Territory will be in easy communication with all parts of the country. The New Mexico boom has but just begun, and those who improve the present opportunity and get located will be in luck, and receive the benefit of increasing valuation incident to rapid growth.

RUN No. 16.

A SNOW STORM—THE QUARTETTE MAKE ANOTHER TRIP—MEXICAN HOUSES—THE PENITENTE CHURCH—MEXICAN FARMING—A CHANGE OF COURSE—MRS. STUBBLEFIELD AS A STOCK RAISER—FOLSOM AND THE GOVERNOR TOO PARTICULAR—AUNT KIT AND UNCLE GAD—LONGING FOR CHURCH—SPRINGER—J. S. TAYLOR'S RANCH—ANTELOPES—WAGON MOUND—PINKERTON'S SHEEP RANCH.

WAGON MOUND, N. M., November 22, 1881.

New Mexico has just been visited by the largest snow storm ever known by the oldest inhabitant. A week ago last Monday snow commenced to fall and continued till the following Friday, when 22 inches covered the ground. We had various trips in contemplation, but the snow spoiled the going and we were virtually under an embargo for a week or more. It is not common at this season to have snow continue on the ground beyond two or three days, and as soon as the sun appeared Friday morning I was assured that two days would see the last of it. But it hung on, was a full week leaving the prairie, and still hangs in the foot hills. The roads are not quite in traveling condition yet, but in the low stretches of the prairie moisture remains, and the carriage wheels lift immense quantities of adobe mud and forget to drop it until each wagon wheel is as bulky as the wagon body itself.

A wagon trip contemplated to the lower ranch, 150 miles to the south-east, was given up on account of the delay made by the storm. As a substitute, however, the quartette arranged for a trip of 50 miles in the same direction, passing

over the Nolan grant, in which Folsom is interested, and connecting with the railroad at Wagon Mound. We got off in good shape Friday, at 11 o'clock, and, passing down the Cimarron river, made a discovery. Although this locality was in sight of our frequent drives, I had never before dreamed it was inhabited. In the ride of five miles we passed about 50 Mexican residences, square mud boxes, about eight feet high, and of different lengths and widths. I had heretofore taken these objects to be clumps of earth, but in several of them we found families of ten or a dozen children in regular gradation of size, from a foot to four feet in length.

At the lower end of the habitations we found the Penitente church, a mud house, some eight feet high, surrounded by a mud wall of equal height, enclosing about an acre of ground. You would like to hear a word about this denomination. They are Roman Catholics, believe it their duty to punish themselves, and in Lent season the performance begins. The candidates for religious honor strip themselves to the waist and march around certain boundaries, whipping themselves with cactus plants, soap weeds, or some other thorny lash, which brings the blood at every stroke. The performance is continued for an hour, or until the devotee is nearly exhausted from loss of blood. They then shoulder a large cross of green wood, very heavy, and march around a certain boundary to the church. There is considerable ceremony in the performance, and once in a while a funeral service afterwards, as it frequently happens that one kills himself in the operation. After the performance by the same person one, two, or three years, he is considered sanctified and past all sinning. Stealing cattle after that is no sin. It is a peculiarity only. The wall around the church is used as a burying ground, the Priest charging from \$5 to \$200 for a hole in the ground, the price being graded from the church to the wall. Ignorance keeps this custom going, in spite of the known fact that the original corpse is forgotten, and his position is sold over and over again as time wears on. But as position of deposit is a

sort of indicator of rank and possessions, it is a comfort and pride to mourners in the hour of funerals, and makes a good income for the Priest.

All along the creek bottom the Mexicans have little farm patches, but are particularly careful not to raise any more produce than barely enough to support the family for a year. They calculate on 300 pounds of corn for each grown person, and 150 pounds for each child. They raise also a little crop of oats, wheat, potatoes, cabbages, carrots, etc. But all their farming depends upon irrigation, the dry climate and soil refusing to return even the seed without that process. Water is brought in an acequia (ditch) from some point in the river above the altitude of the field, at an average expense of \$100 a mile. But as one acequia will irrigate a neighborhood of small patches, the expense falls lightly upon each owner. There is no energy and but little intelligence in Mexican farming. They never grub a bush, never fill a hole, but simply tear up the ground where nature has left it ready for the plow, put in their seed, regardless of crop rotation, and wait patiently for the harvest time. The result, in the shape of either a good or poor crop, is seldom taken as a lesson for the next year.

Leaving the Mexican settlement, we crossed the prairie to the Springer road, and when 15 miles from home learned that Mr. Maulding, the manager of the lower ranch, in which M. M. is interested, had the evening before arrived at Springer, and had passed on up the Vermejo. All our plans were changed, as M. M. had to see him. Turning our course north, into the old Santa Fe trail, we rode ten miles, caught our man, and continued with him up the river to the ranch of one Mrs. Stubblefield, where five men and six horses were welcomed after the manner of the western stock raiser.

Mrs. Stubblefield came here with her husband from Kansas, six years ago, and started with twenty-six cows on the free prairie. In one year Stubblefield was killed in a fight, leaving a wife, a half dozen small children and that little herd

of cattle. Mrs. Stubblefield has continued the business to the present time, and now has 600 head of cattle, 70 horses, and a half dozen children not so small as they were. Mrs. Stubblefield's establishment consists of a seven feet high mud house, with two rooms, a little stable of similar dimensions, and a corral. But humble as it was, we were furnished with a supper of juicest beef steak, the best of bread, with various accompaniments, and received a pressing invitation to spend the night. There was room in the house for the mother, the six children and the five men, but as Folsom's mouth was lame, with much table exercise, he objected to being hung up on a peg, and the Governor said he would "be darned if he would sleep under the bed;" consequently we declined the kindness and drove five miles further, to Marion Literoll's, in Chase and Dawson's Vermejo pasture, where Folsom, the Governor and the writer stopped, and M. M. and Maulding went a mile further, to stop with Uncle Miller and his wife, Aunt Kit, who are spending the evening of life in a comfortable house in this same pasture. Literoll is Chase and Dawson's cow boy, lives in the old Santa Fe stage company's house, has a Chicago wife and one child, and in this lonely place lives in perfect harmony and contentment, good for nothing except as a cow boy, but one of the very best of that fraternity. After a good supper and a pleasant evening around the bright fire place, we spread our blankets in the porch, and crawled between them for the night.

Saturday was devoted to eating and discussing the general interests of the territory, the character of individual roughs, stock-raising, method of procuring ranches, etc., till after supper, when we packed and went up to Aunt Kit's, to remain till M. M. and Maulding could complete their lower ranch business. This ranch, 150 miles to the south-east, contains about 500,000 acres of grazing land, and a company of six members, including M. M. and Maulding, have purchased, fenced and stocked it. Maulding, who is the field manager, has just arrived in advance of a drive of 1,500 beeves, which

the company have sold off. Business connected with this sale and the general management of the company, is what has thrown the quartette out of course.

But, reader, you should know Aunt Kit, 75 years old, and her graceful consort, Uncle Gad, 77. Uncle Gad says he has lived with that "homely old thing" just 100 years, and that when she dies he is going to stand her up behind the door with the broomstick. This is Uncle Gad's humorous allusion to the shrunken proportions of his better half. But Aunt Kit never jokes back. She takes it all good-naturedly. "It's only Gad's foolishness." Gad started in "Old Virginny," commenced his emigration when a boy, stopped first in "Old Kaintuck," where he met and married Kit,—“she was a good-looking gal then, Kit was,”—and in a few years they moved to Missouri. When that State became uncomfortably crowded, they hitched up the mules and traveled to Arkansas, where they made a stay of several years, and Gad got elected to the Legislature. He served two terms, and spent his time dodging bowie knives and six shooters, then took Kit and the mules, and pushed far back into Texas. Here they made another long stop, but after a while neighbors moved in within 15 or 20 miles. Gad felt crowded, and they moved up to Colorado, where there was no crowd or interruption, except from the wild game. Civilization crept in there, and Gad and Aunt Kit made one more effort for elbow room, pulling up in New Mexico, where they are spending their evening of life in the Vermejo pasture, and, with friends in abundance, they will never suffer for the necessities of life. They are honest, old-fashioned people, hard-shelled Baptists, speak the Texas dialect, with "thar," "whar," "befo," etc., in the broadest style. They respect the Sabbath day, though they have fallen into a locality where it is difficult to "*remember*" it. The evening was spent in listening to Uncle Gad's legislative exploits and pioneer experiences, interspersed with comments and opinions from Aunt Kit. It was a joke on the part of M. M., when he slyly requested me to draw Uncle Gad out on

his legislative experience. Having got him started there were no brakes to check him and no rudder to guide him. We were elected for two sessions of the Legislature, including Gad's speeches, two or three duels, and a variety of knock-downs on the floor of the House, together with Gad's opinion of that sort of legislation. At 10 o'clock Uncle Gad listened to Aunt Kit's advice, and surrendered the floor. The fireplace was supplied with a new stock of wood, and we all spread our blankets on the floor, and retired for the night, with nothing to disturb us, except an occasional explosion from the Governor's nasal organ.

I should have been glad Sunday morning to go to church, but I have not yet seen a steeple in the territory, nor a person whose dress or deportment reminds me when the old week ends or the new one begins. Perhaps I should make an exception of Aunt Kit, who remarked this morning that a "heap of preachin" was soon to be supplied by a man from Raton, who is expected to hold a two day's meeting at her house.

After a good breakfast of venison, beef, and the usual accompaniments, we hitched up and were off. But it was 11 o'clock, and at 5 we reached Springer, where we stopped for the night. Here we found the hotel much improved since our first stop, owing, probably, to the fact that another hotel—an adobe—had been opened. Competition is the life of trade, and is certainly a great convenience to the traveling public.

Springer is ambitious to be an important town in New Mexico, but with Raton 35 miles north, and Las Vegas 77 miles south, both growing points, Springer must not set her hopes too high. She has one large store, Porter & Clothier, and two or three little ones, and gets trade from miners and stock men 40 miles west and 125 miles east. She is also ambitious to get the county seat of Colfax county, and is not without hope of success, in which case her hope of future importance would be on good foundation.

We parted company here with Mr. Maulding, who started for the lower ranch Monday morning. M. M. and the Governor left for Cunningham's, 14 miles southeast, on the Nolan grant, while Folsom and the Editor rode with J. S. Taylor and H. R. Warner to Taylor's ranch, 7 miles east. On arriving at the ranche we visited Taylor's sulphur spring, drank a bucket or two of the water, and were cured of all our ailments. Mr. Taylor is one of the territorial surveyors, with office at Santa Fe, but has a ranch of 50,000 acres, and one of the best equipped I have yet seen. He has a good adobe house, well furnished, a large barn and stable, and is the first ranch man I have visited who makes provision for sheltering tools. He has 35 miles of good wire fence, which cost \$225 a mile, 2,500 cattle, 200 horses, and is splendidly equipped for making money and enjoying life. Mr. Warner is in his service as surveyor, and, though getting \$125 a month, he suffers much from the cattle mania. Wages, he thinks, are of little account so long as cattle raising offers so great profits, and he is now saving his money and watching his opportunity to obtain a ranch and join the cow boys. Mr. Warner is from Hardwick, Vt., has been in New Mexico two years, and says there isn't money enough in Vermont to hire him to go back there to farming and take the run of the Vermont climate.

After dinner we rode to the lower end of Mr. Taylor's ranche, 7 miles distant from the house, to Mr. Cunningham's, where we met M. M. and the Governor, who had killed an antelope on their trip, and had him strapped to the axletree of their wagon.

Cunningham lives in a delightful basin of the Nolan grant, now owned by the Redriver company, and is making arrangements to vacate. He is in a country where antelopes abound, and reports that one morning during the late snow 220 of those beautiful animals appeared in a bunch, within rifle shot of his house. Spending the afternoon on this ranch, I returned in the evening with Taylor and Warner, leaving the

three lesser members of the quartette in charge of Mr. Cunningham, to cross the grant to Wagon Mound in the morning.

Next morning (Tuesday) we drove to Springer, where Taylor took the train for Santa Fe, and Warner and I for Wagon Mound, 20 miles down the line. On the way we passed several bunches of antelopes, which kept Warner's six shooter in steady demand, but with no other result than a little expense to Warner for ammunition. We arrived at Wagon Mound at 10 o'clock, and, finding the entire village to be composed of seven mud houses of the Mexican persuasion, eight feet high, flat top and box form, we crossed the railroad track 40 rods, and called up to the adobe house of William Pinkerton, an Englishman. Pinkerton is about 65 years old, and just the homeliest man we ever laid eyes on. But he owns some 150,000 acres of land, a third of the Nolan grant, and 10,000 sheep. This saves him.

The object of our visit here was to settle the boundary line between Pinkerton and the Red river company. Mr. Pinkerton commenced his stock business in Australia in 1838, grazed his flocks there for several years, until New Zealand offered better inducements, when he moved there. Soon after California lands came into market he sold out and operated there, and his last move was from California to New Mexico, seven years ago. Here he will probably end his days, as he has a sound title to a large tract of land, and the future settlement of the territory cannot disturb him in the possession of his real estate. But a visit to the Pinkerton adobe, and a participation in the Pinkerton fare and style of life, is not suggestive of wealth or luxury. They live in an adobe with mud floors, and the absence of convenience, of system, of order, of style and neatness is conspicuous. But the old gentleman is an intelligent, clever sort of a man, the owner of large and growing flocks, takes the papers, plays the fiddle, or scratches it, sings bass in lumps, while his wife accompanies him on the piano, and, on the whole, is well prepared to get his portion of enjoyment out of human existence.

RUN NO. 17.

FRED HARVEY—DEMING—SILVER CITY—THE SURROUNDING MINES
—GRAZING—CLIMATE—SAND STORMS—HARVEY'S HOTEL—C. H.
DANE—THE DEMING HEADLIGHT—MORALS—INDIANS—COW BOYS
—PRICES.

DEMING, New Mexico, November 27, 1881.

Just before light this morning the porter shouted "Deming!" in my ear, and, after a hasty toilet, I left the sleeper and stood upon the platform of Fred Harvey's depot hotel in Grant county, way down in south-western New Mexico, 1,149 miles from Kansas City, and 750 south of Denver.

Our company is indebted to Mr. Harvey for his courtesy and attention during the trip. Mr. Harvey has charge of every victualing saloon on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road, and is also proprietor of ten of the best hotels on the line, including the great Hot Springs House at Las Vegas. His charges are \$1 a meal, but, sparing no expense in help and supplies, he gives excellent satisfaction, and is earning a national fame as a caterer to the human appetite. All complaints against Fred Harvey are made before meals are eaten. In addition to the hotel and eating saloon business, Mr. Harvey, in company with William B. Strong, president of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road, is engaged in the cattle raising business, and, with a stream of profits constantly running into his pocket from his saloons and hotels, he emphasizes the statement that no business in this country pays like that of raising stock in a country which furnishes grazing the year round. "The soft thing in New Mexico," says Mr. Harvey, "is raising stock."

Our party spent three days, from Wednesday noon to Saturday noon, in Las Vegas, of which I will give particulars hereafter. We left Las Vegas yesterday noon for Albuquerque, intending to let that enterprising town terminate our trip south, as M. M. thought he could not spend time to go further. But an urgent invitation from Mr. Harvey to accompany him to Deming and see the future railroad centre of New Mexico, induced a change of plans, and we are here, at the union of the Southern Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe roads. This is the eastern terminus of the former and the western terminus of the latter road, the two forming the southern trunk line across the continent. But the work of neither is yet completed. The Southern Pacific will continue on south-west to New Orleans, and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe will use the Southern Pacific line eighty miles west, to Benson, Arizona, and there branch off south-west, terminating at Guaymas on the California gulf in Old Mexico.

Deming is 18 hours ride from Las Vegas. The afternoon ride was over much such country as that in the north-eastern part of this territory. What country was passed over during the night I cannot say, but I find Deming on a perfectly flat country, stretching away off in the distance to the point where it meets the sky. But here and there, in every direction, great black mountains, in lumps and in ranges, rise up suddenly out of the flat, and look as if they had been accidentally left by some range of mountains which had moved away. In these barren lumps is the hope of this part of the territory. They are rich in gold, silver, copper and lead.

In a conversation with Gen. R. G. Rollins, formerly surveyor general of California, now a professional miner, I learn that Deming will be the center of immense mining enterprises. Silver city is 50 miles north. She is ten years old, and has a population of 3,500, and is really one of the pleasantest, best ordered little cities in the territory, although situated in the midst of the wildest and most reckless surroundings. The

town is indebted to Sheriff Whitehill and his deputies for its good order and safety as a place of abode. Silver city is wealthy. Her Brennan mine has already yielded \$1,500,000, the Providentia \$500,000, the Clifton copper mine \$1,000,000 or more. The locality is very rich, and possibilities are immense. Nine miles from Silver City is the Pinaas Altas camp, which has yielded largely. The Santa Rita Copper mine, about 40 miles north-east of Deming, recently sold for \$300,000, and is worth many times that sum. Over 100 years ago the Spaniards operated this same mine, and the late purchaser says the waste dirt of those old miners will yield more money than he has paid for the mine. Georgetown mine is 50 miles north-east of Deming. Five mining camps are being worked within a distance of 50 miles on the south. The Florida, 12 miles away, works 50 men; Tres Hermanas, 30 miles off, 25 men; Carrezalillo, 30 miles, 15 men; Victoria, 25 miles, 30 men; Eureka, 50 miles south-west, a dozen men, and pays \$12,000 a month. The Indians have driven away the men from the Florida, but order will soon be restored and the work resumed. The mines below Deming have not yet paid income, but the promise is very great. All these mines, and others to be developed, are the main tributaries to this point.

The grazing territory is unlimited and the grass very rich, but there is no water, and, unless wind mills will furnish the supply, there is little to be expected from that source. It seems too bad to see such an unlimited tract of rich country lying waste, but without water it is good for nothing for farming or grazing. The water is good, but runs from 40 to 60 feet under ground. However, the complete occupation of this part of the territory is only a question of time. The abundance and richness of the grasses will amply repay expenses of boring for water, and raising it to the surface by means of engines or windmills.

The climate is delightful, the best out of doors. I am writing this letter in the open air, and am obliged to hunt the shady side of a building. The sharp, clear sunshine is a trifle too much for comfort. This, I am told, is a sample day

of winter weather. The rainy season comes usually in July and August, when it rains hard about every other day, or half as often as in the upper part of the Territory. The season is not long enough for farming, but is sufficient to keep the prairie covered with bunches of grama grass.

A disagreeable thing comes here, in the shape of sand storms, when for hours the wind fills the air with clouds of dirt, which penetrates everything. During these storms it is next to impossible to travel or do out door work. A Vermont snow storm is paradise in comparison with a Deming sand storm. The reader must not presume to compare a sand storm with the raising of the dust in the east. They are literally storms. You see in the distance black clouds gathering, and, as they approach, increase in size and density until the whole firmament is overcast, when they break and discharge their contents upon the earth. The inhabitants, instead of getting drenched with water, get a pelting with dust, sand and gravel, which makes them long for a lodge in some vast wilderness. When you hear about a "sand storm" in Southern New Mexico, don't imagine that the term is used as a figure of speech.

Evidently the railroads anticipate a good future for Deming. Eight months ago there was not a house in the place. To-day the two roads have several acres in side tracks, a hotel has been completed, 350 feet long, one story high at the ends, with the central part, for a distance of 200 feet, two stories. It has a broad verandah on both sides, is finely arranged, and very pretty in its architecture. It is furnished at an expense of \$10,000 by Fred Harvey, and is first-class in all its appointments. The west end of the first story is devoted to railroad offices, telegraph offices, waiting rooms, etc. At each end of the platform are the offices of the Adams and Wells, Fargo & Co. express companies. Equidistant from the ends of the depot hotel, and just a mile apart, are the round houses, shops and mechanical headquarters of the two roads, all the country between them being laid out into town

lots, but not yet for sale. The little village, of some 40 shanties, after two attempts at existence on the railroad track, has been obliged to pull up and move back 40 rods, beyond land recently purchased and fenced in by the railroad. "Pears like they don't want a village here, any way," said one of the villagers, on commenting on this policy of the company. And such is doubtless the fact, unless a village is to be composed of a different element from that which gathered in the first collection of houses. No one can blame the railroad company or the hotel proprietor for removing such an element beyond contact with patrons of the road passing through the place. But the village element is steadily improving in quality, and in a short time the saloon and gambling power will be under wholesome fear of the statute.

It is marvelous how quick a village will spring into existence at a promising railroad junction. Deming village, 40 rods from the track, has about 40 houses or shanties, all business places. The postmaster, C. H. Dane, is absent in California, but we found his shed headquarters, and learned that thus early in existence the post-office is worth \$25 a month, and is rapidly growing. Mr. Dane had charge of the mail and express on the S. P. from the time it left the Pacific coast, keeping his office in a box car at the several stopping points during the construction. Last April the road reached this point, where the postmaster and express agent remained on wheels for some weeks, and at last located in a shanty on a regular village lot.

I find here also J. E. Currier, editor and proprietor of the Deming *Headlight*, a little four column sheet, less than half the size of the UNION, and now 26 weeks old, price \$3 a year in advance, circulation 200. Price of advertising, seven inches three months, \$25. The press used is a little commercial foot machine, which costs \$25, but it prints a quarter of the little paper at a time and gives the place a weekly advocate, which will grow into a daily educator just as soon as the demand calls loud enough to make it pay. The building

now used for this enterprise consists of a shed, single boarded, with the little press and types in one end, the family in the other, and a few boards in the center serving as a partition between the two. But Mr. Currier is full of enthusiasm over the future of the little village, rejoices that he got his little press on the ground first, and he can see in his mind's eye a prosperous business, followed by wealth, influence, position—perhaps a seat in Congress—and a luxurious home.

Deming morals are not to be discussed in a newspaper—till she has some. This is that part of New Mexico infested by Indians and roughs, who denominate themselves cow boys. During the past three years, within a radius of 50 miles around this depot over 500 persons have been slaughtered by the Indians. Cook's canon, in sight from this village, goes by the name of Death's Canon, on account of the various fights and slaughters which have taken place there. During the troubles last summer, the Indians came down this canon, passing within sight of this village, in their flight for Old Mexico. The women in the village were in a corral at the time; and the men were for several days standing guard.

But the Indians are not the worst element in Grant county society. The cow boys, or roughs and thieves, are so numerous that no man ventures any distance from the village without his Winchester rifle, ready to repeat 12 or 16 times without reloading. With this element constantly on the watch for plunder, a man's life goes for naught. A villager told me this morning, in proof that Deming was not a bad town, that the village was eight months old, and only two murders had been committed since it was started. Pretty good evidence of sound morals. Three weeks ago a cow boy rode his horse defiantly over the depot hotel platform, and was about to ride into the dining room, when he dropped off his horse with a charge of buckshot in his back. The first charge struck the dining-room door, and remains there as a reminder of Deming customs. The cow boy was buried without ceremony. He is indebted to Deputy Sheriff Tucker for his change of abode, and ten other roughs are similarly indebted to that officer, who

is still in the harness, and promises to rid the locality of the hateful element before long. What is needed in southern New Mexico is one or two such officers in every village, and traveling on every train. The great trouble is that too many officers are, for consideration or otherwise, in collusion with the roughs, and are conspicuously absent in the gambling hells and dance houses about the time the shooting begins.

The price of board here is \$6 a week, meals at the hotel \$1. Laboring men get \$2.25 a day, carpenters \$3.50, stone masons \$5, cow herders \$50 a month and board, miners \$4 a day, physicians \$3.50 a visit. Making a deed costs \$1.50, acknowledgment 50 cents. Potatoes \$3.25 a bushel, butter 45 cents, flour \$4.50 a hundred, railroad ties 55 cents, drinks 15 cents; so the Governor tells me. Town lots run from \$100 to \$325, and, judging from present appearances, as many cents would cover the value and have a good margin to spare. But it is possible that those same lots may advance a thousand per cent. within a year. If I knew it, and the credit system was in vogue, I should invest.

RUN No. 18.

A ROUGH PUNISHED ON THE TRAIN—THE GOVERNOR'S UNUSUAL PROMPTNESS—CONFIDENCE OF NEW MEXICO TOWNS—SOCORRO'S CLAIMS—THE OLD TOWN—THE MINES, AND HOW TITLES ARE SECURED—SOCORRO'S PROSPECTS—PRICE OF LOTS—INSTITUTIONS—GAMBLING—THE GAME OF "HOLD UP"—THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE—A CULPRIT FLOGGED—THREATS AGAINST THE TOWN—PRICES—INTEREST MONEY.

SOCORRO, N. M., November 29, 1881.

On our return we left Deming Sunday evening, at 9 o'clock, arriving at Socorro at half past three Monday morning.

Speaking of roughs in my Deming letter, reminds me that there was a little exhibition of that spirit in our car last night. A well dressed fellow, 'outside of considerable rum, occupied the rear of the car, indulged in bulldozing language, not suitable for type, and occasionally marched up and down the aisle, seemingly to invite anybody to interfere with him. After a while he got seated in the rear, and fired off his revolver at a mark in the front end of the car. There was a simultaneous movement among the passengers, some going up with a shock, and others under the seat with fright. The Governor went under the seat, making up his mind what to do, and going about it with a promptness surprising to one familiar with his habits of procrastination. Folsom, who was sitting with me, went up with a shock, and as he came down both of us shrunk into our overcoats, so that in case there was another hunt for a target our heads would not be conspicuous. The

inside of the car at that moment would have made a good subject for the camera. In a few moments two-thirds of the people had left the car, and it looked as though the rough was going to have it all his own way. Conductor Rogers spoke to him mildly, but the brute, spoiling for a fight, suddenly drew back and struck the conductor a powerful blow in the face. The fun commenced right there. Quick as lightning the conductor seized him by the throat, and broke him over one of the seats. A half dozen revolvers were pulled at once and the conductor's was playing powerfully on the top of the rough's head, each blow making a noise which sounded as if the revolver sunk half its size into the skull. The blood flew clear across the car and at the sixth blow the conductor asked, "Have you got enough?" In tones of profound respect the rough answered, "Yes, sir." A half dozen hands were upon him, but he was allowed to get up and survey the situation, bleeding like a stuck pig. The only mistake the conductor made was in using his revolver as a maul instead of a shooter. I was wicked enough to want to see that man die, and so were others.

In New Mexico, every town now springing in to importance, is confident of becoming the distributing center of the territory. This is natural while the center is still undetermined and nearly every town is on the boom, and under the impetus of constant and increasing immigration. We find Socorro men willing to concede a second place to any ambitious town which wants it, but Socorro must stand first.

And on what does she base her claims? She is centrally located, is well up from the river, has the best of water and a most fertile valley, is in a healthy locality, and is backed by the richest mining sections in the territory. A two days' tarry in the town has convinced me that her claims are reasonable. I cannot avoid the conviction that Socorro's near future will make land owners hereabouts rich, and that her growth and her industries will honor the territory.

Old Socorro is a series of old, one story, flat roof, adobe

houses, built solid around a square, and running out from the square, or plaza, in irregular streets and lanes. The old Mexicans paid little attention to streets. Taos was a fair sample. The old Mexican population was probably not far from 2,000 people. Here they have lived from time immemorial, domiciled in mud rooms, and fenced in with mud walls, caring little for the progress of the world outside. A good number of her traders had become wealthy, but wealth in a Mexican town seldom takes the form of public spirit.

A year ago the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad passed, and very soon the town began to fill up. Every room in old town was crowded and new buildings, of modern make but cheap, began to spring up. The wealth of the mines has been known, to some extent, for a long time, but on account of proximity to unfriendly Indian tribes they were worked but partially until the advent of the road. As railroads and Indians do not dwell together, the Indians retired to more secluded quarters, and the railroad continued to bring miners, visitors, American mechanics, and business men, and a great change commenced at once. Prospectors roamed over the mountains, staked out numerous claims, some selling out and others commencing the development of the mines. To-day on every side of the old Mexican town there are rich mines.

On the north are the Ladrones twenty miles away; Pulvidaro twelve miles; Limetar eight miles; the three working about fifty men. On the west the Gallenas, forty miles, Pueblos and the Magdalenas, twenty-five miles, Water Canon, eighteen miles, all working over 500 men. In the southwest 120 miles is the Black Range, where a dozen or more companies are at work with 500 or 600 men. In this locality is the celebrated Ivanhoe mines, in which Bob Ingersoll has a large interest. The Socorro mines are three miles away, in the same direction. Thirteen miles from town is the Barbello mine, working 100 men. In the south, thirteen miles, is the Antonia Coal company, working 100 men. The San Andreas mines are 40 miles to the south, working 100 men.

Forty miles to the south-east is the Ocuras, with fifty men. White Oaks camp, with numerous companies and 1,500 men, is seventy miles east, with a daily stage and mail to Socorro. The Socorro or Torence mine, three miles from town, is proving very rich, and the company are now spending \$60,000 to \$80,000 in a stamp mill and smelting works. All of these mining camps, and more are being formed every week, will use Socorro as their base of supplies, and the richness of the ores and the general desire among men to participate in the wealth to be obtained in the vicinity of this town, is a reasonable ground for the expectation that Socorro is to become a second Denver. A year ago the Torence mine was bought for \$68,000, and Governor Tabor, of Colorado, was recently offered \$550,000 for it. Six months ago the Ivanhoe cost \$8,000, and is now worth \$500,000. The Merritt, in the Socorro list, was located a year ago by a man named Coon, and is now worth \$300,000. A young man named Kilgare makes a business of discovering and locating mines, and has cleared an average of \$10,000 a year for some time, having commenced his work in Colorado. The Toledo mine cost \$30,000 a year ago, and is now worth \$200,000. The men who discovered the Gallinas mine last summer can sell out for \$300,000. The Torence pays \$35 a ton and costs \$5 to work it, which shows a tolerable net profit. We cite the above as samples of mining incidents and mining business.

The location of a claim embraces a piece 1,500x600 feet, or about twenty acres in extent. The discoverer puts up notice on the claim, in conformity with territorial and camp law, does \$500 worth of work on the property, and publishes application for patent from government 60 days, in the nearest paper. This gives him right to the patent, which is his title.

Add to the fact that Socorro is conceded to be the richest mining locality in the territory, the further fact that she is located in the Rio Grande valley, one of the finest fruit growing valleys in the world, and fertile in the production of grain and vegetables, that she has within an hours' drive of the

post-office a series of hot springs, averaging in medicinal qualities with those at Las Vegas and Taos, that she is up from the stream and easily drained, is in one of the most delightful climates in the world, that she has considerable tribute from the grazing interests, that she has one railroad, will soon have two, and perhaps three, that she is the county seat of Socorro county, and I see no reason for discouraging the Socorroite in his aspiration for metropolitan importance.

A great many are convinced that this is the direction of the current, for the town is rapidly filling up with strangers seeking places for business. Last April there was not a house between the depot and the plaza, a distance of a third of a mile. Now, on both sides of the street, there is a line of business houses and others are rapidly growing up. Lots which at that time sold for \$100, are now selling for \$500 to \$700. Residence lots have advanced from \$25 to \$50, \$75, \$100, and some as high as \$250. P. A. Simpson, a young man, half Mexican, was a believer in the growth of the town from the time the railroad was completed, invested in land in different parts of the town, has already cleared \$20,000, and has most of his land left for sale at the high price.

The old town has two banks, and is unable to meet the demands of increasing business. There are four hotels, and others going up. The old ones are Mexican, all one story, and the traveler has to go out doors to get to his bed-room. There are two newspapers, one of them being a sort of fly speck daily, but will soon grow into respectable proportions. We met D. A. Beckwith, editor of Socorro *Miner*, and an enthusiastic advocate of the future of the town. His belief has urged him to the extent of buying a plat of land, now laid off into town lots, and he is "waiting, only waiting," for the anticipated greenbacks. Mr. Beckwith has a large acquaintance with mining, is an intelligent man, a ready writer, and I expect to see him lead the future journalism in southern New Mexico.

Socorro has several little churches, but the religious influence here, as in all other places in New Mexico, Las Vegas excepted, is mostly Catholic. The next season, however, will see two

or three new churches built of the Protestant persuasion. I heard nothing said about schools, but that subject will have a leading position as soon as the American element gets homes and business places built. It is rather early yet for that. It is early, also, for the establishment of other and various public enterprises sure to follow American immigration.

As to society, there is none, as the new comers are all strangers to each other. But, calling the saloon gatherings a reliable indication of home life, one would infer that the whole community is hell bent. Twenty or thirty of those places are filled, night and day, with as rough human element as one can imagine, each man having a revolver stuck in his belt ready for instant service. Gambling is the favorite pastime, every saloon having from one to a dozen tables going at the same time. Mexican monte, keno, faro, high ball, etc., are the prevailing games, and everybody indulges—at least we judge so, from the crowded appearance of every saloon. Nor have we heard any complaint against the custom. It does not matter much what one does in this country, so long as he does not shoot. There is no criticism of personal conduct, no standard of morals or respectability, no “high bobs,” no fanatics, nobody to dictate to others how to eat, drink or behave. All any one asks of his neighbor is to “keep off my toes,” and the only convenient or reliable method of enforcing that request is the omnipresent six shooter. If there is any law, no one relies upon its tardy operation. The plea of insanity does not avail before the average vigilance committee.

Socorro, for some months past, has had the reputation of being one of the hardest places in the state. The mines have many hard characters, and others, worse than the worst of miners, are prowling in the vicinity and lodging in the mountains, waiting for plunder through the medium of robbery or murder. The business game of this element is “Hold up.” Two can play it, but three is better. No. 1 is the innocent victim. No. 2 thrusts the revolver under No. 1’s nose and says, “Hold up your hands.” The request is usually complied with promptly, and, while Nos. 1 and 2 form the tableau above de-

scribed, No. 3 goes through No. 1's pockets, and abstracts whatever he finds in the way of "medium of exchange," or other valuables. This is the great game of southern New Mexico, and the "tenderfeet"—new comers—are almost daily invited to take a hand. Tired of this kind of business, the better element of Socorro has recently formed a society for protection, called the vigilance committee, including almost the entire number of law and order people. The decisions of this committee are the law of the town. Meetings are held several evenings each week, the pass word given, and business arranged to meet whatever emergencies, rumors or intelligences are at hand. A week ago one of a pair of roughs was caught in the act of "holding up" a tenderfoot, and, after consultation, the committee concluded to revive the flogging process. Strapping the culprit over a log, a castigation was administered which he will never forget. He was then released and ordered out of town on a double quick. Others caught have been hung. This method of legal redress is not pleasing to the roughs, but is an effectual bar to the insanity plea. It waits not for unwilling witnesses, and is in other ways more direct than agreeable to known villains. Serious threats of destruction are now standing against the town, but the plucky committee do not wince. They will master the situation, clear the locality of roughs, or fall in the attempt. Yesterday a rumor was circulated in town that an organized raid would be made last night. As there was no train out of town till to-day, Folsom and the Governor were unhappy, and slept little during the night. The Governor wanted to go somewhere and write a letter, but, as I intimated to him that possibly he had indited his last missive, his countenance assumed a woe begone expression which made me regret the suggestion. But a large number of the committee patrolled the streets with guns during the night, and there was no attack. The spirit, intelligence and determination of this committee will soon make Socorro a safe place of abode.

Prices here are a little higher than in the northern part of the territory. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad has a monopoly of freights, and the consumer has the bills

to pay. But every one is so grateful to that company for penetrating the territory and opening it to the world, that little fault is found with the tariff. The corporation is entitled to all it asks. Day board is \$7 a week. Hotels charge \$3. Laborers get \$2.50 a day, boss carpenters and masons \$5, and printers \$20 a week. A little \$800 to \$1,000 residence brings \$30 a month rent. A store 25x60 feet on the main street, \$80 to \$100 a month. The profits of rented property runs all the way from 25 to 75 per cent. None lower than 25 per cent., and we have seen a few cases of very cheap buildings bringing as high as 100 per cent. It seems incredible that rents should bring such large income on investment, but it is the way in all new and growing towns, where buildings are insufficient to meet the demand. But rents will easily yield a 33 per cent. profit in Socorro for several years to come.

Banks loan money at 18 per cent. on gilt edge security, and private lenders get 2 to 5 per cent. a month, as they "light on chaps." Everything is unsettled, and opportunities for speculation are numerous and tempting. One who knows the country, its advantages, its opportunities, its men, its securities, etc., and is bright on general principles, can pay anywhere from 25 to 100 per cent. for capital and make a good profit on it. He may lose it, but the possibilities of profit are here, all the same. The development of New Mexico has but just commenced, and will be rapid, and many men now poor will soon be surprised to find themselves wealthy. A good number of those men live in Socorro, working in its interests, and staking their prosperity on the result.

RUN No. 19.

SITUATION OF ALBERQUERQUE—HER CLAIMS—RAILROADS—COAL AND CLAY—CONFIDENCE OF THE PEOPLE—BUILDING—POPULATION—PRICES—EMPLOYMENT—THE FACULTY OF GETTING RICH NOT POSSESSED BY ALL—SOCIAL ATMOSPHERE—"NED." POLAND'S OPINION OF THE COUNTRY—HE IS "HELD UP"—SCOTT MOORE—MACK & WHEELLOCK'S REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

ALBERQUERQUE, November 30, 1881.

Leaving Socorro at 2 o'clock this morning, we arrived at this place, seventy-seven miles north, at six o'clock. The old town of Albuquerque is a mile from the depot, and, like all other old Mexican towns, is built of adobe, one story, flat top houses, and has for years been the headquarters of many rich Mexican traders and stock raisers. The new town, of course, starts from the depot and works towards the old town. The location is in the Rio Grande Valley, 4600 feet above the level of the sea, on land very rich, and the best in the world for grapes, apricots, apples, peaches and pears, and also good for wheat, oats, corn and vegetables. But the village is on low, flat ground, difficult to drain, and will be unhealthy, unless suitable provision is made in that direction. This, however, is not thought of at present, as everything is on the boom in the way of building, securing lots, establishing business, &c. A resident of a New England town, stationery in its business methods, society, resources, productions, etc., can scarcely appreciate the hurry, the confusion, the anxiety,

the buzz and the hum-drum, incident to one of these new western towns, growing rapidly into form, business, and importance under the impetus of town rivalry and great expectations.

Albuquerque claims future importance on the strength of being a railroad centre, of being located in a central position in the territory, of having some mining wealth, now being worked and to be developed, of having the trade of the Navajo Indian stock raisers, and some from the stock raisers on the east. But her best claim is based on the strength of the railroads. The Atlantic and Pacific intersects here with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, and the repair shops and round houses of that company are in process of erection. It is said that that company alone will employ 1500 men here next summer in construction, and keep nearly that force permanently employed in shops and yards. These shops are a half mile below the depot and main street, and in their vicinity lots are selling for \$200 to \$500, according to location. The Atlantic and Pacific line will be finished next summer through the Texas Pan Handle and Indian Territory to Venita, Kansas, and there connect with a road from St. Louis, thus forming a great trunk line across the continent. The town also expects the Denver and Rio Grande from the north will touch here in its course south. It is conceded by all that as a railroad point Albuquerque will be among the important towns in the territory. Her other claims are not considered very reliable, though there is no contradicting that she has a rich valley. But as agriculture, outside of stock grazing, is not reckoned among the most prominent contributions to the prospective wealth of the territory, it will not be safe for her to build extensively on the strength of that claim. There is no agriculture without irrigation anywhere in the territory. And compared with the profits of stock raising or mining, the most successful agriculture falls so far short, that ambition is not likely to hold out long in that direction, until the grazing territory is all owned and occupied, and difficult to obtain.

Then tilling of the soil will become more popular and more general. A thousand dollars invested in land in the Rio Grande Valley, and worked with the industry, perseverance and calculation of the average Vermont farmer, would pay a far greater net profit here than there. It would be quite as sure, too, because with irrigation the farmer can regulate his moisture according to the demands of the growing crops, and not be subject to the whims of the sky.

There is a coal mine, with stratum three feet thick, being worked 13 miles from town, and eight or ten gold, silver and copper mines are being worked within the same distance, from which the town will receive some permanent tribute. Pottery clay is found within four miles of town, from which the Indians and Mexicans have in times past made vessels. Fourteen miles from town excellent sand for the manufacture of glass is found, and some things may grow out of that. The mountains, the valleys and the plains contain everything necessary to give industry to a large population, and self-support to a big city.

But whatever may be the real sources of growth, we have not "struck a place," as they say here, where the people are more confident in the future importance of their town. And this confidence is but the natural outgrowth of the history of the past few months. Last February, in the locality of the depot there was nothing but two or three shanties and a few cloth tents. But a town was among the certainties of the future, and lots were selling at \$100. To-day it would be difficult to count the business houses. The growth has surprised every one. Front street, or Railroad Avenue, is solid for nearly three-quarters of a mile, and lots are selling as high as \$2,000. Railroad street, running towards the old town, at right angles with the Avenue, is nearly solid with business houses for five blocks, or nearly a third of a mile back. Buildings are every day springing into existence all over the plated part of the town, covering an area of a mile and a half by two miles in extent. The sound of the hammer and the trowel is heard on every corner, and a heterogeneous crowd of human beings are hurrying to and fro on business, or in search of

location. Street cars are running from Railroad street to Old town, and have paid a profit from the day of starting.

The village has two little daily papers, one bank, two churches, a foundry, grist mill, planing mill, a one story school house, 30x50, and more contemplated, four hotels, and saloons which keep ahead of the census taker. This enumeration includes nothing in Old town. The entire population of the place is not far from 5,000. Lots sell from \$200 to \$2,000 each. Rents pay 25 to 50 per cent. on investment. The most substantial and permanent improvements pay, at the least, 25 per cent. Money brings 18 per cent. on best security, and what one pleases to ask for it on a venture. Stone cutters get \$5 a day, laborers \$2, and day board costs \$7 a week. Prices are about the same as in Socorro. A man willing to work can find instant employment at good pay, whatever be his trade. The town is hungry for labor and capital, but capital has the best chance here, the same as everywhere else. A prudent man, with average penetration and \$5,000 in money, can here make twice as much with his money as he can in Vermont with money and industry combined. Opportunities are everywhere open for the employment of capital at sure and high paying profits.

But there are financial pit-falls even here, and it is possible for blunderers to part with their money. The faculty of accumulating property is not possessed by all. One who is always poor in the east would be poor here, while one who would get rich in the east would very likely become richer here. Property is accumulated anywhere, slowly but surely, by persevering industry, united with economy which keeps within the income. It is accumulated by speculation, often rapidly, by those who can see and comprehend opportunities growing out of the demands of a community, resources of locality, condition of society, etc. Here changes are rapid, society is forming, values are unfixed, business channels are being cut, emigration is pouring in, and during this process of formation opportunities for profitable investment are numerous, springing up every day and every hour, and those who can best judge of

results in this formation process, best comprehend the sources and causes of growth, and guess nearest at future supply and demand, are the ones who can invest with the best chances of profit. But some people are born to be poor. Opportunities to get rich may be as numerous as blackberries, but are never observed. Others are born to spend a little more than they earn. Beginning life on a small salary, they live a little beyond it, and when they grow into a large salary they live a little beyond that also. They are always behind, and no condition or circumstances in life will set them ahead. They are gauged wrong, bound to spend, borrow and beg, but under no circumstances to accumulate. Others are industrious, persevering, hopeful, but visionary, and unlucky. They always turn up the wrong card, bet on the wrong horse, buy the wrong town lot, or invest at the wrong time. Providence is down on them; in other words, He neglected to put into their heads penetration, comprehension and calculation. He put them into a ship with good sail and insufficient rudder. New Mexico, with all her golden opportunities, does not promise wealth to either of the classes above described. They will be as blind to opportunities, as extravagant in living, and as unlucky in calculation, here as in the east.

The social atmosphere of Alberquerque is no more pleasing than at Socorro. A standard of morals has not yet been erected. Scripture is not floating around loose in the streets. The devil seems to be in command of enterprises and principles intended for human elevation. There are good people here, lots of them, no doubt, but they are not on the war path. The saloons, with thrée to ten gambling tables each, are in the lead, and the ring of bottles, the rattle of high ball, the click of billiards and the shake of dice, accompanied, by the roundest and loudest profanity, fill the air. Set down in Vermont any of the business streets of Alberquerque for just one evening, and the Governor, with all his staff and all the Sheriffs, would take to the woods, under the impression that hell had broke loose, and that any attempt at legal restraint would be suicidal. The omnipresent revolver seems to be the only law of the town, and,

strapped to the belts of men half full of rum, this law is not altogether a conservator of peace. But this will not always be. The churches and their few supporters are quietly at work. That element will increase, and ere long will grow bold and aggressive. But it is very timid now in Albuquerque.

We met here Ned Poland, of St. Johnsbury, who has been in the place a month, and has a position in the A. & P. offices. In reply to how he liked Albuquerque, Ned shrugged his shoulders and said, "Umph!" in genuine Apache accent. He has been out through the Indian country, and picked up a few expressions. He thinks the town will grow into a great place, but he is not prepared, as a Vermont church goer and a total abstinence man, to eulogize the moral and temperance leanings of the community. As a lover of statute law, he is not prepared to state that he has observed any of its restraining influence over the Albuquerqueite.

Ned went over to Billings, 50 miles west, the other day, where he had an eye tooth cut in New Mexico style. After supper he put a cigar in his mouth, and sauntered out for air and promenade. As he turned a corner of the street he run his face against a cocked six shooter, and a coarse voice saluted him with the following welcome: "You G-d d——d — — — —, hold up your hands!" Ned never accepted an invitation with more promptness. As he stood looking down the neck of that Mexican compeller, a second person went through his pockets, and relieved him of a gold watch and chain and \$87 in cash. After finishing the job, one of the roughs asked him where he was going to get his breakfast. Ned replied, "You have got my last penny and grub will be short." Upon this the rough handed him fifty cents, and said, "There, that will pay for your breakfast, and after that you can find a job." Before this event Ned was a "tenderfoot," but now he considers himself acclimated, and carries an independent head and wears a knowing expression.

We stop here at the Armijo House, one of the best in the territory, kept by the genial and popular Scott Moore, who is

full in the faith that Albuquerque is the New Mexico pivot. Scott is fully confident that every dollar invested in Albuquerque real estate will improve 50 to 100 per cent. every six months for two years at least. Having seen it improve 100 to 300 per cent. during the past six months, his conclusion does not seem so very extravagant, after all.

The principal real estate office here is that of Mack & Wheelock, both gentlemen of intelligence, energy and reliability. Mr. Mack is a skillful draughtsman, and has charge of the construction of numerous buildings which he has planned. Their fee for selling real estate is 5 per cent., and the same for collecting rents; when they have charge of property belonging to non-residents. Having been over town with them, examining lots, noting progress, learning prices, and talking prospects, I have been made to feel the burden of poverty in not having a million, or such matter, to put into real estate. Nothing *seems* surer than a rapid and increasing advance for two or three years to come. Not having the money, I have been led to envy the real estate men well established in a New Mexico town, with a daily sale of lots running from \$1,000 to \$10,000, and a remuneration of five per cent. commission, with no bad debts.

RUN No. 20.

SITUATION OF SANTA FE—BRIGHAM YOUNG'S SON JOHN—A REVOLVER VICTIM—THE ANCIENT POPULATION—ATTRACTIONS OF SANTA FE—SAN MIGUEL CHURCH—THE OLDEST HOUSE—POPULATION—WEALTH—LACK OF PUBLIC SPIRIT—INDIFFERENT TO ARCHITECTURE—EFFECTS OF THE ATCHISON, TOPEKA AND SANTA FE—CLAIMS AND PROSPECTS OF SANTA FE—MR. GREEN AND HIS NEW MEXICAN DAILY—COURTS AND LAWYERS—CAPT. C. A. WOODRUFF—GAMBLING.

SANTA FE, N. M., December 1, 1881.

A trip to New Mexico without a visit to the oldest city on the continent would not be complete. So here we are, on the identical spot inhabited by generations of people prior to the time of which we have the written history.

Leaving Albuquerque at seven o'clock this morning, we arrive at Lamy Junction at one, enjoy one of Fred Harvey's superb dinners, and take the branch road for this place, eighteen miles distant. The train starts off on an up grade of 165 feet to the mile, and winds around the great swells of land for a distance of 10 or 12 miles, when it goes up and down over the grades, till it reaches the old town, which stands at an altitude of 6,900 feet above the sea, and where they say diseases have a poor chance at the human system.

On the train from Lamy to Santa Fe, was John W., son of Brigham Young, a keen, bright, business man, 35 or 40 years of age. But as a financier I am told he is not a success, his op-

erations being conducted on a plan considerable larger than his purse. He is a contractor on the railroad, is running several frontier stores, and was bound for Santa Fe for goods and bank business. John still holds to the religious, or matrimonial, faith of the old gentleman, and is quite popular with the female portion of the church.

The train also had on board a visible illustration of the custom of this country, in the shape of a man who the evening before had some conversation with a fellow-workman about a pay check, and, not being able to agree in the argument, had received, by way of "finally," the contents of the other fellow's revolver in the bowels. He was being conveyed to the hospital in Santa Fe to die, as the doctor told me, though the victim, suffering intensely as he did, was not aware of the usual fatal consequences of a ball in the bowels.

I would be glad, reader, to give you an authentic history of Santa Fe prior to 1539, when the oldest house was built, and back of which no written history extends. I would be glad to do this, but, as the printers say, "time and space forbid," and, besides, there are other reasons, among which may be mentioned ignorance. But I will gratify you a little by saying that, prior to 1533 the locality was inhabited by human beings, as shown by the remains found in the earth. There seems to be three different periods at which this valley was thickly populated. About a foot below the surface are found implements, pottery, and other remains of a generation of people highly skilled in workmanship, and, for aught I know, as far advanced in civilization as is the present generation. A few feet below these remains is a stratum containing numerous evidences of another people, less advanced. Below this is a third stratum, with evidences of still another people, warlike, rude and unskilled. What period of time these several existences extended over, and how far apart were the dates between each, we leave to geologists to say. It is beyond our ken.

But here we are, in a valley which was thickly populated by highly civilized people way back somewhere in the unknown

past; way back beyond the startling announcement that Columbus had discovered another continent. As we look back towards this unknown date, we imagine this civilized people digging in the earth for relics of the former inhabitants, and puzzling their brains in efforts to determine the date of their existence, studying their character, habits and occupations from the remains dug out of the earth. Then we look back again farther into the past, let out a few more links in the imagination, and sit down with the generation of people whose relics are in the second stratum of earth. We see them hunting, fishing, building houses, tilling the soil, keeping school, going to meeting, picking quarrels with neighbors, going to courts, getting up wars, and engaged in the general industries and excitements of the times. But we have nowhere to go for information except into the alcoves of the imagination, a source so extremely unreliable that we dare not attempt to give dates, or state anything definite with regard to character, habits, occupation, complexion, size, language, art, ingenuity, public spirit, etc., etc., prevailing among this generation of human beings. But we see *them*, also, digging up the ground for evidences of the people who had preceded them somewhere in the misty past, but so far back that they are baffled in all efforts to determine the date. They wonder, the same as we do, how old the world is. But, as the chain of imagination is endless, we let out more links, and associate with another people, who lived when the surface of the valley was ten feet or more below the present plane, cotemporaries, perhaps, with the shepherds on the plains of Abraham, and, may be, with people back of that date. Who knows?

Among the numerous attractions of Santa Fe the following may be mentioned: The church of San Miguel, erected by Franciscan Friars, and containing many quaint and rare paintings, one bearing the date of the twelfth century; the plaza, or public square, which occupies the center of the city, and is surrounded by buildings occupied partly for traffic and partly as the offices of the Territorial Government; old Fort Marcy, which is said to be built upon the site of an Aztec fortification; the

Bishop's Garden, where many fruits and flowers thrive under the kindly influences of irrigation and careful cultivation; the burros, patient and grotesque little beasts of burden, to be met on every corner; ancient pottery, made by the Pueblo Indians, and of quaint and curious design; and, lastly, the establishment where Mexican jewelry is made. The city is built chiefly of adobe, and after the Oriental style of architecture, flat roofs, and a small court-yard in the center of the main house. The churches and public buildings also follow the ancient style of construction. The streets are very narrow, like



SAN MIGUEL CHURCH.

a back alley in a New England city, irregular and dingy. No matter how crowded, they are to a New England man lonesome thoroughfares. When traveling those streets I could not avoid the feeling that a good many persons had happened into a back alley at about the same time, and that presently the street would be emptied and as lonesome as the house of death. But they are always full of business people and sight seers. The stores are small, have small glass, and are painfully wanting the attractive exterior of eastern houses of like commercial importance.

The old church of San Miguel is a curiosity indeed. The church was built in 1582, is 100x60 feet and 40 feet high, and has come down to the present generation, notwithstanding all repairs, with the original shape and size, the same audience room, the same walls, the same overlays, etc. It was built over in 1710, but the overlays and inside cornice work have the original jack-knife carving, and show the struggles of that ancient time for ornamental architecture. The audience room is about 18x32 feet, (this is guess) with two little wings in the altar end. In the opposite end is the gallery, high up under the ceiling. The old church had outlived five generations of people when Washington was born.



THE OLDEST HOUSE.

The little mud house adjoining the church—the first house—built in 1539, is still occupied, entrance to it being through a door which swings a foot or more from the ground, and is about four feet high. We found the old Mexican occupant, who has lived in it 20 years, sick in bed, but glad to see us. His family consisted of wife and a half dozen children, with perhaps twice as many cats and dogs. I crawled up a ladder, through a floor two feet thick, into the second story, and there found a mud floor, the same as below, one girl and several

cats and dogs, which were a good deal exercised over the unexpected intrusion.

It seems strange that Santa Fe, known the world over for generations, should consist of a small collection of mud houses, and contain, all told, but 7,000 people. But it has for hundreds of years, more or less, been the only distributing point in New Mexico, and the only place in the territory which people in the outer world ever heard of. All the old foot trails and wagon roads in this part of the world radiate around the Santa Fe hub. Other villages have existed from time immemorial, but all communication with the outside was through Santa Fe.

I climbed the hill back of town, and stood upon the earth works built by Gen. Kearney in 1846, and looked down the mud chimneys of the old city, and, to judge from appearances, I should decide that no great loss would be sustained should the whole collection of dirt piles drop into the earth out of sight. But appearances are deceitful. Santa Fe is rich. She has several merchants doing a business of \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000 a year in some of those flat mud houses. She has a score of merchants who carry stocks which surprise every visitor. But the curious thing is that she has stood still so long, contented with getting rich, without developing something in the way of that public spirit and progress which is characteristic of the age. She has the best climate in the world, a constant sunshine, is located in a beautiful and fertile plain, surrounded on all sides by grand old mountains, and has for hundreds of years or more had the inducement, the opportunity, and the wealth to make one of the prettiest and most attractive little cities on the continent. But she has neglected to contribute anything to nature, and has drifted along in the ruts of her fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers, accumulating wealth, but contributing nothing to the architectural beauty of the town. Her streets are crooked, irregular and narrow; her houses are cut off flat at the top of the first story windows; her stores and shops are

dingy looking places, compared with the eastern standard of good looks, and, in most cases, are altogether too small for the stock they contain and the business they do. I could not find an externally attractive private residence, and yet I was assured that in many of those low adobe homes there was every convenience to be desired, the most costly finish, the richest carpets, the finest upholstered furniture, and all the luxuries and comforts which money would buy. This is unquestionably true, but it is difficult to reconcile the idea with the external appearances.

The advent of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, a year ago, put a new spirit into the old town. Americans are drifting in, and old things and old ways are giving way to modern style. Even the brothers and the sisters are vying with each other to see which shall erect the best college, and each society has erected one which would be a credit to any city. A company has just completed, at an expense of \$35,000, the Palace hotel, a large two-story and finely finished building, with two wings and a hundred splendidly furnished sleeping rooms. One of the old mud churches is coming down, and a fine stone edifice, of modern make, is going up in its place. Several fine frame or stone residences and stores are going up in different parts of the town, gas has been put in, water has been brought from five miles away, the telephone exchange reaches all the principal places of business and residences, and the town is preparing to besiege Congress and the Territorial Legislature for appropriations for a new Capitol building, of modern proportions and architecture. The American element has worked up old Santa Fe to realize that some one of the growing towns in the State will ask for and secure the Capitol, unless she keeps pace with the times and deserves to retain it. Since the immigration commenced, Santa Fe has secured her part, and she really thinks she can hold her old position as the most important and influential town in the territory. She has the political center and the military headquarters. She claims a good mineral region within 25

miles, a portion of which is now being worked. She has a fine agricultural and fruit region. She has the decided lead in church influences, which in a Catholic country is a good deal. She has several times the wealth of any other town in the territory. She has the ablest professional men and politicians, two of the most widely circulated newspapers, and the best educational facilities in the territory, which are daily attracting more and more attention. In fact, she is beginning to comprehend the elements of modern progress, is adopting modern manners, modern methods of business, and in various ways is climbing out of the Santa Fe ruts cut three centuries ago. Although at present she has only a spur of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, she expects communication direct with the outer world, by way of Denver and Rio Grande road, soon to be completed as far south as Albuquerque. On the whole, her prospects are good, provided she permanently relinquishes her old Mexican slow coach gait, and keeps pace with the spirit of the times. She can sleep no longer and hold her place. She must wake up, abandon her "dugouts," study architecture, cultivate public spirit, make friends with modern styles, be liberal in public improvements, and then she will be all right and safe in the lead.

In a conversation with Mr. Green, editor of the *New Mexican* daily, I learn that since he took the paper, a year ago, he has run the business up from \$5,000 to \$40,000 a year, increasing the help from 7 to 40 hands. He is surprised at the result, and accounts for it on the ground that the territory is filling up, and that the old inhabitants are beginning to take the papers, with a determination to keep up with the times. Mr. Green is from Providence, R. I., is an earnest, intelligent man, and an indefatigable worker, both in the editorial and mechanical departments of the paper. The *New Mexican* has had a long and a dull past, but is to have a bright and influential future.

Santa Fe jurors are composed of Mexicans and Americans, and, as the average Mexican never learns to speak English,

an interpreter is employed to translate sentences as fast as spoken. This is annoying to the spread eagle, hifaluten style of the American lawyer, who is repeatedly checked in his upward flight, to give time for the echo of the interpreter. This custom may destroy the howl and flourish of the lawyer, but the loss is more than made good by the deliberation and directness it gives to his argument.

I met here C. A. Woodruff, formerly of Newark, Vt., a Captain in the subsistence department of the Army. Mr. Woodruff graduated from West Point ten years ago, has been in the service ever since, and has earned the reputation of a brave and efficient officer. He has had seven wounds in his limbs, most of them compliments from the red faces.

In Santa Fe, gambling and other saloon amusements are as popular and as plenty as in the newer towns of the territory. There is nowhere any check to the gambling mania, and no disposition to cloak it from the public eye. Nobody goes behind the door to drink, gamble or swear. The sessions of the legislature bring in a class of representative men, and make a community which puts Washington society in the shade. Prices are about the same as in the southern part of the territory. The Palace hotel charges \$4 a day. A store 30x70 in good location brings \$150 a month. Rents will average to pay about 40 per cent. Salesmen in stores get \$50 to \$150 a month.

RUN No. 21.

FROM SANTA FE TO LAS VEGAS—THE OLD PECOS CHURCH—EARLY HISTORY OF LAS VEGAS—PROGRESS OF THE NEW TOWN—BUSINESS HOUSES—TRIBUTARIES—THE HOT SPRINGS—SCENERY—EASTERN ELEMENT—H. H. HANSON—GAMBLING SALOONS—DANCE HOUSES—A DISCOURAGED DANCE HOUSE PROPRIETOR—A MEXICAN FANDANGO—FOLSOM'S OPINION OF IT—RECEIPTS—THE HOTELS.

LAS VEGAS, N. M., December 3, 1881.

The distance from Santa Fe to Las Vegas is seventy-eight miles. Leaving the old city at eight o'clock Friday morning, we reach Lamy at nine and take the main line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe for this place. Between Lamy and Las Vegas the road passes through the range of foot hills running down that section of the territory, and the scenery is wild and grand. The region is known as the celebrated Apache canon, years past the hiding place of the blood-thirsty Apache, and it is interesting now because of the wonderful accomplishments of the builders of the great trans-continental line in making way for the iron horse through the almost impassable mountain fastness. The road boldly dashes through deep cuts and along precipices from which a view of the scenery is vividly presented. A half mile distant from Levy station, which nestles under the eastern slope of the mountains in the Pecos valley, stands the ruins of the old Pecos church, built according to account in 1529, or ten years before the first house in Santa Fe. The structure is in the form of a

cross, with a length of 133 feet and a width through the wings of fifty-seven feet. To antiquarians this is the enchanted spot in New Mexico. The old church is built of adobe brick, with walls five and a half feet thick, the walls only remaining. The ruins of the Aztec village, Cicuye, are about 200 feet north of the old church. This village was built in two lines, along a high wall, and is supposed to have been the birth place of Montezumas. It was here the sacred fire was kept burning until the abandonment of the place in the early part of the present century. The ruins show that the houses were built in the same form as that used by the Pueblos, with the first story the largest, the second smaller in size, and so on to the last, each story having entrance by a hole in its top, reached by means of a ladder.

Las Vegas is the second town in the territory, having a population of about 7,000. Her location is 120 miles from the north line of the territory and 417 from the south line. Altitude 6,482 feet. A brief history of her beginning we obtain from the lips of Major A. Morrison, one of the old pioneers in the place: In 1824 Baca C. de Baca obtained from the Mexican government a grant of country forty by twenty miles in extent, embracing 500,000 acres, including the Las Vegas site. The object of the grant was to encourage stock raising. He established business, but the Indians molested him and he soon abandoned the grant. In 1833 Miguel Romero came here, built a little mud house, raised a crop of beans, and in the fall went back to his home in the south, to get rid of the Indians. He came every year till 1840, when he moved his family here. The first American settler was L. J. Keithley, who came in 1833, and is still here, at the age of seventy-two years. In 1835 a company of Mexicans obtained a regrant of the Baca territory, for the purpose of colonization, and began a settlement of Old town, or West Las Vegas, three-quarters of a mile from the depot. In 1847 the old town numbered about 500 Mexicans, and after the Mexican war, which terminated that year, a new growth set in.

In 1857 the heirs of Baca woke up and claimed possession under the first grant. A suit was started in the territorial court, and from thence went to the United States court at Washington. The court and Congress compromised by giving the heirs 500,000 acres of land in five several locations of 100,000 each, thus leaving the title to the original Baca grant good in the second grantees. In 1860 the population had increased to about 2,500, among whom were fifteen or twenty American families. During the rebellion the town was in a flourishing condition and increased to about 3,000, where it stood till July, 1879, when the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad put in its appearance, and East Las Vegas began its existence in the neighborhood of the depot. To-day old town and new town have nearly grown together and claim a population of about 7,000 people. The wealth is still in the old town, but the enterprise and push is in the new. It has had a steady and prosperous growth from the beginning, and last summer it had a regular boom, and her town lots more than doubled in a few months, while many of them quadrupled.

Vegas is enterprising. The other towns in the territory just springing into existence, say she is windy and gets her prominence on the strength of blowing. There is some truth and much envy in this charge. She is not modest in setting up her claims, but she has something really worth bragging about. She has the most energetic, public spirited, driving set of business men in the territory. This element alone will make a successful town, because they are up early, watch their opportunity, and keep ahead. During her brief existence she has built up several streets with nearly solid one and two story blocks, built a horse railroad from the depot to old town, supplied the city with gas, put in a telephone exchange, established two daily papers, organized a police, put in a line of public water works six miles long, with a head 475 feet high, started an academy, a female seminary, given good support to public schools, organized two or three church-

es, built two or three good hotels and a number of others not so good. Most of the work has been done by individual enterprise, subscription and corporations. There is no territorial law for organization, and consequently no town debt. Even the police is supported by part payments from the county coupled with individual subscriptions. The best carriage factory in the territory is located here, but the work is mostly confined to repairing and the manufacture of heavy wagons. There are two commission houses in the place, doing a business of 500,000. There are two banks, and the published statement of one of them shows \$50,000 capital and \$557,000 deposits. This bank lets money at 18 per cent., makes a semi-annual dividend of 20 per cent., and lays by a large surplus.

San Miguel county, of which Las Vegas is county seat, is among the best in the territory, numbers 25,000 people, and its settlement is hardly commenced.

Vegas claims tribute from a rich stock country, extending east for 125 miles, and has for some years been the principal wool market in the territory. She has a good mineral region, though not as good as Socorro, and will always reckon safely upon that as a considerable source of tribute. With irrigation she can count on a good deal from cultivation of the soil. As population increases this industry will grow into respectable proportions. The soil is rich, and productive in corn, wheat, oats, barley, beans, vegetables, hay, and some kinds of fruit.

She has the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, will have the Denver and Rio Grande, a short line to the Hot Springs, six miles distant, and expects, among others, the road from St. Louis *via* Vinita in the Indian Territory, and one through the Pecos Valley to Galveston, Texas.

The celebrated Hot Springs are situated four miles from Las Vegas, in a beautiful canon, that winds romantically through the Spanish range of the Rocky Mountains. The Springs have an altitude of 6,400 feet and are 22 in number,

with a temperature varying from 123° to 140° Fahrenheit. The efficacy of the waters is established by the experience of the native population, and also by the numerous cures effected since the first general recognition of the resort, incident to the opening of that region to tourists by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad. The accommodations for visitors are unsurpassed. The bath house, 200x42 feet, two stories high, has all the modern improvements and facilities at hand for shower, spray and tub baths. A fine hotel has also been built, with broad piazzas, commodious sleeping rooms, and large parlors, all elegantly furnished by the omnipresent Fred Harvey, who knows how to keep a hotel on the most approved modern plan. This large and elegant house, together with boarding houses and cottages, furnish not only comfortable but even luxurious accommodations to scores of invalids and summer travelers. Around the Springs is growing up a village of beautiful cottages, and as a fashionable resort it will soon be reckoned among the most attractive and health-giving in the Rocky range. During our stay here we took a spray bath at the hands of Dr. Oliver, and after an hour of soaking, rubbing and spatting he decided we were clean. It takes longer in some cases. He was obliged to keep the Governor in 15 minutes over the hour.

The scenery in the immediate neighborhood of the Springs is as enchanting as could be imagined. Following the Gallinas river to its source, a succession of lovely prospects is constantly presented to the eye. Trout are plentiful. Large and small game are abundant in the mountains, and those who prefer the rifle to the rod will find their time profitably employed in hunting the bears, deer, and animals of a lesser size.

I discover more of the eastern element in Las Vegas than in any of the towns below. Half of the population are Mexicans, but a New England man finds plenty of genial associates. The educated Mexican is good company enough for any one, and he mingles more with Americans than with his

own race. The church element is working away, but as yet is very quiet.

A stroll about town of an evening is sufficient to convince one that the saloons and gambling element is still far in advance of the moral element. I met here H. H. Hanson, formerly of Derby, Vt., superintendent of telephone construction, and, in order to give an idea of New Mexico morals, he conducted me through about two dozen gambling saloons and dance houses. To one brought up under the drippings of a New England sanctuary, the scenes appeared like a second edition of pandemonium. Each saloon contained a bar, from four to a dozen gambling tables, and all were crowded with a motley collection of people, from the genteel down through the different grades, races and colors of human beings, in all degrees of liquor, from nearly sober to dead drunk, talking loudly in different languages, and giving especial emphasis to "cuss words." A visit to Las Vegas saloons conveys a poor impression of Las Vegas morals. In a conversation with a dance house keeper next morning, we found that his business, as profitable as it appeared, was not paying. He said the "d—d law and authorities" were just about killing it. He had to pay a \$5 license for every evening's dance, with a town license and a territorial license besides. The courts fine the houses heavily every term, and if anybody happens to get shot in the house, "two to one the keeper gets prosecuted outside of a term of court." Landlords charge a "h—ll of a rent," \$100 or \$150 a month, for a room. Sales at the bar are light during day times, because people fear the girls will brush up to them for a treat when they come to the bar. On the whole, he said, the business is not what it was, and he should quit it unless rents came down and the authorities and public sentiment gave it a better encouragement. He was a discouraged business man, and was evidently making up his mind that Las Vegas did not appreciate business enterprise. When the average saloon and game table tender begins to talk as this dance house keeper talked, it will be evidence that the better sentiment is getting at the top. When such towns as Las Vegas, Alberquerque, Santa Fe, Socorro and Silver City,

and other centers of population, set their faces firmly against gambling and other amusements of corrupting character, it will be an important step towards clearing towns and surrounding mountains of roughs, rustlers, revolvers, etc., and of inducing immigration of the best class of people. But with such a legislature as usually meets at Santa Fe it is difficult to get a law passed having in view the moral elevation of the human family.

During our first visit to Las Vegas, on Thanksgiving Day, we had an opportunity to attend a Mexican fandango. It was a long way back of the old town, in a low mud dance house, and we expected to find it purely Mexican, but, instead of that, it was half and half, the women being Mexican, and the men Americans. It was a hotch potch, and I won't attempt to describe it. But as a matter of curiosity it paid. Folsom said the girls were not pretty. I always appeal to him on that subject, as he is in the observation business, and his judgment is reliable. There was not a woman there, he said, who could hold a candle to that Pueblo maiden up in Taos. The girls were not attractive in feature or dress, but the comfort of the thing was they did not know it. They had reason to infer otherwise, because well dressed clerks in the stores and saloons of town gave them good patronage, converting the "greaser" into a wall flower, obliged to wait for favors from the girls till the Americans made room. The music on the occasion consisted of a fiddle and a guitar, which was a full band for such occasions. The room was thick with tobacco smoke, rum breath, the fumes of perspiration, and adobe dust. But the enjoyment was high prime, and our curiosity was unadulterated.

The receipts for the house are taken at the bar, the man leading his partner up after each dance, and paying fifty cents for two drinks and the dance. I never saw a girl refuse the drinks, nor hesitate to take a cigarette or cigar. The same custom prevails in the American dance houses. As a general rule the American girls cannot swear with as much force and eloquence as their partners, but they try to all the

same, and appear to be satisfied with their accomplishment. Not understanding the Mexican language, I cannot report what success those girls have met with in acquiring the profane tongue, but as the roundest oath draws from them the smile of approval, I infer that they are beginning to comprehend the English tongue and to appreciate its accomplishments.

An enterprising Yankee hotel keeper could make a fine thing in Las Vegas, as there is not a good hotel table set in the place. If the landlords are good providers, the material is spoiled in the hands of the cook. There is a Mexican or "wild Injun" flavor in every dish. There is no excuse in a cow country like this for a landlord to set before his guests oleo-margarine or condensed milk. Butter and milk ought to be abundant and of the genuine kind, but they are not found in Las Vegas hotels to-day. The reader can be assured, however, that a year hence Las Vegas and every other prominent town in the territory will have one or more finely equipped and well kept hotel.

RUN No. 22.

THE QUARTETTE SEPARATE—RATON—ITS BOOM—GOING TO MEETING—EARNESTNESS OF PIONEER SABBATH SCHOOL WORKERS—RAILROAD SHOPS—COAL MINING—AGRICULTURE—THE SUNDAY LAW—PAUL DUCHAILLU—VISIT TO THE MINES—TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS—RATON AS A RESIDENCE LOCALITY—LABOR, PRICES AND RENTS—OLD VERMONTERS—HOPE THE ESSENCE OF HAPPINESS.

RATON, N. M., December 5, 1881.

We left Las Vegas last Saturday morning on the freight, riding eighty miles in a caboose, with extra position for observation, to Wagon Mound, where the quartette disembarked, M. M. and Folsom to renew their struggles with Uncle Pinkerton in relation to the boundary line on the Nolan grant, and the Governor and I to wait for the next train. A good dinner of ham, venison, bread, *cow* butter and cow milk, was furnished by an occupant of one of those little mud houses, and it was in pleasant contrast with the oleomargarine, condensed milk and Mexican flavors of the Las Vegas hotel. After dinner the club disbanded, and M. M. and Folsom started for home, sixty miles, by private team, M. M. to put on the work harness and arrange the management of the Maxwell Land company, and Folsom to continue dwelling upon the charms of the Pueblo maiden in Taos. The trip has been one of much profit, because M. M.'s knowledge of the country, customs of the people and of the Mexican language, served as a territorial directory and encyclopedia, and was a sort of ap-

pellate jurisdiction for all questions of dispute. It has been a trip of pleasure, because the quartette was harmonious and contented, taking things as they came, making the best of everything, substantially agreeing in all movements and uttering no complaints. It would be proper, perhaps, to except the Governor, whose exclamations of "A-a-h-h!" "Lame shoulder!" "Didn't sleep a wink!" etc., were looked for regularly every morning, as he rolled out of bed. But they occasioned no trouble, being good naturedly received as stereotyped excuses for habits of late rising.

At 4 o'clock we took the train and arrived at Raton at 8. The early Spanish explorers discovered on the top of one of the mountains which divides Colorado and New Mexico, the form of a rat; hence Rat-on mountain, and hence Rat-on village. This is a little town just started at the foot of the Raton pass, 9 miles below the tunnel, which is on the dividing line between New Mexico and Colorado. Altitude of the town 6,688 feet above the sea. Santa Fe freighters and stage men will remember the locality as Willow Springs. The little mud house used as their first stopping place in New Mexico still stands, at the east end of the new village. The depot was built here in the fall of 1880, at which time Otero, five miles below, was aspiring to be the town of the locality. But the railroad decided to locate their division repair shops here a year ago, and from that time Raton began to grow slowly. The Maxwell Land Company, whose grant extends 10 miles north of this point, deeded the lower side to a town company, to be platted into blocks and lots, the land company retaining a half interest in the site and receiving half of all the sales. In May the Maxwell Land Company made a favorable and permanent contract with the railroad in relation to freighting coal, and at once opened several coal mines in Raton pass and Dillon canon. The coal had been found to be valuable and exhaustless, extending over thousands of acres in the vicinity, and the demand on the south promised to be almost limitless. It was at once understood that, through mining and railroad-

ing, Raton was to be the Pittsburgh of New Mexico, and people flocked in from everywhere for location. A little village of 20 houses has in seven months been increased to 200 or over, residence lots have gone up from \$50 to \$200, and business lots from \$100 to \$500, and some, on front street, to as high as \$1,000. But the boom is not ended, and it is expected that 1882 will swell Raton into a town of 3,000 people. Everybody here is excited, and confident of winning in the New Mexico race for city prominence.

The location of the new village is delightful, being high up on the mountain and within 9 miles of the "divide," but surrounded on all sides by foot hills, which gives it grand and charming scenery. The locality, too, is one of the healthiest in the territory. Another thing about the town pleases me; it is not to be an addition to an old Mexican adobe village. It is all new, and the countenance of the "greaser" is a rare sight in the streets. The population is to be mainly of the American element from neighboring states on the east.

As an effect of this, I noticed on the streets, Sunday morning, a few adults and children, washed and dressed in their best clothes, all tending in the same direction. I followed on and brought up in a little unfinished room, used as a school house, where Edward Parsons was the head of a little band of Sabbath school workers, every member of which was alive and in working trim. The exercises opened with the familiar hymn, "*I am so glad that our Father in Heaven,*" in which all joined with an earnestness and a ring of voice rarely heard in the older schools which have become stereotyped and lazy. After the hymn there was a prayer, followed by reading from the superintendent and responses from the school. Then came the lessons in classes, recited and argued with the earnestness and informality incident to pioneer labor. I enjoyed the school very much, as it was the first reminder of the Sabbath day I had received in New Mexico.

Railroading and coal mining, with a little agriculture and considerable tribute from the grazing country, are relied upon for the future growth of Raton. The Atchison, Topeka and

Santa Fe company having located here the repair shops for the New Mexican division, which embraces nearly 500 miles of road, are building a large round house, a complete set of machine and repair shops, tenement houses, etc., and will keep a permanent force of 400 to 600 men here. Of itself this element would make a good town. But even a greater growth is expected from the mining interest. During the summer a half dozen openings have been made into the mountains, and a force of 150 men is already employed, to be increased to 1,000 or more in early spring. The coal beds extend over thousands of acres, and the facility for mining is the very best, entrance being made into the side of the hills, instead of the more expensive method of sinking shaft. The coal strata are from three to seven feet thick, and the quality the very best soft coal. Since the mines were opened 10 car loads a day have been shipped, and the continual cry is "more coal!" The demand will increase with the settlement of the territory, which will be rapid, and this has induced the coal company to increase the working force to 1,000 men, or more, as soon as possible. Coke ovens are also going up in the Dillon canon, 6 miles from the village, in which locality Blossburg village is springing up, soon to be a good town, and one of the feeders of Raton.

In the way of agriculture and grazing, Raton stands a fair show with other towns now springing into existence. People in the northern part of the territory, who have been in the habit of going over the mountain to Trinidad to sell produce and obtain supplies, will find a ready market and good supply stores at Raton. This will stimulate tillage near town, and increase tribute from that source. But as purely an agricultural locality Raton is not to be recommended. She must rely upon her railroad shops and her coal, and get what she can from agriculture, grazing and incidentals.

We said the little village contains an unusual proportion of the American element, in consequence of which Sabbath schools and churches have been organized. We say, further, that a few weeks since a meeting of the citizens voted to close the saloons and places of business on Sundays, and to enforce

strictly the Sunday law. But the law is not enforced. The saloons are all open, billiards and gaming tables run without hindrance, and drinking is common. I was told, however, the people have not forgotten their vote, and that they are only waiting for some Sabbath outbreak before they lock horns with the evil and break it down. The truth is, they are a little afraid, and dread the collision with the saloon element. Good morals are shy in this country, even where the Yankee element prevails.

We met here again Paul Du Chaillu, the African traveler, who, with his artist, Mr. Burgamen, and Harry Whigham, Secretary of the Maxwell Land Grant Company, came up from Cimarron to take views of the coal mines and the scenery round about. The meeting was a surprise and resulted in a collision, as Du Chaillu attempted to take me down, because in a former letter I alluded to him as a gentleman of 60, when the truth is he is only 43. The statement, he feared, might injure his matrimonial prospects. As he is but a trifle over five feet high, weighing a hundred pounds, or thereabouts, he concluded it was better to receive an apology, with a promise to "take it back," than to bother himself to prostrate 250 pounds of human flesh, done up in a package of bone and muscle six feet three inches high.

After the matter was thus arranged, the Governor, and I received an invitation to accompany the party up the mountain. An engine and flat car was provided, and the above named persons, with E. G. Savage, Superintendent of the coal mine, C. A. Cannis, editor of *Raton News*, and George C. Whitiker, the local artist, were pushed five miles up the hill to the Savage mine, where the artist took his views, while the others of the party went 700 feet into the bowels of the earth, to examine the mine and see the mode of operation which is henceforth to furnish New Mexico with fuel. After an hour spent here, we resumed position on the flat car and were pushed four miles further, to the top of the divide, and through the tunnel, where other views were taken. On the return a stop was made at the famous "Devil's Gap," four miles from Ra-

ton, where a six mule team was intercepted and put into a negative for a picture. This gap is a narrow cut through the rocks, famous among the old Santa Fe freighters as the narrowest pass on the entire line from Kansas City to Santa Fe, and as the scene of many murders by outlaws and Indians. Leaving here the party returned to town, got lunch, and then rode six miles down the main line, to Dillon canon. Here we were switched off and run up the canon four miles, where the company have opened and in operation five or six mines, and are opening others. We got back to town at dark, having during the day passed by some grand scenery and viewed the hope of Raton's growth.

Of all the small towns in New Mexico we should prefer Raton as a place of residence, because of its healthy location, of its grand mountain scenery, and of the good character of society it is almost sure to receive. It starts off well, with the better sentiment predominating, which is sure to dictate manners and customs as the town grows into importance. The town already has two weekly newspapers, a bank, three hotels, a good number of stores and shops, three organized churches, each of which has purchased a lot and will build in the spring, and a countless number of projects in the wind to take form and being at once. Everything is on the buzz, and there is no knowing what a year will bring forth.

Labor of all kind is in great demand and commands good pay. Everybody is building or preparing to build. Native pine costs \$32 a thousand, and Michigan pine \$55. The little village is exceedingly fortunate in having a mountain of loose stones just behind it, in good form and quality for building. Several blocks and houses are being built of this material. Rents pay about 40 per cent. on cost of property. Money loans readily at 18 to 24 per cent., the common rate throughout the Territory. It seems big to Vermonters, but is all regular here, and will be for some years to come. Men can borrow at those figures, and, if reasonably sharp in tak-

ing advantage of opportunities, can save a good margin of profit. A brick yard will be started in the spring, and will find ready sale for all the building material it can manufacture. A lumber company has been organized, which will go into organization at once, and in a few months building material of all kinds will be plenty. The lack of it has been seriously felt and has retarded growth to no little extent.

I have met here George C. Whitiker, who formerly was known in Caledonia county as the proprietor of a four wheeled photographic saloon. He has been seven years in Leavenworth, Kan., and has just moved here, to "grow up" with the country. E. J. Scott, son of John Scott, of St. Johnsbury, is also here, employed as painter by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road. J. A. Chandler, formerly of South Wheelock, Vt., lives in Topeka, but I met him here in charge of a supply train. His business is to go over the entire road twice a month, with a train to deliver supplies. These boys all like the climate and appreciate the opportunities of this country, but their testimony is that a dollar will buy more social pleasure in Vermont than two will buy here.

That is true of all communities struggling into existence. In a few years the hurry and confusion of building will be over, society will take shape, and social opportunities will increase. But do not people derive quite as much enjoyment from efforts to build up and form society as they derive after the society is formed? The want of society stimulates efforts in that direction, and the effort, coupled with the hope and expectation of success, is where the enjoyment comes from. A man enjoys the operation of building a home more than he enjoys the possession of it after completion. Hope enters very largely into human happiness. Efforts at building, progressing and improving keep hope alive. Happiness and contentment are never more general among a people, than in those communities struggling to build up, and having in their surroundings and opportunities favorable prospects of success.

RUN No. 23.

THE RATON PASS—DICK HUTTON—TRINIDAD AND HER FAILURE TO
KEEP AGREEMENTS WITH THE RAILROADS—LOCATION AND IN-
STITUTIONS—SOURCES OF HOPE—PRICES—CITY ORGANIZATION—
LA JUNTA A LONESOME PLACE.

LA JUNTA, Col., December 7, 1881.

Crossing the Raton mountain by rail will always be an advertisement for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road, though the scenery is less grand than that through the White Mountain Notch, over the Alleghanies, or up the Arkansas canon in Colorado. It is, however, the best thing on the line, and one of the attractive points on American railroads. The maximum grade is 180 feet to the mile and the rise from Raton is just 1,000 feet in the eight miles. It is the highest elevation on the entire line, being 7,688 feet. The engines used between Raton and Trinidad have sixteen wheels and weigh sixty-five tons, two of them being used on every passenger train, each one consuming about three and one-half tons of coal in making the ascent. "It's business," this crossing the Raton pass.

Part way down the northern slope is the residence of "Old Dick Hutton," a square, two story adobe house, and a sort of land mark in the mountains. Dick is himself an old land mark, a contemporary with William Bent, L. B. Maxwell

and Kit Carson, having served with them in their Indian ventures, hunting, etc. From his place the great Spanish peaks are visible 80 to 100 miles away.

You have heard, reader, of Trinidad. There has been an old Mexican town there for many years, but the Trinidad which you have heard about started in 1877, when the Rio Grande railroad was completed to Moro, four miles west. Trinidad merchants were a little too sharp with the railroads for their own good. The Rio Grande wanted a subsidy from them, but they presuming the road *must* come to Trinidad, refused to contribute, and the road still holds its southern terminus at Moro. Not satisfied with this strike of financial policy, they slopped over again with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road. For certain railroad improvements to be made there, the town agreed to secure the right of way between La Junta and Trinidad, eighty-two miles, furnish depot grounds, give 320 acres of coal lands, and pay the company's city taxes for five years, not to exceed \$2,500 a year. In default of this the town was to give \$50,000 outright. In fulfillment of the agreement they secured and deeded the right of way, paid a \$2,500 tax one year, and secured depot grounds and coal lands, but have not deeded them to the company. Both roads are now lukewarm—ice-cold, in fact—towards Trinidad, and have concluded to let her "paddle her own canoe." Moro holds the southern terminus of the Rio Grande, and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe managers have gone over the mountain to build their shops and start a village at Raton. But Trinidad "paddles" with commendable energy, makes fair progress, and will pull into a port of some local consequence, though she begins to realize that the friendship of railroad corporations is an important element in village navigation.

The location is snug under the north side of Raton mountain, and it is the last town in Colorado to catch the sunshine and the first to lose it. But the business men of Trinidad are energetic, persevering, and made of material which succeeds

with half a chance. The town has a population of 4,000 people, good blocks of stone and brick, a horse railroad two months old, gas works, telephone exchange, water works, good fire department, good graded school building, with a liberal spirit to support it, is building a fine court house, has one of the best hotels in the territory, just completed—costing \$75,000 and containing 80 rooms, hot and cold water, speaking tubes, elevator and every modern convenience. A grand opera house is also being built, 100 feet front, and finished in elegant style. There are two daily papers, several literary societies, and good police regulations, but poor policemen at present.

The sources of hope are a good grazing section, extending 100 miles east. The Prairie Cattle company, with capital of \$300,000, have their headquarters here. They have the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road, expect connection with the Denver and New Orleans next June, also the Elmore, Trinidad and New Mexico. They have railroad expectations enough, and the next time they have a chance to carry out an agreement with a railroad corporation they are going to see how it will work to *carry it out*. A more certain element of growth consists in the coal mines, which have opened very rich, and are daily pouring their wealth into the young town. The coal is considered rather better than that at Raton, on the other side of the mountain, but this claim is not acknowledged at Raton. Over 1,000 tons are being shipped daily to all points, and the demand is not half supplied. The 500 men now employed in the mines and the manufacture of coke will next summer be increased to 1,500.

As an indication of self-esteem, it will be proper to mention that town lots for residences are held at \$50 to \$500, and business lots of 25 feet front, from \$1,000 to \$7,000. Rents pay a strong 25 per cent. Day labor \$2, masons \$4 to \$5. Carpenters \$3 to \$4, and are scarce at that price. The city is fortunate in having the best building stone and fine clay for brick in the immediate vicinity.

The village is organized under the statute as a city of the second class, and is governed by a mayor and six aldermen, who have not yet held office long enough to take on Aldermanic proportions. The same saloon element is here as in New Mexico, nearly as plenty, but more quiet. It recognizes the fact that law and a decent public sentiment would prevail in case of a collision. It is satisfied to take a second place, and the better sentiment seems willing to tolerate the evil, with that understanding. Trinidad could hardly afford to drive all the tribute from saloons to some rival town. All she aims to do is to regulate them, keep them within the limits of human endurance, and in wholesome fear of the executive arm of the municipal government. While she succeeds in that aim, she is up with the best towns in the Rocky mountain range. A stranger feels that he is under the protection of law, and that he can perambulate the streets after dark without jumping up at every noise he hears to let a bullet pass by him. This is in pleasing contrast with the feeling one experiences in New Mexico towns, especially in the southern part of the territory, where unkempt hair, a dirty face, a belt of revolvers and round and frequent oaths appear to be the dominant standard of manhood.

La Junta is on the A. T. & S. F. road, 82 miles northwest of Trinidad, and 86 miles west of the Kansas line. At this point one branch of the road goes south into New Mexico, and the other goes straight west to Pueblo. Here a large granite round house is being built and a large amount of side track has been located. It is the end of one of the divisions of the road, and is to be made a point of changing engines, conductors, changing cars, etc. On the strength of this, the prairie round about is laid off into lots, and the price put sufficiently high to prevent people from purchasing to any great extent. This is a weakness common in most western towns struggling into existence. It kills many towns outright, and retards others, but some grow in spite of it. One could not conceive of a more lonesome place than La Junta on which to build a town. Not an object is in sight, as far as the eye can reach north, south and

east, but perfectly flat prairie. About 80 miles west can be seen the Rocky range of mountains, looking exactly like the rock-bound coast of a great ocean, but they are too far away for morning walks, and never will contribute much to the growth of the village. One always arrives at La Junta at midnight, where he has to wait for a train two hours behind time. I shall not settle at La Junta, reader, and I advise you not to.

We met here W. W. Borst, division superintendent on the line, a courteous gentleman, as well as most competent railroad official. We cannot help complimenting the management of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road in selecting for superintendents, and all grades of train service, men who are polite and obliging to patrons of the line, prompt to assist, and patient in answering questions. Every road ought to, but many do not, make this trait a special point in hiring. It pays.

RUN No. 24.

GRAND CANON OF THE ARKANSAS—3,000 FEET OF PERPENDICULAR MOUNTAIN—RAILROAD ENGINEERS NOWHERE—THE GOVERNOR'S EXCLAMATIONS—UP IN THE SKY AT LEADVILLE—RAPID GROWTH OF THE CITY—THE RICH MINES AND SUDDEN WEALTH OF INDIVIDUALS—RAILROADS—ORDER FORCED BY THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE—THE WORST SIDE—THE GOVERNOR'S HASTY EXIT FROM THE THEATRE—CORRUPTING PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS—PRICES—A LAWYER'S FEE—FEMALE HELP—DIMINISHED POPULATION—LEADVILLE PERMANENT.

LEADVILLE, Col., December 9, 1881.

Leaving La Junta at 11 o'clock Tuesday morning, we travel straight, west 64 miles, and reach Pueblo, stop for lunch, and change cars, leaving the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, and taking seats in a narrow guage car of the Denver and Rio Grande. The common guage rails are 3 feet 8 inches apart, while the narrow guage is only 3 feet, and the rolling stock is correspondingly reduced in proportions. Going 41 miles further west, we reach Canon City, at the base of the mountains, the oldest city in this part of the state, and containing some 4,000 people. A mile or two from this city the train enters the Grand Canon of the Arkansas.

Close your eyes, reader, to every object between the Atlantic coast and the Rocky mountains, open them at Canon City, and the ride through this wonderful gorge will amply pay you for all time, trouble and expense of the trip. The distance from Canon City to Leadville is 84 miles, and at least half of it is through immense openings in the mountains, made just wide

enough for the passage of the Arkansas river. I took position on the rear of the train, to watch the big mountain faces as we rolled under them, and, before we had passed two miles, I had exhausted the entire vocabulary of surprise exclamations, and had no language left for the greater wonders beyond. Perpendicular mountains of rock, from 1,000 to 3,000 feet high, hanging over the head on both sides of the road, will give an occasion for the use of all one's adjectives in expressing an opinion of the situation. The fact that a railroad has been constructed through this immense gap in the mountains is scarcely thought of. The mind is wrapt in wonder at the hugeness of the mountain faces, as they look down into the cavity between them. One wonders at the convulsion of nature which produced such tremendous results. He wonders when it was done; how it was done; what it was done for; who did it; the duration of the work; he wonders where the folks all were while it was being done; if any of them got confused, were injured, jostled out of place, lost their property, or got mixed up in boundary lines, and how the court settled the confusion of titles afterwards; he wonders if anything will ever be done again in the same line to equal it, and when. He wonders if the hereafter will reveal to the human mind God's wonderful work here, affecting physical geography, human history, etc.; works which will never cease to tempt investigation, but have ever defied the satisfactory penetration of the human intellect. He solves no conundrums, but keeps on wondering to the end.

I do not want to do injustice to the engineer who put the railroad through this gap, but his work seemed so insignificant, compared with the work of putting the gap there, that I almost forgot him. He had no mountains to move away, to raise up, or to divide. The mountains were placed there, the divide was left, and all he had to do was to shy around the base of them, cut a little here, fill a little there, and keep twisting and worming till he got through the gap. If the eyes are closed to the work of the mountain maker, and no contrast is made between that and the work of the engineer, the latter will receive the highest credit for skill in his profession.

Speaking of exclamations, reminds me of the Governor. He was sitting on the opposite side of the rear platform, with his face on the top of his head, staring at the great rocky heads as the train passed under them. He was talking to himself, and we noted down a few points in the soliloquy, of which the following are specimens. As we rounded the first turn in the canon we heard the words.

"Gre-a-ate JeHOSeplat!"

That was the name he gave the first overhanging cliff, and was taken, probably, from his morning's reading. The second surprise drew forth:

"Christopher, Co-lum-BUS!"

Suggested, perhaps, by the thought that Christopher may have had a hand in the original work. But I think it was further back than Christopher's time. This was followed by,

"Go-o-odfry MIGHTY!"

Which to me seemed much more appropriate.

"Thunder and LIGHTning!"

Was not bad, but "thunder" was poor judgment, as sound never produces such results. "Lightning" alone would have been better.

"Jumping Je-MI-ma!"

Job's third daughter. It is possible that the Governor imagined the canon was built in Job's day, and that Jemima celebrated her father's recovery from the boils by scaling these dizzy peaks and jumping across this immense gorge. The Bible, however, makes no allusion to Jemima's activity in this direction.

"Beats the Devil!"

Was a correct conclusion.

Having passed the principle sights, the Governor returned to the car and sat down in a moody silence, as if disgusted with his efforts to frame exclamations suitable to the occasion.

On the route we passed the cities of South Arkansas and Buena Vista, away up in the mountains, and apparently isolated from the rest of mankind. But they are not. Buena Vista is a beautiful city of 4,000 people, and is at the junction

of the road coming in from Denver and passing over the divide to the rich mining fields in the Gunnison country.

Leadville is 125 miles northwest of Pueblo, and is 10,200 feet above the level of the sea—almost at the top of the Rocky range. A ride of 15 miles further would carry one to the point where the drain is toward the Pacific ocean. The altitude is 5,000 feet above that at Pueblo, 9,435 feet above Kansas City, 3,187 feet above Santa Fe, 3,572 feet above the tunnel on Raton mountain. It is the highest point "we've struck," as they say here. We left Pueblo in a climate like Vermont September, and nine hours afterwards stepped out of the car at Leadville into the lap of January, and heard the music of the sleigh bells. We had a touch of homesickness, and felt as lonesome as if we were locked up in the high mountains.

But really the situation of the city is very fine, it being in a depression 15 miles or more in diameter, on the top of the range. Four years ago this basin in the mountain was dense forest. Three years later it was a city of 40,000 people, in the enjoyment of every metropolitan convenience, fine blocks, wide streets, railroad communication, horse cars, gas, water works, telephone, theatres, literary societies, churches, graded schools, etc., not to mention rum saloons, gambling hells and dance houses in countless confusion.

Mines were discovered here as early as 1866 in the California Gulch. They were worked successfully a while, and thrown up because of too much black sand, which had to be separated from the pay dirt. In the spring of '77 it was discovered that this black sand was very rich in silver—in fact, the best paying dirt in the hills. As soon as this became known abroad the rush commenced. The first settlement was in June, 1877. In the fall the population was 3,000. In the spring of '78 it was 8,000, a year later 15,000, and in the spring of 1880 it had reached its maximum of 40,000 people.

Everybody has read of Leadville, the richest mining camp in the country, of the fabulous instances of suddenly acquired

wealth, of the morning paupers becoming evening millionaires. Nothing in the history of this country so nearly rivals Aladdin's Lamp as Leadville. An Ohio banker put \$1,800 into a prospect hole, and sold out soon afterwards for \$50,000. Governor Tabor made \$1,500,000 in ninety days. The Robert E. Lee mine has made as high as \$125,000 in a single day. The immediate locality has over 100 working mines, and prospectors, with pick and shovel, are still hunting on the hills in sight of town—ten probably to waste their time and means, one to stumble into a fortune. We hear of the one, but nothing is ever said about the other nine.

In 1877 Leadville mines paid \$505,300; in '78, \$2,818,000, in '79 \$12,032,000; in '80, about \$18,000,000. Many of the large mines are incorporated, and stock is on the market. Large dividends are sent to New York every quarter, but it is estimated that one-third of all the dividends are paid to Leadville residents.

The Denver and Rio Grande railroad reached here in July, 1880. Eagle River road runs west 25 miles, to connect with the road to Utah, and other roads are projected to make Leadville a railroad center for a large mining and commercial country. The city already has 17 miles of side track. She is the county seat of Lake county, has a \$60,000 court house, a fine post-office, a \$45,000 opera house, a \$50,000 school house, 1,500 school children, and churches of every denomination, all being well attended.

The impression East is that Leadville is a very wicked city. That impression is correct. But there are good people here, and they control the town. The city has passed through some hard experiences, met the roughs on their own ground, and won the day. A year ago last June there was a strike of 5,000 miners, who paraded the streets, making violent threats. The town armed, formed a vigilance committee, and signified a readiness to begin the fight. Business was suspended for several weeks, but the committee prevailed, and the execution of law was rendered certain by a public sentiment, born from a realization of its necessity for self-preservation. This very emergen-

cy, which for some weeks threatened the existence of the young city, gave Leadville a good municipal government. She has a mayor and councilmen to make laws, and twenty-five policemen to enforce them. She calls her streets safe. They are in the day time, but I could not turn a corner in the evening without a feeling that, maybe, "somfin's goin' to drap." Dance houses and gambling hells everywhere, well filled revolver belts, hard looking faces, blasphemies and curses loud and long, coming forth from every other door, do not have a tendency to remind a Sabbath school boy of paradise.

We spent one evening visiting these places. We wanted to see the worst side of Leadville. There is no danger in passing through the dance houses and the gambling rooms. The danger comes from going in there to regulate the proprietors and their patrons, to preach temperance, good morals, and otherwise interfere with their general programme. There is danger too, in passing through unfrequented streets and alleys, or being conspicuous and ready for a fight in the crowded places. One does not have to hunt for a row in Leadville. He can signify a readiness for that kind of pastime and get knocked down or converted into a skimmer, with hole of 45 calibre, anywhere in town. We spent an hour in one of the theatres. It was a large building, with good stage and scenery, down stairs being supplied with chairs and tables, and up stairs with balcony in one end and a row of boxes on both sides. The actors were doing their best at singing, dancing, and bawdy dialogue, the girls in the pit were industriously supplying liquor and cigars at the call of spectators about the tables, while people in the boxes above were drinking, playing with the girls, and occasionally watching the play. All were smoking, drinking, swearing, and having a good time generally. We occupied one of the boxes to get a good view of the whole scene. It was a satisfactory picture of pandemonium. If I *ever* saw the Governor disgusted with intemperance, it was after the fifth girl with painted face and poorly fitting silk had approached him, and, with a loving tap under the chin, asked to be escorted to the bar and treated with whisky. The invitation from

the first girl depicted upon the Governor's countenance an expression of bewilderment, which was changed to common surprise ten minutes later, when the second girl gave her invitation. The call from the third piece of flounced paint produced a look of disgust, which was changed to alarm later on by the loving tap of the fourth female. But when the fifth one, in blue silk, banged hair, pimpled nose, and sore eyes, proposed a treat, and supplemented the proposition with a two horse power hug, the Governor took his hat, and, with a countenance full of alarm, whispered, "We've got to drink, fight or get out of here right away." We got out.

I was told there was one theatre in town where the audience were properly seated, and where they behaved as they do in the East. But, seeing many of the well dressed men of Leadville in the theatre above described, I was lead to doubt the statement. The *time* may come when Leadville will insist upon rational and decent public entertainment, or upon the absence of the opposite kind, but it has not come yet. If she has an occasional one of the better kind, she makes no formal, no "official" objection to the kind which is common and corrupting.

Prices in Leadville are not what they were before the advent of the railroad, but they are sufficient to stagger an Eastern man, even now. What would you think, reader, to have to pay \$46 a ton for hay, and not a prime article at that. How would you like to eat Irish potatoes at \$2.50 a bushel, or give \$1.80 a bushel for corn for your horse? If you want a livery team a day, how would \$10 strike you? Or, if you are wicked and want to engage a team for Sunday, how would \$20 suit you? Take it or leave it, there are plenty of calls for it on those terms. Going to Sunday school is less expensive, but not quite so popular in Leadville. Hand-made thin boots cost \$18. The same article any good shoemaker in Vermont will furnish for \$10, and pay \$2 or \$3 postage on them to Leadville. Doctors charge \$3 a visit about town, and \$2 a mile travel where they go outside. In confinement cases the bill

is \$25, and in surgical operations it is proportioned somewhat to the paying qualities of the patient's mine. There are lawyers here, but they never charge anything for services. They simply take a quit claim to what a man has, more or less. They are not particular. A client is never heard of financially after consulting one of them. We heard of one case where a woman owned a \$150,000 mine and had occasion to consult Judge ——— about the title. The next news about that mine was that Judge ——— owned it, and the woman was trying to hire another lawyer to assist her in getting something out of the Judge to pay for house rent and other necessities of life. Foremen in mines get \$100 to \$150 a month, and superintendents \$250 to \$1,200 a month. Generally speaking, the richer the mine the higher the salaries of the officers. Mines, the same as politics, are apt to have rings, and to be in the ring one needs to be near the mine. Foreign stockholders are too far away. They may draw a ten per cent. dividend, and might draw a fifty per cent. were it not for a ring which increases expense of officers, etc., in proportion to production of the mines. A \$15,000 salary is not so much evidence mining skill as of mine capacity.

Female help, we judge, is not plenty, as a nurse in confinement cases gets \$25 a week, and a common domestic gets the same for a month's service, and insists upon afternoons for street promenade, in the fixings which all her earnings will buy. There is no use being a domestic if one can not put upon the back all of her wages, with part of her expectancy, and sail out for exhibition.

The population of Leadville is not increasing. It is diminishing a little. Rents have gone down, and in certain localities business has departed, and stores are begging for tenants. But the population is taking permanent form, improvements made are of the permanent kind, society is by degrees growing better, law and order are gaining in popular favor, mining and commercial business is settling into regular forms, and in a few years Leadville will be like other American cities.

And she will be a permanent city of steadily increasing population and commercial importance. Every evidence points to the fact that mining in the Rocky mountain range has but just commenced, and that during the next century the talent of invention will be largely exercised in its different departments, and that the industries will grow into great proportions and become a most important source of national income. If this opinion is correct, Leadville, Denver, Gunnison, Deadwood, Socorro, Silver City, and other localities in the range, will become not only mining centers, but cities of national importance. People who have money to invest, or ambitions *to grow up with a country*, should not forget this rocky range, which is just beginning to receive the tide of emigration.

RUN No 25.

DEPARTURE FROM LEADVILLE—A WICKED THOUGHT—CANON CITY—PUEBLO—THE BOOM—A BIG SPECULATION—PUEBLO'S INSTITUTIONS AND PROSPECTS—COLORADO SPRINGS—HOW HER TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES AFFECT THE GOVERNOR—DENVER—HER PROSPECTS—THE DEVIL SECOND IN AUTHORITY—FINE BUILDINGS—MINING—CHURCHES—GERMAN DANCE HOUSE—THE AMERICAN MIXTURE DEGRADES—THE SALOON ELEMENT ESSENTIAL TO BUSINESS PROSPERITY—PRICES.

DENVER, COL., December 12, 1881.

At 5 o'clock Saturday morning we got up, walked through the snowy streets of Leadville to the depot, and left the carbonate region—"the richest mining country in the world"—without the least regret whatever. I should like to be rich, but would rather be comfortably poor in Vermont than be miserably rich in Leadville. I was terribly blue while there, and moved about in a cloud of indigo continually. The exact cause of it I am not certain about, but various things contributed to it. I had got into winter quarters all at once, and the contrast between the beautiful weather on the plain, and the snow, freeze and the over-hanging cloud of coal smoke, was not cheering. I had a feeling, too, of being *locked up*, for away in the Rocky mountains, almost above timber line. I was not conscious of having committed any crime, except, perhaps, that of playing truant, and staying away from home after the permit had expired, but I felt as if I was in prison, and was anxious to escape.

Another thing, I fear, contributed to the discomfort. I saw suddenly acquired wealth on every side of me, rich mines, mountains of ore, great piles of smelted mineral, worth dollars and dollars, with other wealth in various forms, and——*and none of it was mine.* This was a wicked thought, to be sure, but sometimes envy will take possession of the best of people. While passing piles of gold and silver bricks, I thought, maybe those are the property of some cuss who never saw the inside of a school house, who has not a particle of scripture in his composition, who has grown up in idleness, stumbled into good luck and is happy; while I, a participant in a hundred school house rows, a recipient of countless school house floggings, an old time church goer, twenty years in a galling editorial harness, toiling for bread and wasting vitality in efforts to suppress cuss words due delinquent subscribers, have not a gold brick to my name. I was not blaming Providence, but I could not avoid the feeling that Providence had sided with the fellow who owned the bricks.

Traveling 115 miles from Leadville, we reached Canon City at noon, and were out of the immense mountains. The town is situated at the mouth of the wonderful canon of the Arkansas, and is one of the oldest cities in Colorado. It is beautifully laid out in streets, at right angles, has the state prison, a fine school, several good churches, excellent blocks of brick and stone, and contains about 4,000 people. The time was when Canon City expected to be the distributing point for the state, and town lots sold at figures suggested by that expectation. But that time has passed. No one can predict business centers long in the future, and no one can satisfactorily account for the change and the growth of centers after they are established. They change imperceptibly, sometimes from one town to another, and sometimes from one locality to another in the same city. All town lot speculators can bear testimony to the frisky nature of business centers, but few of them are able to foresee the change, or to account for it after it is made.

Leaving Canon City, we sweep over the plains, skirt the river side, and wind around the little mesas till half-past two, and arrive at Pueblo, just 158 miles southeast from Leadville, and are once more in delightful fall weather, with a bright sun, warm atmosphere and dry streets. No town west of the Missouri river has had such a boom during the past year as Pueblo. Its situation is on the Arkansas river, forty miles east of the mountains, surrounded by a rolling prairie, rich in its grazing and agricultural capacity. A little village of mud houses has stood there for many years, but the new Pueblo commenced with the advent of the railroads, only a few years ago. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe made it the western terminus of their line. The Denver and Rio Grande also comes down from Denver, turns around for Leadville, and also keeps straight ahead for El Moro, four miles from Trinidad.

Speaking of the boom, I will give one instance in the rise of town lots. A year ago now a man purchased a lot, 25x140 feet, for \$50, and, without spending a dollar on it, he has just leased the bare lot for five years at \$125 a month, or \$1,500 a year. Perhaps Vermont interest men can derive satisfaction in cyphering out the rate of interest which that \$50 is drawing. But they should not emigrate West wholly on the strength of this instance, because they might not be able to loan on such terms. This was the best investment we heard of in Pueblo, though everybody who invested in lots a year ago quadrupled their money, while many did much better than that. It is claimed, also, that investments at the present prices will double the money inside of one year. This, however, is opinion, though not wholly confined to the residents of Pueblo. Outsiders very generally concede that Pueblo is destined to be a large town. She has a population of 10,000 souls, has started fine schools and churches, has street cars, gas, water works, telephone, is made a center by railroads, has a good grazing country, is in the vicinity of rich mining regions, and is well located to receive tribute

therefrom. Steel works of immense magnitude are now going up, rolling mills are coming, smelters are running, and everything is favorable for rapid and healthy growth. She is the headquarters of the Colorado coal and iron company, which is operating in different localities, and taking out at least 2,000 tons of coal daily, which, in Pueblo and Denver, brings \$10 to \$12 a ton. Thus this one company receives a gross income of over \$20,000 daily. It is one of the immense institutions of the State, and, as the demand increases for coal and coke, the company will increase its capacity for supplying. The business men of Pueblo are enterprising, energetic, public spirited, awake to the opportunities of the city, and determined to push it ahead. Society is off the same piece with the society of other Colorado cities. The police department is vigilant and efficient, but, unless there is a row or general outbreak, they never molest the saloons or gambling holes. As a department of business, these are quite as conspicuous as any other branch of industry in the city.

We left Pueblo Sunday morning, taking the narrow guage road for Denver. A ride of 45 miles brought us to Colorado Springs, which is to be made the summer resort on the Denver and Rio Grande road. This town is settled largely by New England people, contains about 3,000 population, and is handsomely built. The Springs and Greeley are the only towns in Colorado where the sale of liquor is prohibited. Whoever started Colorado Springs, put it into the by-laws that the selling of rum should amount to a forfeiture of the real estate. It was a good moral idea and ought to be encouraged, but the average traveler does not take kindly to it. For instance, I wanted to stop there a day or two and look the town over, but the Governor said we would take it for granted the town was all right and slide right by up to Denver, where they were not so particular and fussy in their notions. It should be borne in mind that the Governor votes the Democratic ticket, while the man who penned that "fussy" clause in the Colorado Springs by-laws is probably a republi-

can, bound, with the rest of his party, for the happy land of Canaan.

A ride of 85 miles north from Colorado Springs landed us in Denver—wicked Denver—a city of 40,000 people, and too far in the lead to be overtaken by any other Colorado city. Pueblo, flushed with the excitement of an unheard of rapid growth, and pregnant with big expectations, is beginning to make up faces at her older sister and to claim rivalry. But Denver is rich, solid, confident, and sure of keeping the lead. She will always be the head center, the distributing point for Colorado. Vermonters are familiar with the growth and the character of Denver. She is situated on the rolling prairie, 40 miles from the mountains, has many beautiful streets, and on Capitol Hill some of the finest residences in the west. On every side are evidences of prosperity, solid wealth, education, refinement, and good morals. On every side are evidences of fast life, dissipation, and deviltry. Denver is *mixed*, but the good things of this world predominate. Formerly it was not thus. The devil ruled the city for many of its first years, and though he does not occupy the Mayor's chair at the present time, and is not operating "officially," he is still doing quite an extensive business in a private way. He is running whole streets of houses of ill-fame. He has charge of several hundred liquor saloons, all doing a prosperous business. He superintends gambling dens by the dozens, with doors open to young and old men. But he operates under cover of law, or at least under city sufferance, and is not disturbed unless he breaks the peace, or abuses some individual to the extent of provoking a complaint under the statute. He is still a very important personage in Denver, though he is understood to occupy a secondary position, and is subject to the powers that be, when they choose to wake up to duty.

I find here some magnificent blocks of buildings. The Union depot, just completed, cost a half million. Gov. Tabor is building an Opera House to cost nearly as much. He also has several very expensive business blocks, two of them

costing a quarter of a million each. The Windsor hotel cost about \$200,000, and is furnished at an expense of \$50,000 more. There are scores of blocks ranging from \$25,000 to \$100,000 each. In fact, Denver is built in compact and elegant form, displaying long lines of architecture which would be a credit to any city in the world. It does not have that ragged, broken, hastily built appearance I expected to find, but is thorough, compact and beautiful.

Although the mountains are 40 miles away, they are right in one's face, apparently. The region is rich in mining capacity, which will never grow less, as the mines are exhaustless and have always been a great source of wealth to the city. As neighboring towns increase and new towns start up in the mountains, increasing the demand for goods and metropolitan conveniences, Denver will add a few more streets to supply the demand. As the science of mining improves, the tribute from that source will increase for ages to come. Denver has a sure and a permanent source of prosperity in the mines.

Hill's smelting works, the largest in the world, are located here, giving employment to a large force. We got a permit to go all through the immense establishment, but I was not smart enough to steal a gold brick, or bring away a single specimen from the great piles of metal which appeared at every turn. The guide kept close by, with an eye on us every moment. I don't know as he suspected us, but he said he was instructed to watch—not the Governor and me particularly, but all visitors. However, it made me feel awkward, as if he did not have the confidence in my Sabbath school training which it was entitled to.

We spent Sunday evening studying the religious proclivities of the Denverite, our first call being at a nice little church filled with the well dressed colored society, to which a coal black preacher was telling the story of Joseph, and hammering the pulpit with the energy of a first-class auctioneer. After he had told the story over six or eight times we left,

walked a couple of blocks, and entered the Episcopal Church, just completed, and one of the grandest church edifices in the west. We saw a large audience, heard the last half of a good sermon, listened to a good chorus choir, and heard the best organ in Colorado. From here we went a quarter of a mile to Turner's Hall, to observe what manner of devotion Sunday evening brings to the cream of German society. It was jolly. As we entered the auditorium the girls were choosing partners, and what they lacked in devotion they made up in hilarity and giggle. Girls always giggle when they choose partners for a dance. We seated ourselves at one of the round tables strung along a platform at one side of a room, and the Governor called for two glasses of lager to assist in a proper observance of the ceremony. This he said was indispensable to good and regular standing in the company. Besides, he wanted the beer. Well, reader, if you have ever seen Germans dancing and drinking lager, you know the character of the devotions we witnessed Sunday night. All was life, hilarity and good feeling, but, religiously speaking, it failed to square with my puritanic instruction. It was well enough for Denver, and, as public sentiment runs here, it was no compromise of the best German character. At the same hour a baser affair of the same character was running on the south side, in which American men and German women formed the company. The American mixture with German, Mexican, or entertainment of any other nationality, we notice, usually tends to degrade it. The gambling houses and saloons were also running at the same hour. But, in justice to Denver, it should be said that she has nearly as many churches, in proportion to her population, as an eastern city, and they are well filled every Sunday. The surprise consists in seeing so many well filled churches beside so many saloons, gambling and dance houses, all well filled, and running at the same hour. It would seem as if one or the other would go down, but, so far as I could learn, they seldom interfere with one another. The saloons, I am told, get more patronage

from the churches than the churches get from the saloons. It would be proper to investigate this statement, and, if true, have a balance of trade established. It tips the wrong way now.

You may ask, reader, why the better sentiment, of which some exists in all these Rocky mountain cities, does not rise up and insist upon the enforcement of a law to suppress saloons, debauching, gambling, dance houses, etc. Our answer is, they are profitable, and among the best business contributors of the different cities. Denver grew suddenly rich out of the gambling element. The miners and the cow boys get to the cities, and in a few evenings leave a month's earnings. Of course, these places are recognized as immoral. Colorado has laws against them, but they are never enforced, except in the way of an occasional light fine, unless they cause an intolerable breach of the peace. The city which should thoroughly squelch these places would lose an important branch of business, and contribute so far towards building up a rival, less "particular and fussy," to use the language of the Governor. The western man's first idea is to make money. After that, he is willing to do something towards the morals. But morals must not venture to trig the wheels of the leading idea.

I met here F. E. Libby, formerly of St. Johnsbury, who is now engaged as brakeman on the D. & R. G. road. He likes the opportunities of earning money, but with the same opportunities in the east he would much prefer to live there. When he gets rich, he is going back to Boston. He informs me that engineers get \$5 for every 85 miles run, brakemen \$60 to \$75 per month, firemen \$2.40 for 85 miles run, section men \$1.75 a day, bridge builders \$2.50 to \$3, brick layers \$5, stone masons \$4. Board can be obtained at \$6 a week, but hotels charge \$2 to \$4 a day. Rents pay 33 per cent. quick. A little house with three rooms, costing, with the lot, \$900, rents for 25 dollars a month. A single furnished room \$10 to \$15 a month. Money loans readily on good security at 18 per cent.

RUN No. 26.

REASONS FOR VISITING EL PASO—WAITING AT LA JUNTA—EL PASO BOOM—RAILROAD CENTER—THE OLD CHURCH—SITUATION—SAND STORMS—HOTEL—EL PASO IN OLD MEXICO—HABITS OF THE PEOPLE—RICHNESS OF THE SOIL—THE GAUDALOUPE FEAST—GAMBLING—THE GOVERNOR'S ADAPTABILITY AND HIS REAL OPINION OF THE CROWD—THE YANKEE MIXTURE—THE BULL FIGHT—OTHER SPORTS—SIDE SHOWS—THE TORTILLA—THE GOVERNOR'S TURNOVER—THE OLD TOWN AT A STAND STILL—THE FIRE WOOD.

EL PASO, Old Mexico, December 16, 1881.

El Paso is 823 miles south of Denver, the place of my last letter, written December 12. It will be in order, reader, for you to enquire what brought me here. I had two inducements—first, to see the country, second to see the Mexicans at their annual Gaudaloupe feast, which begins December 8, and continues three weeks. Quite a journey, you will say, for so small consideration. But you must remember that the consideration is not wholly confined to the scenes and sights in El Paso. A ride in the cars from Denver, through southern Colorado and all of New Mexico, past the cities now growing up along the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains, furnishes an opportunity to study the character and ways of the people who inhabit this far away western country. They come from all climes and from all nations, in pursuit of venture and the "Almighty dollar," and to have a good time, each according to his own taste. Puritanic notions—if they had any at home—were

left there, and the society formed by the general mixture is of the rough, wild, don't-care-a-darn sort. There are no Good Templars to crowd their notions of diet and drink upon neighbors, no Deacons to insist upon the observance of the Sabbath, nobody to say how another person shall eat, drink, pray, or behave. The public sentiment which prevails is, "Do as you please, but keep off my toes." A ride from La Junta in Colorado to any point in southern New Mexico, is in different company from that one meets in a ride from La Junta to Kansas City on the east. In the latter case, one is within the jurisdiction of the law, which finds sure and prompt execution, while in the former, if the law exists, the execution is so tardy and uncertain that one feels his personal safety depending upon his behaviour, his science of self defence, and his good luck. He is in a company which contains one or more desperadoes, who with escape reasonably sure would not hesitate to take life for money, or to start a row just for entertainment. Such a company, of course, furnishes an interesting study to strangers. Every car is a new volume, with life size illustrations.

Leaving Denver Tuesday morning, we travel south by the Denver and Rio Grande narrow gauge, 120 miles to Pueblo, where we take the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe train east to La Junta, 58 miles, arriving at 5 o'clock p. m. Here in a depot room 18x20 feet, we wait, with 35 other people speaking three different languages, for the midnight train from the east.

Swearing is one of the most ill-bred, ungentlemanly, coarse-haired, empty headed traits in human composition, but if one ever *thinks* swear, it is when waiting for the cars in the night time, in a depot so crowded that the people have to take turns standing on one another's toes. And he is too apt to think *out loud*, when this waiting occurs in a country where so many different kinds of fish, bacon, onions, rum and tobacco are used for breath tinctures. I don't swear, but had there been an ounce of good sense in it, or a particle of relief, the temptation in that La Junta depot might have induced me to squeeze into a corner, get my face against the wall, and say over a small size "Damn!" Of course I should have been particularly sly and

private about it, so as not to offend the ears of well bred people. But I think *with relief in prospect* I should have said so, or words to that effect.

Leaving La Junta at midnight, we ride south 33 hours, 605 miles, and get off in El Paso, Texas, the dustiest town in creation. Last March this town contained scarcely 1,200 people, and the greater proportion of them lived in mud houses. To-day the city numbers 3,000, or over, and has many fine wood buildings, and some handsome blocks of brick and stone. What caused the increase? Why, railroads, and the confidence that this is to be the railroad center west of the Missouri river. The Southern Pacific, a line from San Francisco to Galveston, Texas, intersects here with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, and the Mexican Central going south to the coast. Among the other roads expected to verge here are the Dakota and Rio Grande, the Hamburg and San Antonio to New Orleans, and one or two others. The expectation is not groundless, for we find every one predicting the coming of the roads and the large growth of El Paso. Evidently it is to be the northern convergence of the great system of railroads projecting and developing in Old Mexico. It is the point where the two great nations meet and shake hands. Already the busy town has one daily paper, one semi-weekly and two weekly papers, a good police, who have more than their hands full of business, five organized churches preparing to build, street cars, gas and water companies organized, and one or two business houses doing a business of a million each. It has a good grazing country all around it, paying mines in the near vicinity, and is a convenient locality to supply a circuit of two hundred miles or more of territory. For 25 years it has been a distributing point for the Mexican States of Sonora and Chihuahua, and a good deal of northern Texas and New Mexico. With the promised settlement of this territory, this source alone is sure to give El Paso a good growth, but the greater impetus of growth is relied upon in the consequence of the several long lines of railroads, some of which are now in operation, some in process of construction, and the others simply mapped.

Town lots have doubled and quadrupled during the past nine months, and they are expected to double again before next fall. The Campbell estate, of St. Louis, two or three years ago, foreclosed on a piece of land adjoining the village, to secure a claim of \$6,000. Since obtaining the land, the estate owners have tried every way to induce the man to pay the claim and take the land back. But when the town began to boom they were satisfied to hold the property. It is now worth a quarter of a million, and lots in Campbell's addition are selling rapidly at \$100 to \$500 for 25 front feet.

El Paso is situated on the Rio Grande river, in a flat prairie country, with dust—a fine earth flour—ankle deep. The wind, of which there is no lack, keeps this dust in motion, to the great annoyance of all tidy housekeepers. No door or window is tight enough to exclude it, and, do the best they can, dirt forms a part of everybody's drink, food and raiment. It is terrible to endure, but cannot be helped.

Sand storms—that is what they call them here—are frequent, and, after they pass by, the shovel is quite as much in demand as the brush. The altitude is lower than it is a hundred or more miles north, and the climate is too warm to suit the native New Englander. I have concluded not to settle in El Paso, though as a winter residence, dust and "greasers" excepted, it would be delightful.

The crack hotel here charges \$3 a day for three shillings fare. Unless something is said to the contrary, in a New Mexico correspondence, it should always be understood that hotels charge three prices for what they furnish. Generally speaking, the less furnished the more agreeable it is. Whatever may be the material in the raw state, when it comes to the table the palatable part of it is extracted, and the guests are always wondering, "What the deuce is this?"

On the opposite shore of the Rio Grande, in the country of revolting states, stands the quaint old Mexican town of El Paso Del Norte, with its mud houses extending along the river for a distance of five or six miles. The village contains about 7,000 stove colored "greasers," some quite wealthy, and has

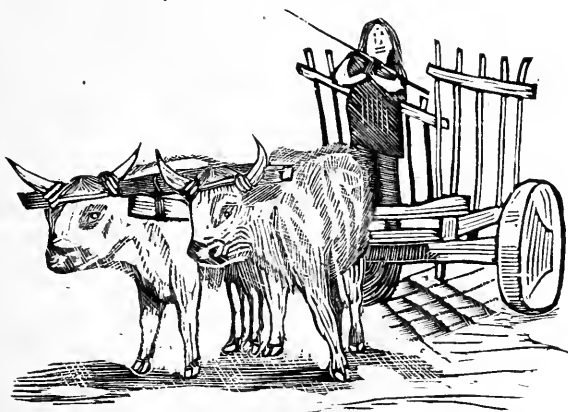
been a sort of head center for the population in this part of Mexico from time immemorial. The town reminds me of old Taos, it being a large collection of mud boxes, with doors and windows in them, and miles of mud wall two feet thick and seven feet high. Every man's back yard and front yard, when he has one, is surrounded with just such an institution, which serves him as a boundary line and a source of protection against thieves. But in El Paso I find a few streets, while in Taos there were no regular streets except the one around the plaza, the houses and walls in all other parts of the town being built hap hazard, and without reference to convenience of locomotion for man or beast.

I have been unable to find a beginning in El Paso, and am about ready to conclude that the houses were punched up out of the mud by some force from below, about the time the ocean receded. I went over the old church, and found it a duplicate of those at Taos, Santa Fe, and other original towns. Mud walls, mud floor, mud belfry, and jack-knife carvings, all indicate a date back of written history. The log stairs leading to the belfry are worn half off with the boot heels of near and remote generations. I followed the deep worn rut, stood beside the old bell, clumsily hung thirty feet from the ground, and, after surveying the quaint old tower, I reached up and wrote the editor's name, residence, and date of visit some two inches above the highest name on the wall. "At last," I said, "I have achieved immortality, for this pile of dirt will never crumble, and no one will be able to reach high enough to write above that name." The old church is in the center of the town, crowds constantly crossing the yard, which has been used as a cemetery for hundreds of years, the corpses paying for location, according to their respective pile and ambition for distinction. Having paid for his place and got fairly at rest beneath a slab laid flat upon the ground, the corpse is trampled over a few years, when some other corpse buys his hole, and he is shoveled out with other dirt, to make room for the new proprietor. Thus is the church fund kept up, and all the members made happy by the consciousness that corner lots in that

church are limitless, and that money will always buy a choice location.

The natives here are as largely engaged in farming as anything, but are not industrious or energetic in any occupation. They seem to be contented with little to eat and wear, provided rum is cheap, fandangos frequent, and visiting convenient. The Americans say that it takes less money to keep a common Mexican than it does to keep a hog. That may be, but the hog is the most valuable after he is grown, and not quite so unsightly to behold.

The Rio Grande Valley is extremely rich, and no soil is better adapted to most kinds of fruits, many kinds of grain, and most vegetables. Even the rude and primitive style of farming in vogue pays well. The wood plough, with an iron point bound on with raw hide, and with a single handle, is the implement used for turning up the soil. For a roller a log is used, with a chain running from each end and connected in the center, where the draft is attached. This is drawn over the ground to smooth and even it for irrigation. The carts are of the rudest kind, many of them having solid wooden



CART USED BY MEXICANS AND INDIANS.

wheels which revolve on the axletree, and make music which would shame the horse fiddle. The industry, intelligence,

and tools of an eastern farmer would reap a rich harvest in this valley. But nothing grows here without irrigation. .

Every year, commencing the 8th of December, the Mexicans celebrate the Gaudaloupe feast. A brief statement of the origin of this feast will be in order here. Prior to 1531 our Lady of the Remedios was the patron saint of Mexico. On the 12th of December, 1831, a pious Indian, named Juan Diego, was praying by night on the hill of Gaudaloupe, three miles outside of the gates of Mexico, when there appeared to him a virgin, in dusky face and splendid robes, who claimed to be the mother of the Indian. She desired him to go to the Bishop of Mexico, and tell him that it was her wish that a church should be built in her honor on that spot, and that if he complied it would save the Indians. It looked very improbable to Bishop Zumarraga, and he refused to comply. Diego returned, had a second vision, and was sent a second time to the Bishop, who a second time refused. A third time the virgin appeared to Diego, and, as proof of her story, sent to the Bishop a bunch of full grown roses, such as do not grow in Mexico. Diego took them to the Bishop, who was surprised. But when he took them in his hand and they fell apart, disclosing a beautiful picture of the Holy Virgin, painted on the coarse cloth of the country, with dark face shining with sacred light, he believed, and declared that a church should be built on Gaudaloupe hill at once. The virgin afterwards appeared to others, and directed where churches should be erected. Since that date the Virgin of Guadalupe has been accepted as the patron saint of Mexico, and the date of her coming has been annually celebrated throughout the country.

It amounts to a general gathering of the people, for a period of about three weeks, to eat, drink, smoke, gamble, and be merry in a genuine Mexican way. To see how this celebration was conducted was the principal motive which sent me down here. I have studied it two days, and have "heard enough." The gambling was the first source of attraction,

because that was free, and everybody participated. I found the plaza roofed over and boarded round. Inside was the confusion of Babel. A hundred different gambling tables, wheels, etc., run by Mexicans, Americans and Indians, each using their own language, in accents not mild, made a Babel which the Governor said amounted to a revised and corrected edition of the original work. It is a novel sight, and a great surprise to the New England system of Sabbath school instruction. In all that dense crowd I did not discover a single person to object, or even to make faces at the general drift of the entertainment. I did not do it. I was too much interested to see who raked in the precious piles at the different tables. The Governor did not do it. There were too many coarse throats throwing off profanity, and too many revolvers in sight, to allow him to indulge in a disquisition on good morals, or to let slip a word or look of reproach against the going entertainment, or the character of the barbarians there assembled. On the contrary, he stepped into that roofed plaza and went dodging and bobbing around among the gamblers, stepping with a light, elastic spring, like the boy walking on eggs and trying not to hurt them, skipping a little here, nipping a little there, doing the polite and respectful everywhere, all the time wearing one of Micawber's blandest smiles and rubbing his hands gleefully, as much as to say, "We are having a mighty nice, proper time here, aren't we?" Desiring to obtain his real opinion of the entertainment, I coaxed him out of the plaza, got him behind a mud wall, and asked what he thought of it. Looking back over his shoulder, to make sure no revolver was in sight, he whispered from the corner of his mouth, "*Ought to be hung, every devil of 'em.*" Until I put this question, I feared he was relishing the ungodly sport, but he was only making believe for the purpose of personal safety, which is one of his strongest points.

In justice to the Mexicans, it should be said that their manner of gambling at this annual feast has been as honest as gambling business can be. They had open work, little sharp

practice, and very little of the revolver element in their feasts. But since the advent of the railroads the Yankee element has worked in and half of all the tables this year are run by cut throats from New Mexico, Colorado and Arizona. To get through that plaza this year, with life and money, one is obliged to hang on to his wallet, make no acquaintance, listen to no proposition, and engage in no wrangle. As I said in a former letter, the Yankee element will pull a bad entertainment to the bottom round of loose morals quicker than any other element among the nations of the earth. The same element pulling the other way will elevate it with equal promptness. It is important to have the Yankee element headed right, as it makes great difference in results.

The Spanish bull fight is another prominent feature in these gatherings. This year they commenced on the 12th, and will continue daily to the close of the feast. We witnessed the sport yesterday, and saw a half dozen bulls, terribly gashed, and as many Mexicans rolled over in the dirt. The amphitheatre is built of coarse boards, 150 feet in diameter, and supplied with good seats, but no roof. At 2 o'clock p. m. a large audience of men, women and children was on the seats, the bugle sounded, and a Mexican clown stepped into the ring and began to gibber, sing and perform. What it was all about was past our ken. A second sound of the trumpet brought out a half dozen Mexicans in red and blue pants, and bearing red hand flags. At a third sound a door was shoved and a bull rushed into the arena. After surveying the audience, listening to the rasping notes of the brass band, he counted the men in the ring, shook his head and prepared to carry out that part of the programme assigned to him. Taking a dislike to a pair of red breeches, he made for them with tail up and head down. When he got there, the breeches were over on the other side. Giving one puff, the bull took a new survey of the field, heard a few more notes from the band, and then dashed for a pair of blue breeches and a red shirt. They were absent at the time of his arrival, and the bull looked as-

tonished, but mad as usual. Then he tried a dash for two pair of breeches at a time, but failed to get his head against anything except the hand flags. The Mexicans were nimble, and every time cheated the bull by dodging and letting him run his horns into the flag. The bull was bewildered and spent a part of his time listening to that horrible band, examining his enemies, and making up his mind which one to annihilate. Starting for one, he would change his mind and take another, then a third, and, finding them all unreliable he would come to a halt, puff a note of disgust for the band, survey the crowd, shake his head again, plan another start, and rush in with the usual result. At another sound of the trumpet, the men took daggers having barbed points and handles ornamented with loose paper of different colors. The bull made a pass for an old man of 70, a hero of 50 bull fights, but still nimble. As he arrived, the old bones dodged, and the animal shot by, carrying in his neck the old man's dagger. The crowd shouted and threw into the arena a dozen or more silver pieces, which the old man gathered up as compliments for his agility, keeping an eye all the time on that bull, of course. In ten minutes more the bull had paid his compliments to all his enemies and received from each a dagger in the neck, which hung like fish hooks buried in the flesh. About this time the animal was disgusted and demoralized, but mad enough to gore the whole crowd with a single plunge, though he had been fooled so many times that he seemed to be in doubt how to do it. At another sound of the trumpet, a poniard was handed one of the Mexicans, the star performer, who was instructed to kill the bull by piercing him before the shoulders. Any hit behind the shoulders is foul. There was still enough of the bull left for one man to get up a first class row with, and as the Mexican moved towards him the row commenced. The bull made a dash, the Mexican dodged, and at the same time struck the poniard for the tender place before the shoulder, but it hit a bone, and turned the point. Another poniard was handed him, another

dash was made and another blow aimed at the fatal point, but it only gashed the hide and the bull passed by to consider. A dozen dashes were followed by as many failures to hit the exact point. The result of the whole was a bull bleeding profusely from numerous gashes, but still alive, and the failure of the Mexican to satisfactorily perform his part. A half dozen bulls went through the same performance and the show was ended for that day. The day before and the day after the performance we witnessed, the same Mexican succeeded in stabbing his bull to death, "handsomely," as I was told. Forty-five bulls were gathered for the series of shows, and the programme announced that "one bull was to be killed at each entertainment." The Governor thought if *he* had been making the programme, he would have added, "and six Mexicans," as this feature would draw immensely where greasers are best known. To New England eyes the entertainment was more novel than pleasing. I knew the bull wasn't to blame about anything, and I couldn't help siding with him. Two or three times he knocked a Mexican over, and ploughed the ground with his horns. I suppose it was wicked, but I could not avoid the wish to see him plough just enough Mexican hide to let the performer realize the character of the entertainment, and *feel* the part the bull was playing. But the performers had graduated from some school where dodging is the principal study in the curriculum. They were quick, nimble and tough, and evidently were not facing a wild bull for the first time.

Other sports of the ring are tests of horsemanship, but without a little blood the average Mexican is not entertained. One game is that a chicken is laid upon its back, and held down by dirt laid upon its wings. A bugle sounds and contestants rush around the ring at full speed. The first man who succeeds in catching up the chicken as he passes, wins the prize. This game furnishes much sport, as, unless one is an expert at hanging on, he will pitch off when he stoops to catch the fowl. Another game is pulling off the head of a

greased goose. The goose is suspended over the ring, head downwards. The horsemen fly by, and the first one who is quick enough and strong enough to grip the head of the goose and pull it off, is the winner.

To a stranger, another interesting feature is found in the style of the people and the character of the wares sold around the outside of the gambling plaza. I couldn't count them, and couldn't describe a quarter of the things offered for sale. One class of peddlers consisted of women who sat in the dirt, with a pan of lard before them, on a bed of coals. They had a board, the size of a large school slate, lying in the dirt, and on this board they were rolling out dough and patting it into the thickness of a wafer. This was handed to another woman, also in the dirt, who dropped it into the fat, where it remained one minute, and was ready for the Mexican stomach at two for five cents.

Tortilla is the name of this Mexican dainty, and it would be palatable if one could forget the scene of its manufacture. But this scene, minus the dust, is common now in Mexican kitchens at meal time, when the whole family sit around on the mud floor, while the mother passes the tortillas from the frying pan to the fingers of the individual members. It frequently constitutes the entire meal, and all the housewife has to do, in the way of cleaning off table and washing dishes, is to set away the frying pan and sweep up the hearth of the fire place.

They had another mixture of dough, in which they spread some kind of red pepper, boiled and mashed, and then folded and fried. When this article of diet came out of the fat it looked like a kitchen holder, with long service on rusty flat irons and stove hooks. The Governor's curiosity was so excited that he invested five cents, bit off a section of the holder, and commenced business. I saw there was trouble. After chewing and heaving for a minute, a generous streak took him, and he offered to let me taste, not even marking with his finger how far up I should bite. It was not natural, and I sus-

pected him. I had previously noticed that whenever he let me taste of anything *good*, he always held his fingers over the part he wanted to save, so that I could not get a square mouthful without injuring the anatomy of the donor, which would not be the correct thing. I suspected from this that the holder was not good, that it was not the kind of a turn-over he expected or cared to save. I told him I was not hungry. The Mexicans call this kitchen holder "chila," and it is as common and popular here as bread is in Vermont. Every family has the chila patch, and the outside walls of every mud house are strung with red peppers in the fall, to dry.

I have no idea that the Old Mexico El Paso will receive much growth from the new railroad impetus. The other side of the river is newer, has a smaller proportion of Mexican people and mud houses, and, unless the average Mexican imbibes the spirit of progress from contagion, the old town will remain about where it is. As a point of curiosity it is worth visiting, because one here can see the Mexican at home, in his native manners and customs, little influenced by contact with the more progressive element in the States.

El Paso on the Texas side has a future, and will be heard from hereafter. Everything is booming, and is pushed forward by an intelligent, enterprising and energetic class of population.

The wood used here is the mesquite root, which grows in the sand, and which is always very dry and good to burn. From beneath one little bush, no larger than a bushel basket, a half cord of these root chunks are frequently dug, and are ready for the stove the moment they come out. The cost to the consumer is about \$12 a cord. It is excellent to burn and lasts well, but a pile of wood in El Paso is about as shapely and sightly as a pile of lobsters seen on the coast of Maine. It is packed into the village on the back of the meek and submissive burro, which does the principal part of the native's freighting.

RUN No. 27.

RAILROADING—CLIMATE, SUNSHINE, RAINY SEASON, MUD—ROADS, HIGHWAY TAX, ARROYOS—FUEL AND BUILDING MATERIAL, STONE, BRICK, LUMBER AND SOIL, PLASTERING, WHITEWASH, FURNITURE—WATER—SAW-MILLS—GRIST MILLS—MECHANICAL LABOR—MINISTERS, DOCTORS, LAWYERS—FARMING OPPORTUNITIES—STOCK RAISING—GRASSES, HAY—PROSPECTS OF SETTLEMENT—CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE, SOCIETY, HABITS OF LIVING—THOUGHTS ON EMIGRATION—EXPERIENCE OF A VERMONT.

RATON, N. M., December 18, 1881.

On the evening of the 16th, having seen enough of the wholesale gambling, bull fights, and Mexicans at home, we left El Paso, rode 421 miles in 27 hours, arriving at this place at 8 o'clock last evening. It will be seen by the above figures that railroading in New Mexico averages about 16 miles per hour, owing to long and heavy grades. A 50 mile up grade is nothing here, where immense swells of the prairie have to be passed over. The passenger trains are long and generally well loaded, and on some of the up grades make scarcely ten miles an hour. Time is made up on the down grades, but the maximum speed is limited, so that the down grades fail to bring up the average speed to much over 16 miles. The local fare in New Mexico is 9 1-2 cents a mile. No one in the territory who enjoys the improvement in property, in society, in facility of business, etc., which the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road has occasioned, is disposed to complain at the price, but all are

willing to allow liberal rates for a while, as compensation for valuable pioneering service. Those who are inclined to grumble are easily cured by considering what New Mexico would be without the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. Any legislation, at present, tending to interfere with the tariff of this road would amount to base ingratitude.

Raton is the last stop we make in New Mexico, as we are on our way home. Before taking our departure, the reader will please indulge me in a few reflections suggested by the "Runs." Supposing I anticipate inquiries, put my reflections into the form of questions and answers, and let you, reader, ask the questions.

How do you like the climate?

First rate. The altitude is high, and the wind, being robbed of its moisture as it comes over the mountains, gives a dry atmosphere. Nothing rots here. The bottom of a board lying on the ground is always as dry as the top. Timber will last five times as long as in Vermont, either in the ground or out. No one ever saw a rotten cedar post here. Fresh meat is cured by hanging it out doors, "jerked," as they say, into strips. Cured in this way it keeps forever. The grasses cure on the stubble, retaining all their properties for winter food. The sun is always bright, and the cheering influence of its rays is felt the moment it peeps over the horizon, while almost the moment it disappears it becomes dark, and the atmosphere becomes cool. There is very little of the poetic twilight here. The climate is always healthy. Consumption and asthma have no chance whatever at human anatomy, and other diseases, rheumatism excepted, are always at a disadvantage. There is a rainy season, beginning in early summer, and lasting usually four weeks, during which time the sun rises bright in the morning, and continues to shine till noon, when all at once immense black clouds gather in the clear sky—nobody knows how—the lightnings flash, the thunders roar, and it begins to *pour*. It does not rain, but great sheets of water drop down out of the sky and flood the prairie ankle deep. The broad sides of the great mountains send down the water, which goes

rushing over the plain, cutting out the earth in the arroyos, which are already of great depth and width along the road sides and over the prairies. During this season the mud is a formidable enemy to travel, trade, and general comfort. It makes wagon wheels look like solid substance four inches thick, and swells the traveler's boot into the dimensions of a common size valise. But he can cut the mud off with a jack knife, and thus restore the original dimension. After about four weeks the rain ceases, the ground dries up, and the bright sun has full sway for the next eleven months, barring an occasional shower, which is always an exception to the general rule of the weather. In the winter two or three minor snow storms are apt to put in an appearance, snow remaining on the ground only a day or two, though it is in sight on the mountain six months in the year.

What is the condition of the roads?

For the most part the roads are just what the wagon wheels make them. A road tax of a dollar a head is assessed, and in part collected, but little or no work is done on the highway, except in the mountains. On the prairie, when one trail becomes worn, or cut out by water, the teams haw or gee out, and a new trail is soon rutted beside the old one. It takes years for a worn and abandoned trail to grow over with grass. The old Santa Fe trail, from Kansas City to Santa Fe, which has not been used for three years, is still as bare as ever, and in many places is 20 to 30 rods wide. There are no bridges or culverts. The roads always twist round to a shallow place in the stream, which is used both as a bridge and a watering place. The only severe service the wagons have is in crossing the arroyos, or deep ditches, which in New England would be supplied with stone and plank culverts. These places are sometimes almost impassable, being a pitch down and then up, anywhere from two to twenty feet, on an angle often as steep as 45 degrees. For about eleven months in the year the roads are dry, hard as macadam, and just splendid.

What is used for fuel and building material?

The cow boys, out upon the prairie, far away from timber,

find a convenient fuel in buffalo or cow chips. This is improvised fuel, but, being made of grass, and always dry, it burns well. The common fuel is pinon, the best fire-place wood in the world, full of pitch, and burns like a pine knot. The foot hills about Sante Fe are covered with it, and it is so abundant that the probable settlement of the country will hardly make an impression on it in a hundred years. Mexicans cut it where they please, on anybody's land, pack it on the meek burros, and carry it to town to sell for 25 cents a burro load. On the streams the cotton wood abounds. In the lower part of the territory pinon does not grow, and cedar, pine, and, in the extreme South, mesquite roots constitute the fuel. But the coming fuel is soft coal, of which northern New Mexico contains enough to supply the whole country for years. The mountains contain spruce and pine, which will furnish building material forever. They are exhaustless. The pine, however, is pitchy, hard to dress, and not so good as eastern pine. In many places good clay is found for brick, and everywhere in the foot hills and mesas excellent stone is found, lying in horizontal strata, any thickness desired, and easily pried apart and split into proper dimensions for building. The best material for a stone house can be obtained with a trifle more than the cost of the draw bill. But the most common material for building is the soil itself, made into adobe bricks, as I have before described. Earth, water and straw, mixed, moulded, and dried in the sun, makes the favorite building wall of the country. It is durable, warm in winter, cool in summer, and will not blow away. An adobe house is generally *right there*. The Indian, or the Spaniard, who built the first adobe, did not furnish evidence of stupidity in so doing. He knew what was handy to get, and what was adapted to the country. And for hundreds of years past his descendants and others, who have followed him in the valleys of New Mexico, have confirmed the wisdom of his choice by using the same material, though living in the vicinity of splendid forests and the best building stone. Good plastering for walls,

house floors, fire places and hearths, is found in the soil mixed with sand and water. This is also good for plastering the outside of the houses, covering the cracks made by the adobe bricks, and giving it a smooth surface, which can be checked off into uniform square blocks. A white clay is found in the hills which, thinned with water, makes a perfect whitewash, and is generally used. A yellow earth is also found, containing a sprinkling of mica. This is dissolved, and makes a beautiful yellow tint for the walls, the dots of mica giving the walls the appearance of having golden specks in the finish. For roofing, the common Mexican adobe has poles laid across the outside walls and covered with straw, and then mud, six to twelve inches deep. The original adobe has no wood about it, except these poles, and the boards which swing for doors. A finished modern adobe has a pitch shingled roof, corner boards, window and door casings, good inside work, and is made after the manner of an eastern brick house, though seldom but one story. Well-to-do people who have built recently have large, high rooms, the most costly wall paper, with rich carpets and upholstered furniture. Do not imagine that the luxuries of life are necessarily strangers to the inside of an adobe house.

What are the conveniences for water?

There is an occasional spring in the foot hills, from which water is carried to houses, but most country families rely upon wells or water in the streams. In the growing cities water companies are among the first formed, to bring water from the hills or some place where it is pure. There is an unusual amount of alkali in the water, and a stranger who indulges too freely is notified of the fact by a rumbling, which alarms him and puts him on guard. Water privileges are scarce. I went through the whole length of the territory four times, and did not discover one. But there are some in the mountain streams.

Are there any saw mills?

Very few, probably not a dozen in the whole territory. Most of the lumber used thus far has been freighted from the east. The vast forests of pine, spruce, cedar and oak have for the most part been undisturbed. Every growing town is

troubled to get lumber, as, with its other freight, the railroad is hardly able to supply the demand. It is a country promising rich harvests to enterprising mill companies. Timber territory can be purchased for a song, and native pine is \$32 a thousand. Lumber men can figure it. Manufactured pine would cost the mill men less, probably, than manufactured spruce costs in Vermont. The splendid opportunities to make money in the manufacturing of lumber will not be long unimproved.

Are there any grist mills?

There is nowhere in the territory what would be called in Vermont a good grist mill. Flour is freighted from St. Louis, and feed is in little demand. If a stock man had a barn full of feed, he would not know what to do with it. Stock feeds itself on grass at all seasons of the year. Bulls are kept up at certain seasons, but are fed on hay. Horses are stabled sometimes, but hay, with a little oats and corn, constitutes their diet. From time immemorial a large portion of the Mexicans have ground their flour and corn by hand, from day to day, as they use it. In the villages they may have a little one stone mill, but all of them may not patronize it. The "honest miller" had better remain east.

What kind of mechanical labor is most in demand?

House carpenters and masons, at present. But any kind of mechanical skill will find quick employment and good pay in New Mexico. The mechanics, except those brought in by the railroads, are not the best. I have given the prices of labor in my letters from the different places, but the report comes from every growing town that skilled labor is in demand, and far ahead of the supply. This must be the case for many years to come, as in new countries emigration always keeps ahead of the mechanic. New countries are usually supplied with cheap mechanics, who are starved out of populous places by competition, but good ones are always scarce.

Is it a good field for professional men?

There is a big job here for clergymen—almost too big to undertake at present. I do not know of a Protestant clergyman outside of Raton, Las Vegas, Santa Fe, Albuquerque, Socorro,

Silver City and White Oaks. Each of those places furnishes a good field for labor. But the impression prevails here that New Mexico has been imposed upon by a class of incompetent and unreliable ministers; that it has been used as a sort of receiving depot for cast-offs in the profession. One minister in the territory has been shot, several put into jail, while others have been compelled to take leg bail for parts unknown. It is a poor country for one to dictate morals to others and forget them himself. Honest, sincere and able ministers would command the respect of the people, secure a good following, and effect good results.

Doctors find it "distressingly healthy," but when they get a patient, his name on the ledger shows a rapid making up of lost time. A good doctor, with a reasonable and honest account book, would get business enough as soon as the people learned his character. There are plenty of quacks here, who never saw the inside of a medical college, and whose knowledge of medicine does not extend beyond the ledger. I know one doctor here—a quack—who followed a patient a year, got \$800 out of him, and the patient got well in spite of the treatment.

Lawyers! Well, I never knew a lawyer to drop into a place but what there was a row brewing as soon as he got his kit out, and got to work. Of course it is a good field for lawyers, because it requires but little effort here to *start* a row. But New Mexico is not a *healthy* place for prosecuting attorneys at present. They are apt to drop off suddenly in the bloom of health, not with heart disease exactly, but with—it isn't mentioned in the books, with the—the *skimmer complaint*—a disease of holes peculiar to this locality, and which is apt to overtake a man who is trying to force obnoxious opinions down unwilling listeners. In most other branches of law, business is abundant and remunerative. Settling titles must be a good business for years to come, because nearly all titles are mixed with government grants, fraudulent conveyances, etc., There are plenty of lawyers here, but those who are well read in territorial law, and are able and reliable, are rare, and are in good demand. Fees are regulated by the size of the client's pile and his reputation

for industry. If he is a lazy cuss, they take the pile and square the book, but if he gets through the suit without an entire loss of ambition, they leave the ledger open for the products of his future industry. I am speaking now of clients who win their cases. I haven't found one of the other kind. They are seldom seen after the suit.

What is the opportunity for farming?

Only that portion of New Mexico, which can be irrigated can ever be farmed. No country in the world is more fertile than the valley of the Rio Grande, which is as extensive as half of New England. The Pecos, Moro, and numerous smaller valleys, are likewise fertile, and the soil of the entire territory is rich. Any part of the territory will yield good returns for labor where irrigation is not too expensive. Companies are being formed in Colorado and Kansas for irrigating land at \$1.00 an acre per season. Many consider irrigation preferable to natural rain, as in the former case moisture can be regulated, while in the latter it is often too wet or too dry for successful crop results. At present, in New Mexico every farmer provides his own irrigation. He goes far enough above his farm to tap a stream, and then conducts the water to his farm in an acequia, or ditch, running it along the whole length of his farm, opening it at such times and places as necessity requires, and closing the openings when he has enough. No manure is used. Irrigation is a fertilizer of itself. With a good stream above him no farmer has any fear of drouth. The land yields abundantly of grain, wheat excepted, and most kinds of vegetables, potatoes excepted. Up in the mountain canons and parks potatoes can be raised, and, with a product of 200 bushel per acre, selling at three cents a pound, it is certainly a profitable return for labor. All farm products are in good demand at a high price, because the territory does not at present raise as much as it consumes. Cattle, sheep, and minerals are the products which bring money into the territory, and part of that money goes out to bring in produce. Dairy farming must be profitable, because cows are countless, pasturage constant and almost without price, and good butter sells at 50 cents a pound. Farm-

ers can easily calculate the profit. Vegetable farming, in the vicinity of large towns and mining camps can be made very profitable, because land is cheap and fertile. All vegetables are high, and must always be high, because of the increase of population in mines, stock regions and villages will keep ahead of farming population, and make the demand greater than the supply. Fifteen years ago M. M. Chase cleared, above his living expenses \$2,000 on 160 acres of land. His crop was about 3000 bushels of oats, corn, and wheat, which he sold at an average of three cents a pound. It is his opinion that a Vermont farmer could bring his intelligence and perseverance here, and clear 25 per cent. a year on his investment in farm and outfit. Men who come here, select the right location—that is important—stick to business with industry and good calculation, and not get the stock raising fever, can make money by farming.

Why is there danger of getting the stock raising fever?

Because that is the surest and most profitable legitimate business of the west. There is no difference of opinion on this question. Everybody concedes it without argument, and everybody, no matter what or how profitable his own business, looks upon the large stock raiser as a happy man, because he is a man of much leisure, and steadily increasing income. With good care and calculation, and occasional personal attention, he can rely upon the jaws of his animals to do his work and bring in his income. A man who has a good range is beyond the reach of embarrassment, and relieved from the necessity of daily and hourly strain of both body and mind in the effort to acquire wealth. When the business is properly organized and manned, the result is almost certain.

What kind of grass does the stock graze upon?

Buffalo, grama, mesquite, bunch grass, blue grass, and—we do not recall all the names. There are several other kinds. Grass does not cover the ground so as to make a continuous turf, as in Vermont, but grows in little bunches, several inches apart, occupying not much over half the surface. Ten acres is the usual allowance for a cow—or 10,000 acres for a herd of 1,000 cattle. Few ever stock so heavy as that.

At this season the country has a sort of dark buff color, and the grass appears dead, but it is only cured, and its relishing and fattening qualities are all there. There are numerous vegas or low places in the prairie, where the water comes near to the surface, on which the turf is continuous, and yields an abundance of the best hay. I have seen the mowers plying over the vegas and cutting a large crop of hay, after the grazing herds have had access to them through the season. This may be because the prairie was not fully stocked, or because the herd prefers the grass on dry land, so long as they can get their fill without too much work. There are times, when snow falls and remains a few days, that stock suffers and grows poor. In winter they graze near the shelter of trees and hills. The winters are not so mild that good shelter is of no consequence. Every purchaser of a ranch considers his water first, his shelter second, and his grass last. There is grass everywhere, but water and shelter are not so abundant. Thousands of miles of the territory can never be utilized until the long stretches of unwatered prairie are supplied by windmills or engines to pump water from wells into earth tanks or artificial wells.

Will New Mexico settle rapidly?

It is hardly to be expected that it will ever be as densely populated as New England is now. For the next generation a few men and a few great companies, comparatively, will control the grazing territory, which will limit settlement in the open prairie. There are bright men here who see the opportunities, and, as far as they can, they will obtain land in large tracts and stock it. Only the valleys, canons and mountain parks will be secured for variety farming. The territory numbers but 125,000 people, and there is good farming country for several times that number. The question of settlement depends upon the people and the legislature here, upon what inducements are offered, what advertising is done, how the mines hold out, etc. There is room enough for millions of people here, and paying occupation for them in the mines, on

the farms and ranches, and in the place of middlemen. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road is entitled to the credit of opening up the country, and the first year's work of that corporation is simply astonishing in its results upon the settlement of the territory and upon values. New Mexico is no longer out of the world. It is a country nearly 600 miles square, rich in mineral, grazing and tillage, and with a pleasing and healthful climate. Its drawbacks are scarcity of rivers and springs, too little rain in eleven months of the year, and too much in one. But people think that these drawbacks will diminish with the settlement of the country. Foreign immigration was never so great as now, and most of this goes west. I think the year 1882 will send a boom all over New Mexico. More railroads are to be built, new cities are springing up, and those started are full of life, bustle, energy and expectation. The people see opportunities everywhere; they see them in stock raising, farming, and mining for coal, iron, lead, copper, silver and gold, in building houses, selling goods, banking, and all other occupations incident to fast growing communities. The wealth of the mines has been known to the world ever since the Spaniards first opened them, and ever since the Indians closed them up they have been inaccessible to business energy. Even business men prefer their scalps to gold and silver. But the territory is now accessible, order is being restored, and the natural resources of the territory will be a powerful magnet to people and capital. I feel sure of it. Yes, I think New Mexico will settle rapidly.

What is the character of the people, condition of society, habits of living, etc.?

Just about the same as in all new countries. You find as good people in every growing New Mexico town as you find in the best town in Vermont. No matter what kind of a person you may be, you can match yourself in any of these towns. There is a larger per cent. of roughs here than there. But there are no meaner persons here than there.

The bad are bolder, more open; that is the difference. The standard of business integrity is better here than in Vermont. In proportion to the number of people, there are fewer tricky, dishonest, unreliable business men. If a man gives his word in a trade here, he performs it, or down goes his reputation, and with it his business. For narrowness, picayunishness and meanness, Vermont can beat New Mexico every time. For bold wickedness and general hellishness, New Mexico can discount Vermont. Take your choice. If in any of my letters I have conveyed the impression that people are not safe here, it is a mistake. Shooting, to be sure, is a common and familiar scene, but occurs mostly in quarrels. A peaceable man, who minds his own business, and does not get down into the level of the saloon and gambling element, has nothing to fear. There are numerous places, in town and outside, where it is not safe to travel, as highwaymen are numerous, and apt to extend the invitation, "Hold up your hands." In those cases one can save his life by holding up, or, better still, by exercising a little care about where he goes. If I lived in El Paso, Socorro, Deming, Albuquerque, Santa Fe, or Las Vegas, I should be particular not to get far beyond the shine of the street lamp in the evening. In the day time there is nothing to fear. If I was in a gambling saloon or a dance house, it would not surprise me to get poked over occasionally, or perhaps perforated. But I should try and have my time so occupied that it would not be necessary to be there. It is possible to avoid rows, but it is easy to get into them.

The virtue of the common Mexican woman is not proverbial, though there are some cases of it in the territory. If the Mormons should get a foothold in the territory, I should predict a rapid increase of that church.

Society is forming, but there is good material for it in every town. Churches are at work, quietly of course, but they are organizing, and will soon have plans of campaigns mapped, and put their skirmishers out. Ladies dress as well here as

anywhere, many of them sending to New York for the ready-made garments, the same as in the east, and the styles are consequently the same here as there. Literary societies are forming, and sociables, private parties, etc., occur here as in older places. The prevailing public entertainment with Mexicans is the fandango, which corresponds with the kitchen junket in Yankee land, only it is much larger. They also get entertainments in the fall from their harvest gatherings. A whole neighborhood usually forms itself into a gang, and goes from ranch to ranch to do the farming. In this way they accomplish some work and a good deal of visiting.

People live well on the juiciest beef and mutton, with vegetables, and all the sweets they choose to make or buy in cans. Bacon is always kept on the ranches, because it is always good, and keeps well. Stock men generally have the best of plain food, but place little reliance on sweetmeats. Meals have more of a sameness here than in New England. Breakfast, dinner and supper are much alike, and there is not that regular round of diet for each day in the week, as in New England. Mexicans, of course, have their tortillas, chilas, and other peculiar dishes, which would not be relished by New England stomachs. The breakfast of the common families usually consists of chila, or a kind of fried turnover, with red pepper filling, bean soup, and fried sheep meat. For dinner, mutton stew or soup, which they call *calda*, dried squash, boiled and served in strips, raw onions, and onions boiled in every dish. For supper, *tola*, or roasted corn, ground into meal, boiled into a mush, and served with goat's milk and tortillas. Coffee, when they have it, is a part of every meal. Table service is not extensive. The family usually set upon the floor, and eat out of a common dish, usually that which the meal is cooked in. They know the American custom of sitting at a table, and, should an American be present as guest of the family, they respect his opinions by imitating his customs as far as limited means will permit. The hotel cook is a failure, so far as we have tested him, though I must make an

exception of those employed by Fred Harvey, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe victualling man, who is running a dozen hotels between Kansas City and Deming. His houses are first-class, and his cooks are imported from the States, and are good. Rum and tobacco are generally used. Nobody thinks of saving his character by going out behind the barn to drink. Character and rum have no connection. People drink at their homes, in the stores, on the street, in the cars, everywhere, and no questions are asked. The Good Templars are not organized yet, and probably will not be till the revolver law is superceded. That law is a nuisance to reformers. The cigarette is the omnipresent companion of the Mexican, who carries the prepared paper, with a bag of tobacco, and manufactures the article to suit himself. The Mexican women are not behind in this luxury. I have not found a snuff taker in the territory.

Would you advise Vermonters to emigrate to New Mexico?

It is never safe to advise, because possible dissatisfaction or failure may be credited to the adviser. Each one must settle the emigration question for himself. I have described the country as well as I could *on a fly*—writing letters for the most part on the cars—and the reader can consider the soil, the climate, the state of society, the business opportunities, and make up his own mind.

If a young man has habits half made, he will find New Mexico a bad country in which to complete the work. If his wild oats are not all sown, he had better scatter the rest of the seed in Vermont. Wild oats sown here are apt to grow hemp halters and leaden bullets. If a young man is inclined to be rough, boisterous, rowdyish, idle, dissipated, profane, meddlesome, and generally obnoxious in deportment, we take the risk of incurring the censure of decent Vermonters by advising him to remain in that State. He is no more disagreeable there than here, and is much safer. He should stay at home till he realizes the folly of such inclinations, and learns to be gentlemanly, respectful, industrious and temper-

ate. A young man of good habits, well rooted, who can resist temptation, who is straightforward, honest, sincere, and who desires to "grow up with the country" into a good man, a useful man, and a rich man, will find New Mexico a field for the full scope of his ambition. His work, his influence, his intentions are needed here, and will secure liberal rewards in the way of money, respect and position.

To the middle aged, who are fixed in business, making the ends meet and a little more, who are happy in the association of friends and locality, I will only repeat, "Let well enough alone." By following this precept a person may miss one great opportunity, and he may avoid several pitfalls. There is no knowing which. The precept is *safe advice*, always. Half a life cannot be spent without forming local and business habits, associations and tastes, which become part of one's self, and cannot be changed without loss of contentment and happiness. The locality of an old home is, as it were, a part of one's individuality, and to abandon it is like going away from one's self. Getting money, influence and position is not all there is of life, nor even the best part of it. The most valuable and enjoyable part is the comfort of a harmonious home, the association of genial and true friendships, the gratification of pure and fixed tastes, coupled, of course, with good health and an income drawn from industry and frugality, sure and sufficient to supply rational wants. People are often as happy as they can be, and do not realize it. Before the middle aged make a change in life, let go of certain support, and seek new enterprises in strange countries, they should consider the risk of failure, and, if that is overcome, they should ask themselves if abundant success in money getting, coupled with the associations of new friendships and new places, will contribute more to their real happiness than the old income of moderate proportions, and the associations of bygone days.

"Sweet, sweet home!" To the average man there is no place like it. Whether one can break up an old home, and

build a new one, "'mid pleasures and palaces," even, or out on the prairie, or anywhere else, and still hold on to his happiness, is a conundrum which a second person can not decide. The following verses give the testimony of one Vermonter who made a mistake, and confessed it :

Here, where there is ice and snow,
Here, where the cold winds blow,
All praise to thee shall go,

To thee—Vermont!

Thou art our native State,
No place can be your mate;
You have no duplicate,
Dear old Vermont!

On every mountain side,
In every brooklet's tide,
Through all the meadows wide,
There's love to thee.

Where woodmen's axes ring,
Where men rich products bring,
Where factories' voices sing,
Your wealth we see.

Your sons you've scattered far;
Under the northern star,
To where the palm trees are,
They will be found.
And in our country's plight,
When hope was dark as night,
They proudly led the fight,
Our nation bound.

In every gentle breeze,
In all the grassy leas,
The true Vermonter sees
His old, old home.

In other lands away,
He longeth for the day
When he can gladly say,
I'm bound for home.

RUN No. 28.

SABBATH SCHOOL IN TRINIDAD—UTILIZING THE GOSPEL ELEMENT
—TRINIDAD TO KANSAS CITY—THE GOVERNOR HOMESICK—PROG-
RESS AND PROSPECT OF KANSAS CITY—APPEARANCE OF AN OLD
HUNTING GROUND—VISIT TO LEAVENWORTH—DECLINE OF THE
TOWN—D. R. ANTHONY—REPUDIATION AND DISGRACE—A SAV-
ING ELEMENT—PICKING UP—GEORGE C. VAUGHN—C. B. PIERCE—
THE FORT—THE RESERVATION FARM—JIM LANE'S LAST GATE
—KANSAS TEMPERANCE LAW—SOCIETY AND PUBLIC SPIRIT.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Dec. 26, 1881.

We left Raton, N. M., Sunday the 18th, taking the emigrant train over the mountain to Trinidad, Col., where we stopped a few hours, and, while the Governor was interviewing Al. Harris, formerly of Lyndon, Vt., I attended Sabbath school, in order to work back into shape for proper appearance in the States. I had not forgotton how to find the place in a hymn book, or how to keep up my end of the line on a "racket," which is what the Governor calls singing. As I was compelled to leave before the exercises were through, the superintendent broke away from his place in front, came down the hall, met me at the door, introduced himself, and said he was satisfied after the singing of the first hymn that I had been inside of a meeting house before. He was not going to let me go, until I told him I had just arrived from a three months stay in New Mexico, and had dropped in simply to see how much Sabbath school music, manners and morals I had forgotton, that it was time for

the next train, and I was anxious to hurry home, comb out my scalp, which I had fortunately saved, and change my clothes. I mention this incident to show how prompt these pioneer church workers are to save and utilize every gospel element which appears in their midst. If the reader fails to comprehend the propriety of this remark,—and there is danger of it—I will explain more fully at a future time.

From Trinidad to Kansas City is 655 miles, and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe express makes the distance in thirty-one hours, an average of twenty-one miles per hour, and a good record for the usually heavy trains on that line. But the trains keep right to business, make but few stops, and have one of the best of road beds to travel on. Two hours longer time is given to make the same run going west, owing probably to the up grade, Trinidad being 5,269 feet higher than Kansas City.

At half past five Tuesday morning, we step off the train at the big union depot in Kansas City, and, in the great reception room, with people of all shades, ages and nationalities, wait for the sun to rise. But it didn't rise; the sky was overcast and the chill and the drizzling rain suggested to the Governor, who had enjoyed a ten weeks' sunshine, the remark, "We are getting towards home." The Governor was homesick, and he made this remark with a solemn countenance, and a glance towards the pleasant climate we had so recently left.

During the past three years both Kansas City, on the Missouri side of the Kansas river, and Wyandotte, on the Kansas side, have had a boom. Wyandotte is the Brooklyn of Kansas City, numbering 6,000 or 8,000, while Kansas City numbers 80,000. Both have doubled during the past four years, and are still rapidly growing. During my last visit to Kansas City I gave a full description of its rise and progress up to the time of the rebellion, of its subsequent decline, and of its second start. I will only repeat that in 1864 it had fallen off from 12,000 to 6,000, and that Leavenworth was far in the lead, and confident of always keeping it. But at the close of the war Kansas City began to get back its old customers in the southwest,

soon recovered, and went up to 40,000 in 1873, when the hard times overtook her, and she stood nearly still until 1877; then took another start, and has since doubled her population, and is still on the go, with a momentum which only a national financial collapse can retard, and that only temporarily. Kansas City is the pivotal locality of the territory of the United States. This is not an all important consideration, but it is something to be the central point of such an immense, such a rich, and such an enterprising country. Her dozen or more lines of railroads, leading away towards all points of the compass, and hourly emptying into that Union depot people from every clime, is the prime cause of her rapid growth, and a sure source of permanent prosperity. But she has another source, in rich land, favorable for fruit, grain, vegetables and stock. She is the centre of an extremely fine and thickly settled agricultural country, and her location, with her enterprise in building railroads, makes her the receiving point for several millions of square miles of territory on the west, which is rapidly filling up and destined for a great future. Many of her western customers are 1200 to 1500 miles away. The whole line of Rocky Mountain cities, from Denver to El Paso, and how much further back I do not know, trade with Kansas City, so far as she can supply them.

Kansas City and Wyandotte are both on high land, and between them is a mile wide of bottom land. In 1864 I hunted fox squirrels on this land, then an uninhabited forest, and could have had the whole of it for \$50 an acre. To-day more engines and cars can be seen to the square mile moving about that bottom, than in any other place on the continent. It is all built over with depots, packing houses and business houses. The great western stock yards are here, occupying acres, and are just making preparations to move up the bottom three miles, to Armourdale, to give way to the cry from builders for more room. Armstrong, two miles out, on the Union Pacific, in Kansas, has sprung up within a few years as the great repair shops of the Union Pacific. Armourdale started last fall a mile from it, and is growing rapidly. On the Missouri side, a little

way from Armourdale, the village of Argentine started a year ago, on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road, and has now large smelting works and 1,500 population, to double the coming summer. Kansas City and her surroundings *must* grow for generations to come. There is no holding her back.

On Friday morning, leaving the Governor to inspect the packing houses, stock yards, and other institutions of the town, I took the train for this city, 35 miles north, on the Missouri river. Here I met numerous old friends of 1864, who were here in the days of Leavenworth's prosperity and great expectation, have lived through her decline, and are here to enjoy the new hope of to-day.

Soon after the close of the war Kansas City began to grow, and Leavenworth, with her 1,000 population, stood still a year or two, in surprise and doubt. The rival's growth continued, was healthy, soon went far ahead, and Leavenworth began to decline. For ten years there was no improvement, her real estate was a burden, her streets were dull, many stores were vacated, and scores of wealthy and prominent business men dropped into financial obscurity.

In 1864 the Mayor of the city was D. R. Anthony, an unprincipled, unscrupulous, pig-headed, wilful, turbulent, persevering individual, who so tried the patience of the people that, after a desperate struggle with the ring of officials he had made for the purpose of holding power, they managed to throw him overboard, and supposed they had buried him. But his restless disposition kept him in sight, hunting for opportunities, and crowding for place. His head was enveloped in a cloud of self-esteem and conceit of such density that it obscured the opinion entertained of his qualities by the community, and encouraged him in crowding himself to the front, until the community, tired of holding him back, let him into the Mayor's chair again. Then he got hold of the post-office and the *Daily Times*, which he still holds, and he is really to-day one of the ruling spirits of Leavenworth. Add to this misfortune, the disgrace of the repudiation spirit which sprang up and resulted in a vote to go back on just debts with a compromise of 50

cents on the dollar, and the reputation of the city began to suffer. There is something out of order with a public sentiment which tolerates a bad element in office, or goes back on honest debts. Any community guilty of both, ought not to expect prosperity.

But there has always been a saving element in Leavenworth. She has a few citizens who have steadily favored good men for office, and are still in favor of paying the debt. This element is gaining ground, and in proportion as it gains the hope of the town comes up. Anthony still holds the post-office, but there is a strong effort being made to remove him. The debt is unpaid, but many prominent citizens are anxious to pay it in full, and thus lift the stigma of repudiation from the city, so that the inhabitants can go abroad and not blush when they say, "I am a citizen of Leavenworth." It is a mortification to a true man to be a fraction of a community which gets money on promises and refuses to perform. During the past two years the city has been picking up, old enterprises are quickening, new ones are going in, and hope is reviving. The population is about 18,000. The best business corners of 1864 are deserted, and the trade has gone up Delaware and Shawnee streets, where a few fine blocks have been built.

I met here George C. Vaughn, formerly of St. Johnsbury, who has the best drug store on the best corner in the city, and is having a lively trade. His knowledge of and his attention to business, together with his popular manner, make his continued success certain.

I also met an old college friend, in C. B. Pierce, Esq., a resident in Leavenworth for 20 years, who drove me to the fort, through the principal streets, and to the different points of interest. Mr. Pierce was formerly City Attorney, has been Senator from the county, and was for several years in a large mercantile house with his father-in-law, Fairchild, but retired a few years since with competence enough to give him occupation in looking after it. His faith in Leavenworth's fu-

ture is strong, and he will please excuse me if, from the bottom of a heart which despises unscrupulous public servants and repudiation of debts, I have said anything disrespectful of his pleasant little city. When that community repudiates bad men instead of honest debts, and rises to the level of respectable credit, where it will find Mr. Pierce, I will apologize, and speak in most respectful terms of the city and her people.

During the past few years the old Leavenworth fort has been much improved, and the village connected with it has grown into considerable magnitude. This is the great suburb, an attraction of Leavenworth, and every visitor to the city is hacked out there promptly in his round of sight seeing. It is certainly one of the most conveniently arranged, attractive, and substantially built military posts in the country. The distance from the city is about two miles, and the avenue leading to it is very wide, nicely graded, and just the thing for pleasure drives.

The military reservation embraces a territory three or four miles squares, called by the residents here "the government farm." This territory is leased by a *soft* contract to Col. Wilson, who keeps it in a condition pleasing to the eye, and profitable to the pocket. On this farm, in sight of the Avenue, Mr. Pierce pointed out to me the last gate which the famous Jim Lane opened and shut. He had spent a part of the day at the government farm house with some friends, and, as they drove away down the lane, on their return, Jim appeared to be in usual spirits. Arriving at the lower end of the lane, Jim got out, opened the gate, and, as the carriage passed through, he said, "Good bye, friends," and fired a revolver into his mouth. After a week of unconsciousness the most noted politician in Kansas, one of the leading spirits of his day and generation, passed in his checks, and went over to render up his accounts.

The reader has heard a good deal about the Kansas stringent temperance law. On our western bound trip the Gov-

ernor seemed to be a little alarmed, as we entered the State, but he soon became calm, and I afterwards learned from him that there was no difficulty in procuring supplies. Of course, in a few small towns the public sentiment is strong enough to enforce the law, and occasionally acts. We *hear* such is the case, but have not seen any of those towns. So far as I can judge, liquor selling is as open in Kansas as in Colorado. Topeka is drunk all the time, Leavenworth is drunk every day in the week, except Sunday, and the small towns are drunk off and on, as they happen to get opportunity; that is, individuals are drunk as above set forth. Leavenworth compromises with the guzzling element by agreeing to let it alone six days, provided the saloons are closed on the seventh. Considering the law, this is a liberal trade for the rummies, who keep their part of it strictly. It is, perhaps, a good trade for Leavenworth, as it is a first step in the direction of temperance, accompanied with the good will of the rum element.

The society in Leavenworth is probably better than that of any other Kansas town. Good society and repudiation *ought* not to dwell in the same burg, but it frequently happens that the social and political wires of a town are not in the same hands.

No town in the State gives better support to schools and churches, no town claims better location and natural advantages, no town has better men or handsomer women; yet with all these good things no town has so poor credit away from home. Men in no other Kansas town are obliged to spend breath when abroad arguing, explaining and apologizing for the disgraceful condition of credit at home. This is a bad condition for individual pride, to be remedied only by the manufacture of a public sentiment which will insist upon a review of the past, and future justice to creditors.

I leave here to-day for Kansas City, and if I find the Governor sufficiently sober we shall at once commence a "run" towards home, where we hope to find the good people of Cal-edonia county glad to see us and willing to excuse the numer-

ous imperfections in these hastily written "runs." We have not seen a *UNION* in seven weeks and, when the Governor reads up he may call for sympathy from the people, and demand satisfaction from me. I shall not be at home the first time he calls.

AT HOME.

We reached home on the morning of January 1, and put on the editorial harness after a single day's rest. The first contribution to the *UNION* came from Lyndonville, and was very appropriate as an illustrated conclusion of the "Runs." The next issue of the *UNION* contained the following acknowledgment of the compliment:

From Union of January 20, '82.

Editor's Run No. 29 comes to hand this week, in the shape of a crayon cartoon by C. E. Grandy, of Lyndonville, who has sketched the Lyndon depot, the bridge, the river and Minister hill beyond. The train stands at the depot, with the steam whistle blowing "Home, Sweet Home," and the editor, with grip sack and cotton umbrella, has taken a double quick for the "humble" habitation, leaving a line of No. 14 tracks behind him. The Governor, in the form of a decrepit, much abused old man, is hobbling along behind, revived somewhat by the editor's call, "Come on, Governor, we sent the Corner!" One of the Governor's hogs, as gaunt as a grey hound, has escaped from the pen, and come down the road to meet him, and relate a tale of starvation and long neglect. On the whole, it is the best run of the series. Mr. Grandy's conception of the scene is very correct, only he hasn't got the proper dimensions of the Governor's valise. He took with him an ordinary sized leather trunk, with grip sack handles, and called it a valise. Everywhere we stopped the great trial to

contend with was that valise-trunk. If the distance to a hotel was short, the Governor would start off on foot, and at



"CATCH HOLD O' HERE."

the first corner change hands, and call out, "Catch hold o' here!" The required assistance was always rendered till, having been some time in New Mexico and Colorado, he was impressed with the productions of the country, and began to pack away specimens to take home. Up in Taos he found some remarkable beans, and packed a sample into that trunk with the grip sack handles. Then a Mexican showed him some remarkable onions, and he took one, about the size of a four quart measure, and packed it away with the beans. Down in Alberquerque he got hold of an adobe brick—a twelve pounder—and worked that in alongside of the onion. At Socorro he knocked off the corner of a mud house, and put that in beside the brick. There wasn't anything he could get hold of in Deming, except sand, and he scraped up a couple quarts of that, which he said would be handy to use in Vermont by way of illustrating the character of the storms in the southern part of the Territory. At El Paso he worked a large soap weed in beside the sand, but was obliged to abandon a sample of El Paso fire wood, as it was too unshapely to pack with anything else. He got a shovelful or two of the red soil in the vicinity of Santa Fe, and a chunk of gray rock

used for railroad ballasting. There was a guide with us when we visited San Miguel Church, or there would now be less church for the future travelers to visit. At Las Vegas town lots seemed to be all the go, but I succeeded in dissuading him from packing away a specimen. Springer contributed a few samples of burro shoes. At Cimarron "M. M." had a few acres of mammoth cabbages, and there was one about the size of a two bushel basket which he seemed determined to bring away, but began to suspect the capacity of the valise—it was a trunk—and contented himself with taking a description of it on paper. That was pleasant, because it was easier to help carry the description than it would have been to help carry the cabbage. Raton was the last town in New Mexico, and the valise—I mean trunk—was getting to be a square match for two, but he went into those coal mines and increased the burden with a few substantial specimens of New Mexico fuel. He seemed to be under the influence of some sort of kleptomania, and I feared he was trying to steal the Territory and make me help lug it away. But I kept reasonably quiet till we reached Leadville, and he began to pack in quartz rock and black sand, when I got vexed and went back on the whole arrangement, and suggested that maybe he intended to pack in a specimen girl from the Leadville theatre. The remark disgusted him, and seemed to bring him out of the mania, for he admitted that possibly he was carrying the specimen enterprise too far. Hiring a dray to haul the va—trunk to the depot, he made an inspection of the contents, threw away a part of New Mexico and a considerable of Colorado, reduced the burden to the capacity of a two man power, and I took hold again. But I didn't like it. It affected the disposition, and had a bad effect upon the letters sent back to the paper. Grandy should try again, and get the proper dimensions of that—it was *a trunk*.



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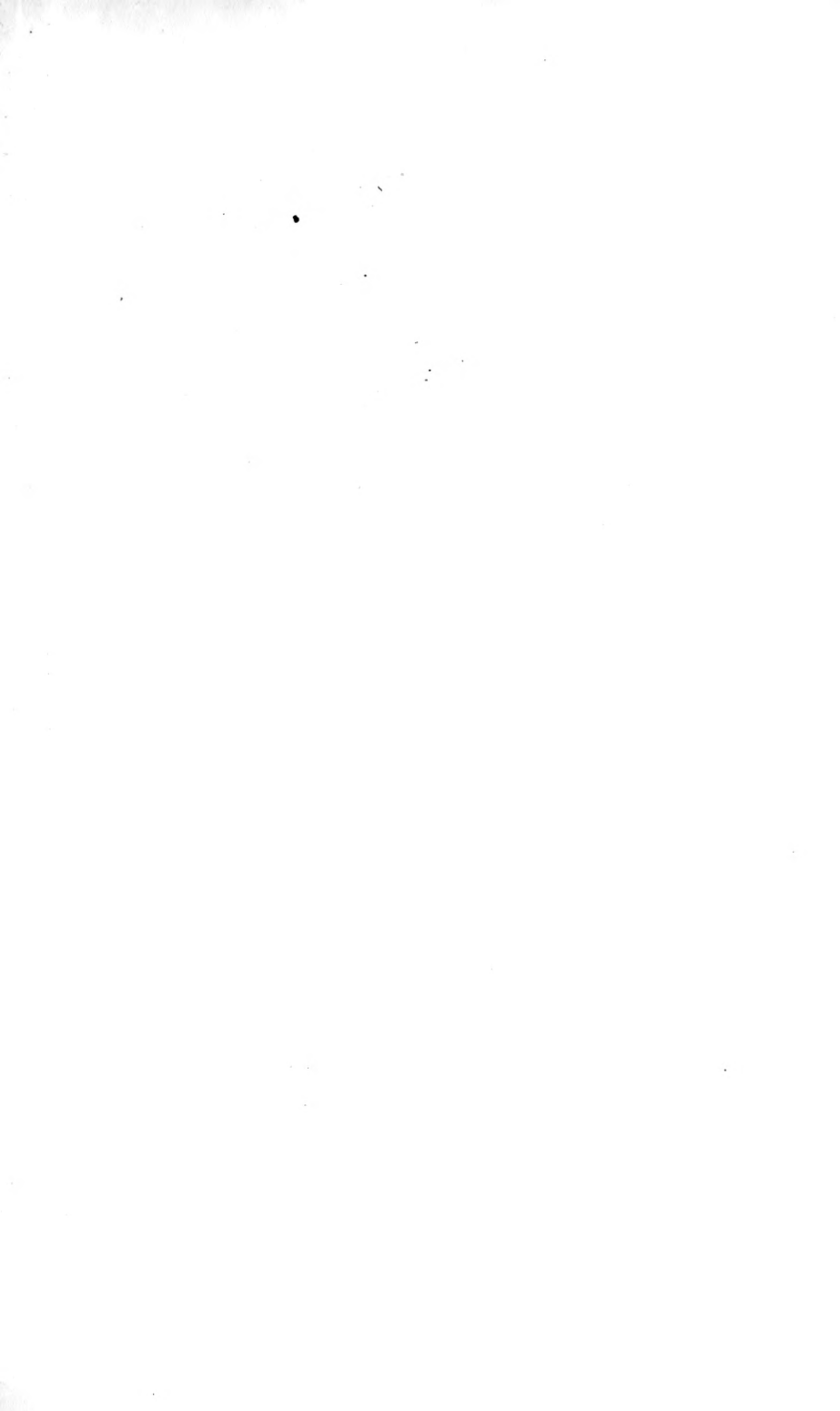
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